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The Atlantic BOOKSHELF

A Guide to Good Books

OVER a hundred years ago the Waln family of Pennsylvania, Quaker merchants, sent their clipper ships to China, there to trade with one of the oldest and wealthiest families in the Empire. Relics of that trade survive to-day: the ship schedules; the lists of goods; family heirlooms inherited by Nora Waln of the twentieth century. Descendants of the Chinese merchants, visiting Philadelphia, pressed her to visit their family homestead in Hopei Province, where she was welcomed not as a guest but as an adopted daughter. Nora Waln is a Quaker: those Friendly qualities of simplicity and gentleness were the passport admitting her to a world seldom if ever opened to a 'barbarian.'

***The House of Exile*, by Nora Waln**

[Atlantic Monthly Press & Little, Brown, $3.00]

THIRTY-FIVE generations of the rich house of Lin have lived behind that high wall outside the town. Six generations are alive there now in their various courtyards. Their houses and their servants' quarters and their stables fill many acres behind the wall. Their family shrines and their guest courts and their storage rooms are a kingdom. And into that kingdom we are led, into the very women's quarters, to live the round of seasons in the heart of a great County family of merchant princes. There are birth and death, harvest and seedtime, coming and going of cousins to visit, of brides to the young men, and of uncles who have spent their lives in government service in far provinces.

It is the fashion to look down on those of us who take pleasure in a tale because it is true. But I confess that it gives me an added zest in reading when I know that this house does exist to-day, and that it is thus they make their pickles and thus unmarried girls are constrained to behave. This book is as convincing as the *Forsyte Saga* and is quite as engrossing. It takes art to put a longish recipe for honey ginger on the final page of a longish book, and greater art to make me read every word of that recipe.

Naturally people will talk of this book and will say that it is better or it is worse than Pearl Buck's *Good Earth*. Americans may be more interested or less — that is not the point. This book does not deal with peasants bound to the soil, but with a great and flourishing merchant family conscious of the soil from which so much of their revenue springs, but not bent and horny-handed from tilling it. At the back of all the life in those courtyards, on the other side of the 'To and From the World Gate,' one feels the seasons rolling their course over North China. To those women and unmarried girls it is not immediate life or death that rain falls or drought impends. But these seasons set the daily tasks and mark the round of pleasures and of family festivals. Putting up preserves, drying out seeds for next spring, bargaining with the cloth merchant for the cotton and the wadding to make children's tunics against the winter — these are the engrossing details before the canals begin to freeze. Incense burned at the proper day and hour for solstice or family feast day, cakes and dumplings appropriate for the season, birthdays to be prepared for, and sewing and listening to the elders — these make up the daily round. But if any male reader thinks that this is a Chinese edition of *Little Women* he is badly mistaken. There are death and drama and movement in it.

In fact, the last half of the book takes one out to the Treaty Ports and the evil Chinese politics, with machine guns playing on the mobs, midnight alarms, and corpses floating down river. But China is lost when the authoress marries an English official. She calls, in duty bound, on the Canton branch of the House of Lin and she is obviously in closer touch with her surroundings than the wives of other foreign officials. But she has passed out beyond the 'To and From the World Gate' of the old House of Exile to dance and to play bridge and tennis with her kind.

It is, then, to the first half of the book that I shall return and keep returning to remind myself how sound and noble old China must have been. There is something in it of V. Sackville-West's great poem, *The Land*. The seasons, the six generations of the House of Lin, the Grand Canal which is gnawing at its banks to become a menace rather than a blessing, are the things that engross me, rather than Chiang Kai-shek's struggles or the death of Chang Tso-lin.

Such a book promotes more sympathy with the China that was (and that may still be) than Ministers Plenipotentiary at Washington or printing presses busy turning out propaganda. One feels that the whole trouble with China is not the Japanese at her gates, not opium, not lack of good roads and Ford automobiles, but that the great House of Lin and the other County families are no longer set over her people to help govern them.

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The BOOKSHELF

***England under Queen Anne: Ramillies and the Union with Scotland*, by George Macaulay Trevelyan**

[Longmans, Green, $5.00]

If this second volume of Mr. Trevelyan's *England under Queen Anne* is less dramatic than his *Blenheim*, that is the fault rather of the history in question than of the historian. Blenheim in 1704 had been the first battle lost by the French since 1643. Ramillies in 1706, although a great victory for Marlborough, was an anti-climax to the extent that it was a second victory. The third victory of the Grand Alliance, the defeat of the French in Italy by Prince Eugene later in the year of Ramillies, was not Marlborough's and therefore not England's. And the war in Spain and elsewhere produced no single triumphs equal to Blenheim, Ramillies, and Turin. The years 1705–1709, covered by this volume, were years of consolidation. England, risen to new eminence and responsibility on the Continent, had to establish herself there as well as at home.

The Union with Scotland was at once a domestic and a foreign issue. England, involved with the rest of Europe, could not turn her face in security across the Channel so long as she had a Scotch dirk at her back. The Union was as great an achievement for diplomacy as Marlborough's for arms. Mr. Trevelyan's scrupulous and lucid accounts of military campaigns are matched by his history of men and events in politics.

The second volume has no broad survey quite comparable to the description of the England of Queen Anne in the first. The counterpart description of Scotland, however, is of the same quality, and is a masterpiece of historical reconstruction. Scotland's golden eighteenth century was still ahead. Burns had not yet found for his country the tongue that now sings everywhere, nor had Scott made Scotland the romantic capital of Europe. Reconstructing the Scotland of the Union, Mr. Trevelyan had to look backward through a good deal of radiant mist. He has happily combined a strict analysis of what Scotland was then with agreeable colors hinting at what it was to be.

Marlborough is throughout the book its hero, as England is its subject. He is shown at his peak as a soldier, at the beginning of his decline as a statesman. Smaller men than he were to carry out the political programme which his military achievements had made possible and necessary. Mr. Trevelyan handles their intricate doings with a fine patience. He keeps one hand on Marlborough in the field, the other on the Duchess at the Court. He follows the changes of mood which the Queen went through, divided between the imperious Duchess and the obliging Mrs. Masham. He even makes the stealth of Harley seem intelligible, twisting itself from somewhere to somewhere else.

One classic device of historians Mr. Trevelyan denies himself. Instead of introducing new figures in his story with a fanfare and bravura of character study, he identifies them, characterizes them briefly but accurately, and then lets them interpret themselves by their own actions. This self-denial illustrates his whole method. Many historians are best known for what are called their brilliant guesses, their flashes of light let into dark corners. Mr. Trevelyan makes it seem that brilliant guesses are the recourse of historians who have to guess because they do not know more than they do. Let a historian know enough, as much as Mr. Trevelyan knows about the age of Queen Anne, and he can do without occasional bright flashes. He will be pouring a steady light, not into dark corners, but upon the whole stage.

Carl Van Doren

Bohemia

Whether in Chelsea, Greenwich Village, or Carmel, artists of a feather have a way of flocking together. To the uninitiated such a community is invested with glamour; to Shakespeare it was plainly 'a desert country near the sea.'

The **Honorable Dorothy Brett** is the fourth of the women who were intimately associated with D. H. Lawrence to publish her account of their relationship, ***Lawrence and Brett*** (Lippincott, $3.00). Miss Brett met Lawrence in 1915, but it was not till 1923 and the years following that their acquaintance became friendship, or, to put it more accurately, that Miss Brett became Lawrence's disciple. 'What is it that flows from you?' she asks. 'It is hard to describe. It is something from the heart, that has nothing to do with upbringing or training. Compassion . . . can it be that? I wonder, watching you. Compassion . . . understanding . . . or both . . . or what? I can find no word.'

Whatever it was, — and no writer on Lawrence has yet succeeded, or probably ever will succeed, in completely conveying the remarkable effect of his personality, — it was enough to make Miss Brett accompany Lawrence and his wife to America, live with them in New Mexico, and to give us, several years afterward, an account of her experiences. She has written a very honest book, not hesitating, when it was necessary, to put herself in a pathetic or ridiculous light. The result is that the two other pictures we have of her, the favorable one given by Mrs. Carswell and the unfavorable one given by Mrs. Luhan, both seem true. And there is something appealing in the devotion to Lawrence which shines through her rather artless narrative.

Consequently those who want to know as much as possible about Lawrence — a fairly large number, for in the curiosity his life has stimulated he is very much the *Byron de nos jours* — should read this book. But anyone not already interested in the subject will not find it particularly illuminating. It has the defects of its virtues; its ardent, almost naïve discipleship prevents it

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The BOOKSHELF

from having much perspective or a wide range of reference, and there are many details which seem, except as material for the author's personal reminiscence, unnecessary. It is not as good a book as Mrs. Carswell's or Mrs. Luhan's; but it is straightforward and direct, and in being so is a further tribute to the influence of its hero.

Lawrence, who read **Mrs. Mabel Dodge Luhan's *Intimate Memories*** (Harcourt, Brace, $3.00) in manuscript, described them as being 'the most serious confession that ever came out of America, and perhaps the most heart-destroying revelation of the American life-process that ever has or will be produced.' But Lawrence was very generous in judging the artistic products of his friends, and I fear that most readers will not agree with his opinion. The present volume, to be sure, only describes the author's life up to the age of eighteen, and hence is largely significant as background for what happened later. Her account is circumstantial, and the picture we get from it of her life in Buffalo and elsewhere at the end of the last century is complete and full.

It is a good period picture, and as we read it we can see the red plush furniture, the elaborate dinner parties, the lawns with their iron deer and their brilliant stiff flower beds, and the row of rich-looking houses which were her environment. There are pictures of life in New York, in Lenox, and in Newport, and it is all very proper, very formal, and very dull. Only Mrs. Luhan's own sensations, which she describes at length, seem human according to contemporary standards of behavior. She was surrounded by a family the members of which were chiefly remarkable for their dislike of each other and for their complete and ironclad selfishness. For example, her father collected flags and detested her mother; he had a large flag made with his initials on it, and whenever his wife went away this flag would be triumphantly hoisted. When she came back, he would lower it to half-mast.

The anecdote is typical of the people Mrs. Luhan describes. Though most of them were more conventional than this would imply, they were equally frustrated, and one thinks of Mrs. Luhan's frankness about them and herself as to some extent a reaction against their stiffness and almost helpless immobility. But the account does not give the impression of being too prejudiced; it is well written and in many places sharply presented.

The chief trouble with the book, apart from one or two unnecessary lapses from taste, is that there is too much of it, and one feels that the dullness of the subject matter has sometimes communicated itself to the writing. However, the next volumes ought to be of much more interest, and perhaps the fullness of the present one will prove valuable for an understanding of Mrs. Luhan's later career.

A reference to that career is contained in **Albert Parry's *Garrets and Pretenders, A History of Bohemianism in America*** (Covici, Friede, $3.50). The reference was inevitable, for Mrs. Luhan has been for a generation, in New York, Santa Fe, and at present in Carmel, California, one of the people about whom many artists, Bohemian and otherwise, have flocked. Nevertheless her circle has only impinged on true Bohemianism (if the word 'true' can be applied to anything so often shoddy and so almost invariably third-rate); that phenomenon has flourished (I am again using an inaccurate word) in shabbier halls than hers. Mr. Parry's description of it — and it is chiefly the fault of his subject — leaves an unpleasant taste in the mouth. People may have had, and did have, a good time in Bohemia, from Poe's day to our own, but it was a pretty cheap kind of good time, rarely free from physical dirt, which has nothing to do with art, and nearly always contaminated by the kind of false emotional values which makes good art impossible. Mr. Parry describes the life at Pfaff's, in the middle of the last century; he tells us of the Trilby boom, of Bohemianism in Chicago and Santa Fe. It is a complete account, even though certain details are omitted which might have been included; and if anyone wants to look up the subject, here it all is.

But it is n't a good book. Mr. Parry has a dry style without any color in it, and he plods along through his material in an inexpert lumbering way that frequently kills the interest, such as it is, which his material contains. The subject needs a light touch and the kind of literary deftness which a good French writer would bring to it, and these characteristics Mr. Parry has not yet developed. However, it may be a good thing that the book has been written. As Mr. Parry is well aware, Bohemianism and good art do not go together, or, if they do, it is an accident; and if Mr. Parry has contributed to making this fact more widely known he will have helped to destroy a romantic illusion that has wasted many a young man's time.

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E. S.

To 'one who has been long in city pent' the coming of Spring means a get-away. Whether it be the nearest golf course, or the gardens along the James River, or the trout in the Upper Branch, in one guise or another the country calls and man must answer. A few fortunates will take ship to a wider horizon and I had them in mind, if not a ragged reviewer, as I paged through a fat and *Wanderlust* volume, ***The South and East African Year Book and Guide, 1933.*** It is the dark continent's invitation to a holiday and compiles a romantic history, professional advice for hunters and fishers, maps for motorists, the comforts of ships and hotels for the connoisseurs, and, for the curious, ten thousand facts about Africa which they could never have found elsewhere.

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side to-day, and by best I mean the most truthful, the most sensitive, is beyond doubt **Henry Williamson.** It is a constant pity that he is not better read on this side of the water. There is nothing sensational about his books; theirs is a quiet, penetrating observation, unlocking the secret of life on the moors, the homely wisdom of the thatched cottages, in prose that is sturdy and beautiful. Williamson's latest volume, ***As the Sun Shines*** (Dutton, $2.95), is half dedicated to his neighbors, the farmers of Ham village, half dedicated to the foxes, the ravens, the otters, of whose life he is as intimately informed.

One may pass from the Devon of Mr. Williamson's short stories to the Suffolk of **H. W. Freeman's** novels without loss of appetite or credulity. These two writers have learned their lesson from Hardy, and when they engage their rustics in talk and doings, their pages have the delightful ring of fidelity. Be it added, however, that neither man is readily capable of building up a plot. Mr. Freeman's latest novel, ***Pond Hall's Progress*** (Holt, $2.00), continues the story begun in *Fathers of Their People.* Dick Brundish comes back from the War eager for the sheepfolds and the farm of his fathers, but encumbered by an Italian wife whom he has acquired under the bush, and who is to prove the chief cause of his deterioration. Teresa's undoings are so superficial that they detract from the pathos of Dick's ruin. The defeat of the rustic Abner is what one most remembers.

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Edward Weeks

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THE CRIME AGAINST YOUTH

BY ROLLO WALTER BROWN

Now that we have fallen to confessing our many grievous sins of the twentieth century, we may sooner or later discover that the one we shall have to agonize over longest is our violation of the spirit of youth. Already we are hearing much about isolated specific instances. We are reminded that big business has degenerated to a point where, like a starving sow with farrow, it devours its own young; that institutions of higher learning are kicking out their young instructors — their own product, be it remembered — in order to maintain a higher salary schedule for the elder members of faculties; that bodies of ministers of the gospel are proposing to admit no new candidates until the financial depression is over; that boards of education are employing no new teachers and are dropping some of the youngest ones already in service; that hospitals are closing their doors against student-nurses; that labor unions are reducing the number of candidates for apprenticeships in the trades; that cities are closing playgrounds for lack of appropriations; that tens of thousands of boys — not to mention girls — are roaming the country after the manner of the wild children of Russia. But little or nothing has been said about the swift development of the entire American scheme of life into a monstrous obstacle that blocks the way of youth, not merely to a specific attainment, but to any kind of enriching maturity whatsoever.

Here is the all-inclusive, ultimate crime against youth: a nation that has adopted as a philosophy the habits of mind of pot-bellied middle age. In any society where organization has been highly perfected, it is always easy enough to adopt this philosophy. Under pressure the individual gradually yields up his curiosity, his concern with explorations, his desire to take life apart and put it together again in more satisfying arrangements, and contents himself with the drowsy comfort of keeping things as they are. But in a society where organization not only has been perfected but has

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come to be worshiped, the adoption of such a philosophy is much easier than not. The twentieth-century mania for organization imposed as a chief requirement upon the individual that he fit snugly, and make no disturbance of any kind. The natural result was a large and early crop of degenerate minds characteristic of lazy middle age. They took pride in giving up all long-distance views, all difficult mental conquests, all dreams of remote ideals, and settled down to the fleshly joys of consuming. They proclaimed that all other joys were piffle.

Since they were well barricaded in organization, they logically became the dominant class. And since their philosophy was profitable to them, they did not want the foundations of it disturbed. They had learned to play the game under one set of rules; so they did not mean to have any of the rules changed. If anybody uttered a protest — murmured anything about conservatism — they swiftly marshaled to their defense all sorts of sentimental whimperings about 'the faith of our fathers' — as though they had the slightest capacity left to understand what the adventurous faith of their fathers had been! If anybody championed the needs of the youthful mind, they misappropriated some such glad cry as 'life begins at forty' and forthwith dismissed youth from consideration. 'Yes, forty — or was it forty-five, or fifty? That's when I was elevated by my brother-in-law to the vice presidency and began to receive my large bonus and draw dividends and sell stock that we had whooped up. Yes, life begins at forty.'

Their only concern was in having their place made secure. Through education, through economics, through religion, they sought to add to their number — as long as they could do so without loss of influence or profits. They squeezed into schools and colleges and taught the glories of Samuel Insull; they hired such economic experts as could be bought and through them proclaimed that at last new unfailing principles were at work; they endowed ministers to preach that, despite appearances, the Nazarene had always stood for the vast accumulation of riches. In truth, some of them discovered that Jesus had been a business man himself, although he had never risen to such heights as supporting Civic Opera in Chicago or floating loans for international match companies. In so far as they had any beliefs about youth, they supposed that youth should dawdle along in an educational scheme vaccinated against anything dangerous to middle-age philosophies, and then, when that process was once ended, fit into a corporation and earn dividends for the middle-aged until some vice president toppled over with fatty degeneration of the heart and left a swivel chair for a younger man.

II

In the suffocation of that philosophy we have forgotten what youth can do. If a man of thirty chances to be made the president of a college, or succeeds in publishing a distinguished book, or wins in a competition in architecture, the fact is publicly mouthed over as though it were something contrary to nature. And a man of twenty-five is treated as if mentally he were but an infant in arms. When Lindbergh flew to France — at just twenty-five — every newspaper had to dwell upon his youth. He was a mere kid. Yet he was as old as Keats was at death. He was a year older than Pitt was when he became prime minister of England. He was eight years older than Mendelssohn was when he composed his overture to 'A Midsummer Night's Dream.'

John Ericsson, who did many things besides build the *Monitor*, was a draftsman at twelve and a full-fledged engineer at fifteen. Chatterton finished at eighteen; Galois, the mathematician, at twenty. Jane Austen was writing one of her best novels at twenty-one. Smollett was a physician, married, and busy as a man of letters at twenty-four. In round years, Shelley was through at thirty; Schubert at thirty-one; André Chénier at thirty-two; Mozart at thirty-five; Danton at thirty-five; Bizet and Byron at thirty-six. Alexander Hamilton was a pamphleteer at seventeen, a member of Washington's staff at twenty, a member of the Continental Congress at twenty-five, and of the Constitutional Convention at thirty. Moseley, the British scientist, had contributed his work and had given up his life in the Battle of Gallipoli at the age of twenty-seven. At thirty, Kipling had published a dozen volumes or more, including several of his best.

Anyone can leaf through a dictionary of biography and make similar lists in a half hour. In other words, anyone can remind himself that much of the significant record of the human race has been made by men and women no older than candidates for advanced degrees in American universities. More terrifying still, anyone can remind himself that no inconsequential part of the record has been made by men and women scarcely older than the hundreds of thousands of students who must mull along in crowd fashion, year after year, in our undergraduate colleges.

Nor can middle age offer any adequate defense of itself by arguing that the young do important things — or begin them — solely because they chance to be geniuses. It would be quite as near the truth to say that they are geniuses because they had a chance to begin young. The impressions made by an external world are not determined wholly by the quality of the mind that receives them, but in some part by the circumstances in which they are made. When Dean Henry W. Holmes studied the records of the students who had entered Harvard College during a period of ten years, and found that the boys who had come early from school to college had made the best records in their college courses, he corroborated in statistical method the experience of many another whose method is individual. It is not simply a question of the brilliant boy's getting ahead or the stupid boy's falling behind. Boys enter college early — any college — because of superior ability, to be sure; but also because of canceled steamship reservations to Europe; because a member of the family has been a teacher and has practised her profession a little at home; because a selfish parent wants to have her boy in school early and out of the way; because an older brother is going to college and the younger boy wants to catch up and go at the same time; because some school principal is in doubt and gives the boy the benefit of it; and because of a thousand other purely accidental circumstances which have nothing to do with a boy's native ability.

But the boy who gets on the way early has the overwhelming advantage of a mental life that burns steadily, whereas the boy who dawdles has a mental life as uncertain as the flashes of a broken light filament that occasionally gets jostled into contact in the bulb. After all, there are right times for doing things. Then they can be done easily, for they are done naturally, and the results are quickly assimilated into one's experience. If a boy is so delayed that he is forever arriving at a given point too late, he will be obliged

to work with an artificial effort, and what he does will not so readily be assimilated into his stock in trade, because at the moment there is no natural place for it.

It must be recalled, too, that impressions may be distributed through a lifetime, one to each of sixty-five or seventy-five years, and produce no appreciable effects on the mind of the one who receives them, for the simple reason that they are too far apart. But if the same impressions come in white-hot succession to the same mind within the period of a single day they may be endless in their effects. For one thing, they are stimulating. And they are in such close proximity that the mind is invited — if not driven — to make all sorts of comparisons and contrasts and evaluations. It has a fair chance to become a creative mind.

III

Now, have the middle-aged in control of the United States given to youth any such fair chance? Instead, they have been so busy with enterprises guaranteed to bring new fatnesses without effort, so concerned with philosophies that would justify their own lazy-mindedness, that they have taken away from youth even what it usually manages to get itself if only left alone.

See, for instance, what the philosophy of the middle-aged has done to the mental experience of the boy who must submit to systematic education. He spends the years from six to twelve in elementary schools. He spends the next six years in junior and senior high school. Then he spends four years in college. Then he spends another four years in — let us say — medical school. Then he finishes off by spending two years as an interne in a hospital. If he is docile enough to keep perfectly in step in this regimented education and thereby miss no promotions, he will be ready, when he is approximately as old as Shelley and Schubert were at death, to turn away from half a lifetime of spoon-feeding and begin to wonder whether he will be able to feed himself in his approaching old age.

Periodically he rebels. But how much good does it do him? He might as well try to demolish a stone wall with his own youthful head. Everything is organized on the middle-age basis. He must surrender the satisfaction of growth. He must forgo the sinews of character that come from self-direction. He must give himself over body and soul to the long-drawn-out process of being instructed. And this, too, at just the time when he ought to drive ahead under the pressure of his own will, and in the light of his own self-disciplined imagination.

And suppose that he should wish to marry. Despite all that is said to the contrary by the middle-aged and the faltering senile who like to revive the stirrings of sex by much talk, there are plenty of young men and women who wish to live in a monogamous state where sex and parenthood and permanence of abode are fused in what to them is a single reality. If a young man were not caught in an overprolonged succession of educational programmes, he might marry at twenty-three or twenty-five — if he wished. But unless he is well off himself, or proposes to marry a girl whose father is not only well off but generous, he must put all thought of marriage out of mind until, according to the life span of many a distinguished fellow mortal, he is old enough to be dead. Possibly he can put marriage out of mind; but he cannot put sex out of mind, even if he is able to ascribe to sex a purely artificial place in human existence. The result is almost certain to be that

he will become emotionally atrophied, or fall into perversions, or grow into a cynic in respect to all women and become contemptuously promiscuous. And these are not the states to be encouraged in anyone who would work with the highest concentration over long periods of time and maintain a harmonious relation between his own psychic existence and the social order in which he must live.

Until recently this prolonged period of mental and emotional agony for youth could always be held out by the middle-aged as a bait. 'If you go through with it all, we will admit you to the vast world which we have created for our comfort. You can marry, especially if your wife is willing to work in an office, too; and join the country club; and settle down. After another twenty years you may wake up some day and find that you are a somebody.'

But now the promise of reward has been withdrawn. The middle-aged have been carried by their own philosophy to the point where they believe they can best keep what they have by seeing that nobody else has anything. They would stop admitting youth to industry, to commerce, to the professions, to the trades.

And as if this were not a great enough transgression, they would be guilty of another: they would deny to youth the privilege of even a slow-moving education. They deliberate over closing up institutions of learning that are alive with students. They restrict the capacities of others. They are so considerate of the vast numbers of individuals who find plenty of money to spend in consuming, and of such enterprises as public utilities that wish to have others pay the taxes, that they are ready to declare a partial or total moratorium on secondary education. They would halt youth in its peculiar task of becoming acquainted with its world. They would leave youth with nothing to do.

IV

They ought to see that they are more heartless in their attitude toward the young than the beasts of the forest are toward theirs! But the first symptom of the middle-aged mind is blindness.

When the middle-aged were told two or three years ago that there was something wrong with America, they only jeered. Who would pay any attention to the rantings of malcontents — probably imported by secret enemies of the country? Higher tariffs and lower taxes would set everything going overnight. They could see nothing significant in the restlessness of coal miners in Kentucky, Ohio, Illinois, and a half-dozen other states. Were not coal miners a low-grade lot, anyhow? And when tens of thousands of men, disheartened by two or three years of unemployment, marched the streets in scores of American cities, it meant nothing really serious. 'In fact, the number is exceedingly small when compared with the whole population of the country.'

They were likewise little impressed by the great communities of derelicts that sprang up in waste lands along river banks and in other out-of-the-way places. When they were told that many of these men and women had been reduced by circumstances over which they had no control from the highest self-respect to the humiliation of living in huts of goods boxes and tarred paper, or tents that kept out only a part of the cold, they professed to believe that the obvious deterioration was but a fundamental lack of thrift. And any perturbation that they experienced was scarcely notice-

able when at length they had to admit that ten or fifteen millions of their fellow citizens were without the means of earning food or clothing or shelter. 'They will have to be fed — though not by a dole, of course — until the temporary slack is taken up. What more could anybody ask?'

Even when the middle-aged minds awakened one morning and found every bank in the country closed and their own comfort left dependent on what they had hoarded in safety boxes, they did not discover that the country was suffering from illness. The episode — the entire depression, in fact — was not only a good thing in disguise, but a beautiful thing in its nudity. It was redeveloping appreciation among the American people. As for putting two or three years together and seeing that they constitute one of the dramatic social revolutions of modern times, they still protest incapacity.

How, then, can such a generation be expected to discern the plight of youth? Many instances of what youth suffers are half concealed. Many others are in remote places where the middle-aged would not think it quite respectable to go. And still others are confused with all sorts of unpleasant matters like the rate of taxation. Can the blind middle-aged be expected to disengage such cases? Or can they be expected to see them after they have once been disengaged by somebody else?

V

Yet somebody must see. If somebody does not, the country will be confronted by a crisis that may well make the present one seem like the merest matter of bookkeeping. Hundreds of thousands of the young weeded from industry, from the professions, from the trades! Other hundreds of thousands on the way through college with unemployment guaranteed to a large percentage of them as soon as they are through! Still other hundreds of thousands in the public high schools, with a larger percentage of them denied both employment and college! And coming behind these — pushing along expectantly — are the millions in the grade schools, a still larger percentage of them denied not only employment, not only college, but any kind of education in high school. The most energetic part of the country's population, in other words, is told that there is nothing for it to do except to hold itself indefinitely in suspense.

The middle-aged like to talk in conventional phrase about 'the oncoming irresistible flood of youth.' They would now dam up the irresistible flood and forget about it. Somebody ought to see that the flood may easily pile too high for management. Youth has a way of turning to all sorts of matters when it is denied the right to participate in the legitimate activities of its elders. As a last resort it can always engage in the interesting experience of going to the devil. And under favorable circumstances it can sweep the middle-aged along for company. The very least the middle-aged can hope for if they try to hold youth back indefinitely is to have to run for their lives when the dam begins to crumble.

Somebody must see, moreover, what lucky youth can do. To court disaster is stupidity; but a greater stupidity is to ignore salvation. What the American people in their present bewilderment most need is precisely what youthful minds could contribute — the very minds they refuse to let function. We have an overabundance of well-balanced administrators and members of national commissions who

consume vast stretches of months in an effort to conceal their befuddled thinking, and then at last arrive at the startling conclusion that much remains to be said on both sides of the question. We have an overabundance of solid captains of industry and banking who cool-headedly invent high-sounding terminology for newly devised dishonesties. We are cursed with level heads. We need a great influx of lopsided youths. The social order must be reconstructed by somebody who believes something, by somebody who has some enthusiasms, and not by the perfectly balanced men designed by nature or by their accumulated habits of life to be chief barbers and head waiters. If a youth believes too much, very well. If he is enthusiastic to the verge of craziness, all the better. All sharp edges will be worn down enough — perhaps too much — by time. But we must get out of the dead-centre habit of mind, whatever the initial inconvenience.

It is said that we must have new statements of the ideals of American life. If they are to be more than so many outworn platitudes, or a list of advertisers' slogans, we shall have to go to the flat lands of Kansas, to the mountains of Virginia or California, to the East Side of New York, to the hills of New Hampshire, or anywhere else where the human race still multiplies, and entrust our needs to the youths we find there. They feel the injustice of the times into which they have been born. They hate the present enough to love the future a little — and to live toward it. They are the ones who have unblurred outlooks, clear conceptions, and language that has not been debased by dishonest use.

It is said that the American city has become such a monster that it not only dominates the political destiny of the nation, but befouls itself and the entire countryside with its smoke and filthy odors and mawkish signs and general hideousness. The city must be made a place fit to live in — since half of the people or more now live there — and the countryside must be saved from the city's uglifying processes. I know personally more than a thousand young men and women who think day and night of little else, and would surrender all other promises of life if only they could work at this engrossing problem. They have little opportunity; the predominance of the middle-aged is too great. Yet they stand ready to make the contribution. And if it were once made, the middle-aged, in their slow ways of coming to understand what is going on, would shout louder than anybody else over what had become an accepted part of the existing order.

It is said that the church must be resuscitated. In every corner of the country men cry aloud that the gospel preached by contented ministers in costly churches supported by well-fed parishioners is no richer in calories than canned sawdust. Their cries have the sound of hunger in them. In two hundred towns and cities I have sought to learn why. And the churches tell their own story. It can be read at a glance as soon as one enters. The entire performance is for people who have adopted the philosophy of comfortable middle age. They do not want to listen to anything disagreeable about what is — though they are beginning to hear a little. They want the minister to speak comfortingly without raising big questions, and to quote soothing poems from a leather-bound anthology that was presented to him by the men's club of the congregation. They want to look at one another and feel how respectable they are, what a nice class of people their

church draws from, and how undisturbed everybody is. It is perhaps too much to hope that the fieriest youthful spirits to be found anywhere could warm these to life. But at least youth could establish a church of its own, where undegenerate new wayfarers, and sinewy men who labor with their own hands and thereby understand creation, and poets, and inquirers, and other unhardened folk of all ages, could go and enjoy the growth which results from honest aspiration.

It is said that we must do a hundred other things that we neglected to begin in the years of our grand debauch. They are all of the kind that youth is especially qualified to do, for they all require creative minds. But the middle-aged know that youth in the process of doing these many things might menace the lazy philosophy of living. They have a vague fear that it might become fashionable to exercise thought, to enrich the emotions, to follow exalted, difficult ways. So they resist.

If they were not so hopelessly blind, they would be able to see that what we ought to experience is not the overwhelming new deal with more wrecking than building in it which they invite, but an endless succession of less cataclysmic new deals. These ought to be made by free minds who have not too much regard for the past, but enough. Some things — most things, in fact — should be made over, not in anger, but in sympathy. We need the best from the past as well as the best from the present if we are to have the best in the future. Youth would be ready to work toward these high ends if it had as much as half an opportunity. But with youth ceaselessly coming along, with youth eager, with youth unoccupied, with youth impatient, with youth growing embittered, the middle-aged of mind put up signs everywhere: 'It is forbidden to youth to enter.' And so little accustomed are they to any exercisings of the imagination that they cannot comprehend the enormity of what they do. They bewilderingly profess ignorance, or even high motives, when their transgression is the basest one they have thus far made a part of their record.

VIENNA AND I

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

I

MANY years ago someone inquired of the wisest man in England, Mr. *Punch*, whether or not to marry. His reply was brief and historic: 'DON'T.' But it is not of record that there were fewer marriages that year, and it may well be that, in some form or other, marriage has come to stay. Now, were a man to come to me for advice, I would say, 'If you are marrying for the long pull, look the girl's mother over very carefully, and if you like what you see and can't possibly control your emotions, go ahead.' This, at any rate, is the advice I gave myself, and I do not regret taking it. A more amiable, generous, and charming woman never lived than my mother-in-law — and she was a Viennese. She was always planning some little pleasure for me or my friends. Someone had early told her, or she may have discovered the fact for herself, that the way to a man's heart is through the stomach. Be this as it may, from the day I became engaged, almost to the day of her death, she fed me with toothsome dainties which seemed especially designed to destroy a good digestion and to distort a once faultless figure.

Thus emotionally predisposed to Vienna, I first went to that city many years ago — and I hated it. It was in midwinter and the weather was awful. I went to the Bristol, a very expensive hotel; it was almost deserted, for the court was in half-mourning, owing to a scandal in which some demirep relative of the Emperor had been discovered. The streets of Vienna are not crowded at night as are the streets of other great cities. There is plenty of 'night life,' but it goes on behind closed doors. How the people get from one place to another I have never discovered.

In some way or other I had caught a bad cold in the Liechtenstein Gallery — which I remember as a palace with miles of concrete passages carpeted with cocoa matting, full of pictures of doubtful authenticity — and one evening I left my hotel to go in search of a drug store. I found one, but it was closed. (I did not then know, what I have since been told, that it is customary in Vienna, when a drug store closes, for the proprietor to affix to the door a small sign, giving the address of the nearest shop likely to be open. But I saw no such sign, nor could I have read it if I had. And incidentally I might say that in foreign cities a chemist's shop is by no means a small department store and a 'quick lunch' establishment, as with us, but a small and dignified place where drugs are compounded and sold, the proprietor of which looks upon himself, not as a tradesman, but almost as a gentleman of science.) I looked elsewhere, wandering here and there, and lost my way; it came on to rain, there was no one on the streets to direct me, and I could not find a cab; at last, drenched to the skin, I reached my hotel, and the

next morning I took a train direct to London!

It is quite a jump from Vienna to London, and by the time I got there my cold was better, my anger had cooled, and I was not exactly proud of my behavior. I had intended to break the journey home (to London, that is) by short stays in Munich, Frankfort, Cologne, and Antwerp, but in my disgust I went right slapdash through to the Hook of Holland and Harwich. And so it is that whenever I have heard Vienna mentioned — coupled always with a glowing description of its interest and loveliness, the charm and hospitality of its men, and the beauty and style of its women — I have felt that I owed it to myself to go back to Vienna and behave like a human being.

And in this frame of mind on a fine spring morning I found myself riding, in a comfortable taxi, along what the guidebooks call Vienna's 'Girdle of Splendor' — the Ringstrasse — to my hotel, this time the Imperial.

II

Vienna is a very large and beautiful city, almost as beautiful as Paris, but it is off the beaten track and it is not gay in the same way that Paris is; it is much more leisurely and seemingly sedate; that is to say, it is gay (or was) in its own way, and it seems unable to advertise its charms. In the old days it had no wish to. To-day it needs the tourist, but does not seem able to 'sell itself' to the world, to use an advertising phrase. I never met a man or a woman who had spent any time in Vienna who did not love it and its people.

The way Vienna came to be so very beautiful is this. It is very old and for centuries was a walled city, and its people found the wall useful, for it was frequently besieged. The wall extended right around the city, and outside it there was a wide open space or glacis on which no buildings were allowed within eighteen hundred feet of the wall. This open space became a parade ground. After the Emperor, whom we shall always think of as old Kaiser Franz Josef, had been upon the throne ten years, he caused the wall, which was no longer of any protection and had become a nuisance, to be removed. There arose, of course, the question: To whom did this great space belong — to the city or to the nation? The Kaiser decided, wisely, — perhaps it was the only wise decision he ever made, — that it belonged to the nation and to the city, fifty-fifty, as we should say. A magnificent boulevard, which all the world knows as the Ringstrasse, was then constructed, and the open space not required for that purpose was sold for enormous sums, and with the money thus obtained some of the finest modern buildings in the city, some of the finest I have ever seen, were erected. I entered few of them; public buildings, museums, and picture galleries are very fatiguing.

But one building, in the centre of the old city, interested me enormously — the Hofburg. It is a colossal, shapeless pile about as unimposing from the outside as the Vatican in Rome. Whenever an Austrian Emperor wanted to build anything, no matter what, — a stable, a library, a church, a conservatory, or a theatre, — he just built it on to and made it a part of the Hofburg, so that in this great sprawling palace there is, or was, accommodation for man or beast in whatever might happen to be his mood. The theatre and the church are pulled down now; there remains, however, 'the Hofburg,' one of the show places of Europe.

The library, which interested me most, is one of the great libraries of the world. The building itself is the work of the famous Fischer von Erlach, an

architect to whom Vienna owes some of its finest buildings. The great hall is one of the most superb rooms in Europe. It is baroque at its very best, and is so placed that the doors at one end can be opened and it becomes a part of a great ballroom. We first visited it, under very distinguished patronage, by way of the great balcony which extends around the entire room, after having been shown some, and only some, of its magnificent bibliographical treasures. The books are those which originally formed the Imperial Library, together with those of Prince Eugene of Savoy, who was not only a great soldier but a collector as well. The National Library in Paris is the most unhospitable institution in the world; the British Museum holds out a welcoming hand to the scholars of all nations; but in sheer beauty the Hofbibliothek surpasses anything I have ever seen.

Not very far away is something very different — the Spanish Riding School, it is called. It was once a plaything of the imperial family, and here a special breed of magnificent white horses are trained to dance and otherwise keep time to the music of an orchestra. The riding school, together with a small stable where the exhibition horses are kept, was formerly very private indeed. Since the fall of the Empire, however, it is open to the public every Sunday morning upon payment of a small fee.

I had an amusing experience on the Sunday that I visited it. I wanted to smoke while the horses were going through their paces, but a sign, NICHT RAUCHEN MACHEN, warned me not to. Regaining the open, I took from my pocket a cigar and found I had no match. I sought a shop, found one, two, half a dozen — all closed. I still wanted to smoke. Presently I saw two taxi drivers on a street corner smoking cigarettes, but I could not for the life of me think of the German word for match. All I could think of was Kreuger, that Napoleon of the match business who, all too late for the world, had just blown his brains out. So, very politely, I went up to them and in my sweetest tones said, '*Bitte sehr, hast du ein Kreuger?*' There was for a moment a look of amazement, and then a hearty laugh — and I got my match.

III

The conservatory and rooms of the Hofburg containing the crown jewels and other insignia of office, imperial plate, glass, and china, are much visited. I protested that I would not look at any of these things, but I was overruled and almost fainted when I saw such a display of wealth in gold and jewels as (if they are real) would almost suffice to put Austria financially upon her feet again. I staggered by case after case of magnificent robes and crowns and sceptres from the time of Charlemagne — Charlemagne maybe? — down to the present. After all this I was not surprised to see a complete solid-gold dinner service for one hundred and forty persons and a similar service of silver for a thousand. One born and brought up in a republican atmosphere cannot possibly understand the feeling of divinity that doth hedge a king, the feeling that he is the Lord's anointed, the belief that he can do no wrong. And all this gear, all these trappings, passed too frequently from scoundrel to scoundrel, until at last the whole scheme blew up and the last Emperor died in exile in the Island of Madeira.

About three miles away from the great mass of the Hofburg is another palace, Schönbrunn, the summer palace, designed by Maria Theresa to be larger and finer than Versailles, but this idea was not completely carried out.

Here it was that the Congress of Vienna, a gathering of all the wasps and butterflies of Europe, was held. Twice after successful battles Napoleon made it his home, and here, in a magnificent apartment once occupied by his father, died the Duke of Reichstadt. There is also another palace, the Belvedere, right in the heart of the city in a lovely garden, one of the finest in Europe. This was the winter home of the Crown Prince, Franz Ferdinand, whom the Emperor, his uncle, and everyone else hated. It was his murder in Bosnia that started the World War. But these were not enough. Some years ago two more magnificent palaces were planned — one actually erected. It was not entirely completed when the war broke out, and, now that there is no one to occupy it, it has been turned into a museum.

There are, of course, many other palaces and châteaux scattered all over the country, and while this life of luxury was going on the condition of the poor of Vienna was something pitiable. It is said that thirty thousand families lived in one room each, and if the room happened to be a large one, two families occupied it, it being divided by a clothesline. But the people were for the most part uncomplaining; they had plenty of excellent music for little or nothing, and few actually starved. The court was haughty, cruel, and corrupt, and into it no modern idea ever penetrated; moderation was a nonexistent word in the lexicon of the Hapsburgs.

One would almost suppose that some thoughtful aristocrat would have said, 'Times are not what they were; we must watch our step. Indifference to the sufferings of the poor brought on the French Revolution. If we are not careful, we shall lose our fortunes, if not our heads.' But no, right up to the outbreak of the World War, *Wein, Weib, und Gesang* was the motto of the aristocracy — taken from Luther, by the way. A tourist in Paris is accustomed to see more than traces of the luxury of the kings of France and of Napoleon, but it came to an end more than a century ago — and it seems longer. In Vienna luxury lasted until yesterday, when the termination of the Great War left Austria prostrate, and what had once been the richest empire the world had ever seen — save Rome — came to an end. The corpse was buried while it was yet breathing; four men — Clemenceau, Orlando, Lloyd George, and Woodrow Wilson — were the pallbearers. What happened to Austria is unbelievable — positively fantastic.

The old empire was composed of many nations, all of whom hated one another; there were differences of language and of religion. Into this mess Woodrow Wilson threw a phrase which was like a firebrand in a barrel of gunpowder. With his fatal facility of speech he spoke of the 'necessity for the self-determination of small nations,' and the damage was done — but not entirely completed; it was completed at the Congress of Versailles. Hence it is that Vienna, one of the largest cities on the continent of Europe, is isolated; it has no hinterland.

Before the war, the Dual Monarchy, Austria and Hungary, had a population of fifty millions. Hungary is now a kingdom without a king, and Austria a socialistic republic with a population of about six millions, of whom two millions live in Vienna — two millions of people with nothing to do. They are patient, kindly folk, accustomed to poverty — but they must eat occasionally. The question is: How are they to get food? Vienna produces practically nothing. Its mechanics and craftsmen are the best in the world, but they must have materials with

which to work; materials cost money, and they have none. One cannot live on music or scenery, however grand. Vienna is at present a ruined and deserted city, deserted, not by its population, but by trade. It is curiously amusing the way different nations take their troubles. The American says much and does little; the Englishman says little and does much. In Berlin they say the situation is serious but not hopeless; in Vienna they say that it is hopeless but not serious.

The world affects an interest in the Russian experiment in government, but the country is so large and its population so vast that no one knows what will happen or when. In Austria the problem may be studied. One can easily go to Austria; one can talk to the people freely — my wife did — and learn how the people feel and what they think; and one is as safe there as one is — I was going to say at home, but that would be silly: one is much safer. We are not naturally a law-abiding people; the Austrians are. I venture the guess that one is safer in Vienna than in any large city in the United States. There was no revolution in Vienna, as there was a hundred and thirty-five years before in Paris, or as there was in Russia during the war. No guillotine or other murdering device was set in motion. Most of the Austrian aristocrats were ruined by the war; their sufferings had been terrible, and those who had escaped death were deprived of their property by due process of law, by the Social Democrats who took matters in hand.

IV

All my life (all my married life, that is — all that counts) I have been hearing of the court of Kaiser Franz Josef: how exclusive and aristocratic it was, how different from the vulgar court of the German Emperor and from the democratic court of the King of England. I did not dare tell my dear little mother-in-law how rotten it was, nor would she have believed me if I had. One of her brothers, whom I learned to love and call 'Uncle Louis' (he was a tall, distinguished-looking man, and what a gentleman! — he had been an officer in the Austrian army), was represented, in the family, as having been something of a favorite with the old Kaiser. He left Vienna because his rank in the army would not permit him to marry a lady with whom he was in love, who had no fortune. I never met Uncle Louis without his making a little, almost unconscious motion of bringing his heels together and saying, '*Service, Eduard,*' and I never knew him to greet my wife without a bow and, '*Küss' die Hand, gnädige Frau.*'

The Kaiser himself was a good, busy, and respected man of simple tastes. He slept on a camp bedstead — you see them in half-a-dozen palaces in Austria. He was an early riser, and, neglecting everything important, made himself a master of petty detail. It is said that when he and his friend Edward VII, King of England, went together to one of their favorite spas, they usually met at the same hour, — five in the morning, — the Emperor just beginning his day's work, the King on his way to bed. Franz Josef's wife was the beautiful Empress Elizabeth, with whom he did not get on well. She was greatly beloved by the Hungarians, whereas they had small regard for him and he none for them.

There was no crime or misfortune that did not come very near to his heart. A revolution placed him on his throne, and almost immediately there was an attempt upon his life. His brothers — there were several — were so mean and degenerate that, even in a court in which degeneracy and vice

were the distinguishing marks of nobility, they could not be tolerated. His favorite brother was Maximilian, whom the French sought to make Emperor of Mexico, whereupon the Mexicans promptly and properly shot him. What rights had he in Mexico? Presently Franz Josef became involved in a war with Prussia, which he lost, and with it he was forced to yield much territory. The Empress Elizabeth was stabbed to death by a lunatic in Switzerland. His great grief, however, was the romantic suicide or murder of his only son, the Crown Prince Rudolph; the details of his death are still obscure.

A Hapsburg, one of the proudest men in Europe, compared to whom Kaiser William was but a weed of hasty growth, he was forever concealing or attempting to conceal some fresh disgrace which had fallen upon some member of his family, but he could not bring himself to permit anyone not of aristocratic birth — however useful to himself or his Empire — to break the charmed circle of his court. In addition to his iron cot beds, one sees his tall desks at which he used to stand all day reading reports, signing papers, and no doubt thinking of himself as the flywheel of a colossal machine, whereas he was in effect a mere nut which kept the wheel on. When in the midst of the World War it fell off, the wheel came with it and a seven-hundred-year-old machine fell quickly to pieces. But long before the World War the old man had practically withdrawn from the direction of forces which he could no longer control, and this was the condition of affairs when, at the cracking of the German Emperor's whip, he declared war on Serbia, knowing — he must have known — that his action would bring about the general war which one section of Europe was hoping for and the other fearing. The rest is the history of yesterday.

All his life long the Kaiser had enjoyed the company of very charming ladies, but for the last thirty years of his life he was devoted to one — Frau Schratt, an opera singer, whose portrait might be seen, when she herself was not, in the royal box, decorated with the insignia of the House of Austria. She had a small palace in Vienna near the Hofburg, and a villa near Schönbrunn opposite a small green gate — to which the Emperor and his lady alone had a key — in the wall of the garden surrounding the palace. More than this, she had houses dotted all over the Empire — and her jewels are said to be magnificent. The lady, she is a very old lady now, knows more scandal than any person living, and it is said she has declined a million dollars from an American publisher to tell it. Perhaps her 'recollections' will some day be published.

V

Too much cannot be said in praise of the Austrians. From top to bottom an amiable, polite, and considerate people. If the aristocrat in his heart of hearts despises you, as he undoubtedly does, he conceals it. '*Service*' and '*Küss' die Hand*' are not idle words. The French have the reputation of being polite, but their politeness is as nothing compared to that of the Austrian. Make this test. Go to a café in Paris and order something to drink. You drink it and immediately the waiter will take your glass away, ask if you will have another, and, if you won't, begin to wipe off your table with a dirty towel and ultimately wipe you out of your chair. Not so in Vienna. Go to your café and order a drink. You drink it slowly; presently the waiter comes up, very politely removes your empty glass, and brings two other glasses — two, mind

you—and fills both of them with water; this so that you may not feel embarrassed at having nothing before you to drink. In all probability he will bring you a newspaper, making a faultless guess as to what language you read with the greatest facility.

And now I have come to the thing for which, after their music and medicine, the Viennese are most famous the world over — the café. England has its public house, commonly called a pub. We have had the saloon, and now, sad to say, we have the speak-easy. The café is the essential Vienna; there are over a thousand in the city. Every man and many women have their café to which they resort daily to drink coffee — and the best coffee in the world. Austrians are frugal; their wines are not much to boast of; substantial food is usually a sandwich. But their *Kuchen!* Curious and bewildering names ring in my ears, meaning the richest and most delicious shape-destroying individual rolls, buns, and cakes that can be conceived of. One does not so much eat them as let them melt in the mouth.

In a Viennese café, hurry is unknown; a 'quick lunch' — that abomination — is unthinkable. One goes to one's café, — I soon discovered mine; it was the Herrenhof, — gets, if he can, a seat by a window, and takes no note of time. But one observes everything else. The air becomes warm and agreeable, if one likes the smell of tobacco — which I do. The place is or becomes crowded with quiet men and a sprinkling of women who talk by the hour in tones so low that they can scarcely be heard, even if one understands the language — which I do not. Small ices and a cooling drink, resembling raspberry shrub, are in demand. Have these people anything to do? Seemingly not. But they are intensely interested in conversation. I presume that there are political and professional and musical and literary cafés. The Café Herrenhof is distinctly literary — perhaps journalistic would be a better word. With a pleasant companion I can imagine no more delightful place in which to pass an hour or an evening than the Herrenhof in the Herrengasse.

There is a ritual in ordering and receiving supplies in a Vienna café which it is most important to observe, and I have no doubt that in my ignorance I did many things that distinctly were 'not done.' If you take the *Besitzer* (proprietor) for a *Herr Ober* (head waiter), you are done for. If you call a common or garden waiter *Herr Ober*, he knows you for a fool. The *Herr Ober* takes your order, and ultimately your money and your tip, but a *Speisenträger* (waiter) brings you your drink and food, and expects a tip too, naturally. There is also a *Kuchenträger* (cake waiter), who brings a big tray of cakes and expects to be paid and tipped. It is all very simple when you know it — as most things are — and very complicated when you don't. But one may read or write or play cards or flirt by the hour, quite undisturbed, with two glasses of cold water before him after he has had his, for the *Besitzer*, more profitable drink. It is *sehr gemüthlich*, and if you ask me what that means, I would reply that it is a sort of courteous comradeship, conspicuous in our country by its absence.

VI

I know nothing and have no wish to know anything about the several political parties in Austria. There are all kinds of Socialists, and Communists, whose creed is to take from those who have and to give to those who have not. This will always have the approval of the majority.

The revolution in Austria was accomplished without the shedding of a

drop of blood — of that there had been enough during the war; there was no fight left in anyone. There were misery and starvation, of course, but they were nothing new, nor was misgovernment. The last Emperor, Charles, abdicated in November 1918 and fled the country, and the printing press completed the ruin of the Empire. Whoever was in power at the time gave the fatal order. They began to print kronen until they became worthless — fourteen thousand paper kronen to one gold one. Such a process is like drinking sea water to quench thirst. By this time my daughter, who is a fluent German scholar, was doing relief work in Vienna under the guidance of the 'Anglo-American' something or other — for which the 'Anglo' took the credit and the 'American' put up the money. I remember that she came home for a little respite, and as she was packing to return I noticed a large bundle of 'money' of which she seemed very careless. I upbraided her, as is a father's duty, and she said, 'Pooh! I'm not going to take that back. I have n't room for it, and it would n't buy a newspaper, anyway.'

And then came the permanent tragedy, compared to which war is merely an opportunity to show heroism. Wealth is, generally speaking, of two kinds — paper evidences thereof, such as bonds and stocks, as we should say, and real estate. These billions of millions of paper kronen put into circulation made all other paper evidences of wealth not relatively but absolutely worthless. A man who by thrift had saved up ten thousand kronen as a solace for his old age now found himself the possessor of a questionable fifteen cents, or, to put it another way, of two loaves of bread. If, on the other hand, he had real estate to sell or to rent, he received paper kronen with the same result — RUIN.

VII

Come we now to another experiment in government. The Social Democrats by a simple twist of the wrist acquired the physical assets — all that was left of the Empire. These they proceeded to distribute. By legal robbery they found themselves possessed of immense areas of land; then, securing the services of the best architects, they proceeded to build the finest apartment houses, flats, community dwellings — call them what you will — that have ever been erected for the laboring classes. These buildings are at once the despair of the economist and the delight of the social worker, the architect, and the engineer. Obtaining the services of an excellent guide, with proper introductions and a wife whose mother tongue is the pleasant patois of Vienna, I spent several days in studying these buildings and their occupants.

The immensity and substantial character of these model tenements are beyond belief, and their exterior beauty is hardly excelled by the great apartment houses in New York or Chicago. The gardens in which they are placed, or which have been constructed around them, have well-kept lawns, dotted with trees and beds of flowers, with artistic fountains or statuary here and there for the solace of age, and playgrounds which are the joy of children. From having been born and bred in slums, Viennese children now have the care and amusements of the children — I was going to say of the very rich, but I know no rich children whose wants, real or imaginary, are so catered to. A pool for wading in summer automatically becomes a skating or sliding rink in winter. But have they skates and shoes? I do not know. I was there in the spring when everything was abloom.

I think few blocks of buildings are more than five stories high, although I

noticed some of nine stories, this height being employed, I fancy, to break the monotony of the sky line, and there are miles of streets of small 'detached' cottages. The flats are of one, two, three, five rooms each, open to the sun, frequently with balconies looking out into the gardens. The cooking, toilet, and laundry arrangements are amazingly complete. In some of the largest of these flats the laundries are equipped with the most modern electrical apparatus, which in size would admirably serve a modern hotel.

I know something of the cost of electric equipment and I can tell when money has been thrown away with both hands. To operate a laundry completely furnished with the most modern and complicated electrical devices takes skillful operators, and not such folk as have been, in the past, accustomed to washing their clothes on a smooth stone laid flat on a river bank. And of what use can a mangle be, which at one operation will smooth a tablecloth six feet wide, to a group of women who have nothing to eat? I protested vigorously against such wastefulness and likened it to the barbaric extravagance of the old régime, and was told that the manufacture of this equipment gave work to mechanics who otherwise would have had nothing to do. Knowing, as I did, that Austria is obliged to import its coal, and has unsurpassed facilities for making electricity from water power, I suggested that hydroelectric plants and the electrical equipment of their railways might have given the needed relief to labor and at the same time have enabled the state railways to operate more economically. To this there was no adequate reply.

I know nothing as to welfare clinics for children, but here, too, I saw what seemed to my untutored eye such elegance of equipment for the health and amusement of the children of the poor as I cannot believe exists elsewhere in the world. If ten of the richest men in New York were to vie with one another in providing a health kindergarten, if such a thing might be, the result in beauty and in artistic and hygienic arrangement might approach what has been provided for the poor folk of Vienna. I ask you to see to it, Mrs. Astorbilt, that your children's toothbrushes match in color and material their tooth mugs — it is most important. How many kindergartens are thus functioning in Vienna? I have no idea, but there are many. The children arrive at seven in the morning and remain under constant care and supervision until six in the evening, for which the charge is merely nominal, from two to four shillings — that is to say, at most fifty-six cents a week, including meals.

VIII

Let us turn now to the economic side of this pleasant picture. Whence came the wealth which provided all this? From the rich, who under the guise of taxation have been impoverished, if not to a man, certainly to a family. What contribution do the poor themselves make? Well, in the first place, the poor have little or nothing, and, as the Socialists themselves say, in some literature which was provided me (in English), 'The Municipality of Vienna does not put any interest on the capital invested [in these undertakings]. When the building is completed the capital outlay is reckoned at zero. Accordingly the Municipality can confine itself strictly to levying from its tenants the mere cost of upkeep and repair. The rents vary from 15 to 20 groschen per month per square metre.' That works out to something almost infinitesimal. I hate figures; the reader may do it for himself. A square metre

is 10¾ square feet, and 100 groschen are equal to one Austrian shilling, or fourteen cents. This is the *rent*, and I go on to read that 'the housing *tax* in a worker's dwelling amounts to a little more than one shilling per month, and on a modest middle-class home a few shillings per month. Large apartments and business premises are more severely taxed, naturally.' Is it any wonder that for this accommodation, which may fairly be described as luxurious, there is an unlimited demand?

Austria is a Catholic country — next to Spain, perhaps the most Catholic country in Europe. The population has declined, but marriage has risen from an average of 19,000 annually for the years 1910–1913 to 25,000 annually for 1919–1924, and the Church sees to it that the marriages are fruitful. Birth control — one certain way out of the world's economic distress — is taught to be a crime. Let me add that 64,000 dwellings of all kinds have been erected since the fall of the Hapsburgs. One more question and a most important one: Are the people thus mothered and fathered by the benevolent despotism of the Socialist happy? Distinctly not. They are as unhappy as it is within the power of a pleasure-loving Viennese to be. 'What is the use of it all?' they say. 'What we want is work.' But alas! there is no work. Austria is like a body from which hands and feet have been removed.

> O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
> Is this your handiwork?

I say that it is largely the ignorant or vindictive achievement of four men whose names are to me anathema.

IX

But there is another picture, and a pleasanter one. 'He studied medicine in Vienna,' says someone, wishing to pay tribute to the skill of some excellent physician; and, when that physician comes and is through prescribing for his patient, he will tell you how happy he was to work under the watchful eye of this great man or that, and of the joy of his student days, and how he longs to go back. I visited the great infirmaries and hospitals, famous all over the world, and thought for a time that I would take advantage of the opportunity of having something cut out of me or something useful inserted in my anatomy, but, after feeling myself carefully all over, I determined to carry on 'as is' for a while longer. I shall soon be coffin-ripe anyhow, and at my age capital repairs are expensive, and may be dangerous.

The centre of Alt Wien is the Hofburg; the centre of modern Vienna is the Opera House. Paris for art, Vienna for music! The people live upon it; it seems more necessary to them than bread. It is not so with me. I went to the opera several times; a good husband is obliged to make concessions to his musical wife; but I was more interested in 'Sacher's' immediately behind the Opera House. Sacher's was the most exclusive, expensive, and, they say, the naughtiest hotel in Europe. Old Man Sacher has been dead for some time; Frau Sacher died quite recently. Their hotel faded, however, like everything else in Vienna during the war, and with the extinction of certain archdukes and their ladies, who seldom appeared in the rather dingy public dining room, its glory has departed, and will never return. If the mirrors in its *chambres séparées* could portray what they once reflected! If their walls had ears and mouths too! But it is better as it is.

Vienna will live down her scandals — all but one, which I must refer to, however shocking it may be. *The famous Danube is brown, not blue.*

HOW THE JEW DID IT

The Mystery of His Survival

BY MILTON STEINBERG

I

THE Christian world has alternately hated and idealized the Jew; it has never understood him. Consider, for example, that mythical figure, the Wandering Jew. The fact that he is only a legend must not lead us to dismiss him summarily, for the existence of a myth is always valid testimony to the presence of a mystery; it affords an unscientific hypothesis to explain the logically inexplicable. Now, to mediæval Christendom the Jew was a fantastic enigma. His folk ways, compounded of strange customs and unreasonable ceremonials, smacked suspiciously of black magic and the sorcerer's craft; his books, written in illegible characters, suggested the wizard's talisman; his ubiquity bespoke alliance with the Devil, and his reticence argued a dark secret. The Jew was strange, he was different, he was incomprehensible, and, most bewildering of all, he could not be persuaded to die.

The Church, the State, and the mob had conspired against him. They had individually and collectively persecuted and massacred, suppressed and harried him. They had put a badge of shame on his garment, confined him to ghettos, refused him the right to till the soil, denied him membership in the guilds; they had burned him and his books in public bonfires. By every rule of reason, his very memory should have been successfully obliterated. No people should have desired life under such circumstances, and yet with uncanny stubbornness he persisted and survived. Like truth crushed to earth, he rose again at the first relaxation of pressure. He not only survived, but lived joyously, contentedly, and, within his own culture, creatively. What could mere logic make of such a phenomenon — a people that lived unreasonably, whose very survival was a contradiction in terms? Whereupon, the mediæval mind hypostatized its bewilderment in a legend in which the irrational immortality of the Wandering Jew mirrored the more baffling deathlessness of the Jew of flesh and blood.

The myth is gone, but the mystery persists. The world still does not understand how the Jewish people contrived to maintain itself and its highly individual culture. Deprived of easy recourse to a fable, the Gentile world has gone to no great pains in making sociological analyses of the Jewish group. It has preferred to take the Jew for granted as an irritating reality. The problem of his persistence has been relegated to the limbo of unsolved problems which are so old that no one even hopes for a solution. As a matter of fact, the typical modern Jew is no more intelligently informed than his Gentile neighbor about the

mechanics of his own survival, for Jews are either resentful of their Jewish descent or incorrigibly sentimental about it. If the first, there is naturally no inclination to inquire into the causes of Jewish persistence. If the second, it need only be indicated that a romantic glow is scarcely the best light for the pursuit of anatomy.

It is truly astounding, then, that so bizarre a phenomenon as the incredible survival of the Jewish group should have escaped critical analysis. Indeed, if Jewish history be but one long anomaly, then the world's attitude toward it must be another. For, normally, men are attracted by the biologic sport and fascinated by the socially unique. Israel is one freak concerning which men seem to feel no curiosity. No one has so much as ventured to take the wheels of Israel apart to discover what made them go. There is still no scholarly doctoral thesis entitled *Prolegomena to the Ætiology of Jewish Survival.* In the absence of such impressive erudition, it may be of distinct advantage to consider the more commonplace and, it is to be hoped, more intelligible question: 'How did the Jew do it?'

II

Israel has not always been a prodigy among the nations of the earth. Time was when its existence was as normal as that of any other people. It occupied its own land, lived its own life, and suffered vicissitudes of fortune such as inevitably befall any nation. It was unique only in that it developed an individual culture and created and subscribed to an unusual theology and a most extraordinary ethic. The catastrophic crisis in its career, the rapid transference from normality to eccentricity, began in 70 C.E., when, after the fall of Jerusalem, large bodies of Jews were translated to all parts of the Roman Empire. Even then, a substantial residue remained in Palestine. But the process of expulsion proceeded inexorably. Violent persecutions under Trajan and Hadrian, the failure of the desperate Bar-Cochba rebellion, the Christianization of the Holy Land with its consequent repressive measures against Jewish residents, all united to accelerate and complete the process of the dejudaization of Palestine. By the fifth century of the Common Era the ancestral soil was virtually denuded of its children. The sceptre had departed from Judea and had gone forth into homeless exile.

From that time until the present, the study of Jewish history resembles the charting of an insane Cook's tour. The itinerary moves from Palestine to Babylonia, thence to North Africa, thence to Spain. Simultaneously, it traverses Italy into the Rhineland. Then excursions in the fourteenth century penetrate from Germany to Slavic Europe, and, a hundred years later, from Spain to Holland and the Levant. Only yesterday the trek turned westward to America, and today a footpath leads back to Palestine and an old-new hope. The map is crisscrossed bewilderingly even by these major movements. When one fills in the retracings of steps and unimportant side trips and excursions, it comes to resemble a geography defaced by a childish scrawl. And yet, for all its appearance of purposelessness, each line represents the logical consequence of definite factors. One movement is the projection of a forced expulsion, another of economic adversity, a third has been shot out in release from intolerable repression. Each zigzag is a cold intellectualized abstraction of the sufferings of human beings, their hungers, their tears, and often their blood.

The Semitic nomads moved along

these threads. At each linear terminus they pitched their tents, refreshed their bodies, set up their shrines, founded schools, wrote books, produced scholars and saints, learned to love the place of their abode, and then — moved on, trailing a new line across the map. If the physical survival of the Jew and his group solidarity under these circumstances suggest a miracle, then the nature and hardiness of his cultural life pass all understanding.

Like all ostensible miracles, this one on examination proves to be no miracle at all. It represents the inevitable consequence of perfectly intelligible though unusual factors. An analysis of the determining motifs and influences renders reasonable a phenomenon which at first glance seems to transcend comprehension. And if the enumeration of these factors serves to make Jewish history more prosaic and mundane, it will, it is hoped, not make it appear any the less heroic.

What, then, are the factors which enabled a people and its culture to survive despite expulsions, repressive legislation, ghettos, intolerable financial extortion, the denial of civic rights, and all the other devices, devious and direct, of His Satanic Majesty?

III

History, as has been suggested, has played many a cruel trick on the Jew. It did him only one favor — it allowed him to prepare for his homelessness. By the time the eviction from Palestine was under way, the Jew had already evolved a technique of living as an unwelcome guest in other men's homes. Early in his history he had become a skilled and inveterate alien. From the sixth century before the Common Era, Babylonia had a large and influential Jewish settlement. Egypt had renewed an old acquaintance with Jews in the days of Jeremiah — a contact that became more intimate when large numbers of Jews settled in the newly established metropolis of Alexandria. The bustling commercial life of the Hellenistic world scattered Jewish settlements far and wide, and the closely knit unity of the Roman Empire encouraged a voluntary dispersion.

About this process of settlement there was nothing peculiar to the Jews. It must be remembered that the Hellenistic world was essentially cosmopolitan. National lines had been largely obliterated. Syrians had settled in Rome, Greeks in Palestine, and Macedonians in Egypt. Jewish settlements throughout the Empire presented no unusual phenomenon. None the less, these colonies in Babylonia, Egypt, Asia Minor, Italy, Spain, and Germany served as experimental stations against an unborn emergency. Within them the Diaspora built synagogues, evolved forms of communal structure, developed philanthropic institutions, and created schools for the education of youth. Traditional Jewish customs and ceremonies were adjusted to the demands of strange lands. In brief, a pattern of group life was created, adapted to the needs of a minority living amid a hostile or indifferent majority. This saved the Jewish people when Palestinian Jewry suddenly disappeared. Broken refugees rarely have the strength to build a new society *ab initio.* The Jew deported by Titus or Hadrian found a ready-made Jewish world already prepared in the land of his exile. He slipped naturally and without serious difficulty into the new scheme of things. Unbeknown to him, he had built himself a bridge by which he might make safe passage from Palestine to the world. He had never been forewarned — he was accidentally forearmed.

And he was prepared in another, and

no less important, respect: his way of life had taken on definite authoritative form. For centuries the Jewish people had been evolving patterns of individual and group conduct. By the time of the dispersion the process had almost reached completion. The Jew carried from Palestine a body of civil law, a sharply fixed ritual for synagogue and home, a clearly defined morality, and definitive forms regulating every phase of life. Emanating from Palestine, this scheme of conduct was regarded with reverence and scrupulously obeyed. It gave assurance that Judaism would remain uniform in all the lands of its dispersion, that it would be catholic and not parochial. It meant that, from Babylonia to Spain, Jews obeyed a sacred tradition which made them all eat, pray, marry, die, and be buried according to universal fixed rules. To be sure, this system of behavior was not given final form until early in the third century, but the editing of the Mishna by Judah the Prince was merely a recognition of a reality, giving *de jure* approval to a status *de facto*.

Therefore, when the lightning struck, it charred but could not consume this prearranged fabric within which all Jews lived. The ideas and ideals of a people may give it significance, but its group habits give it life. For naked ideas are frail things that often die upon being transplanted to a new climate. The mortality risk of an idea clothed in habit is much lower. Habits have been known to outlive empires. A people in exile, fortified only with concepts, would have lost both its concepts and its own life. A people bound by common habitual practices might conceivably save its habits, its ideas, and even itself. Or, as a great Jewish thinker once put it, 'More than Israel observed its Sabbath did the Sabbath preserve Israel.'

IV

'The world is my idea,' said Schopenhauer. 'My ideas have preserved my world,' said the Jew. For the Jew was not only prepared for his dispersion by self-perpetuating social forms; he was further equipped with a set of values, concepts, and beliefs that proved media of continuity.

For example, the Jew believed literally and vividly that he was a member of a chosen people. Had not the Creator of the Universe elected his ancestors, the Patriarchs? Had He not revealed His will to his forefathers at Sinai? Did the Jew not possess that revelation in the Law of Moses — the eternal inheritance of the congregation of Jacob? And was there not in that Law a divinely ordained scheme of life? In the cosmic organism Israel was, as a mediæval Jewish theologian once put it, the heart. As the drama of mankind unfolded itself, the Jew was revealed in the rôle of protagonist — a rôle that could be successfully enacted only if each Jew obeyed the dictates of the Sinaitic revelation. To desert the Jewish people and Judaism was tantamount to treason against God, to defeat of the divine purpose for man. If Israel, God's instrument, failed Him, how could His eternal programme be fulfilled? Nay, more, what purpose in life was so worthy as the service of the Almighty and His Law? Who would minister to chambermaids and hostlers when one might serve the King Himself? Especially since the King had made it perfectly clear exactly how He wished to be served.

From this loyalty to his God and His Law, the Jew derived a sense of importance and dignity which more than atoned for his social insecurity and insignificance. But he derived more than that — he was assured of a real reward. For he believed that his God

would repay him for his sufferings in this world with the glory of a blissful immortality. Jewish tradition taught that, while one must not serve God in the hope of reward, the reward was there none the less. Let the nations rage against Israel because it obeyed its divine revelation, let massacres and persecutions roll over it! What significance could be ascribed to a few brief decades of humiliation and pain when one considered eternities of the happiness treasured up for the righteous?

It is curious to note that, while the Jew claimed a monopoly of God's revelation, he did not claim exclusive possession of its reward. He never asserted that the non-Jew could not attain to it. As a matter of fact, he insisted that 'the righteous of all peoples have their share in the world to come.' But, for himself, his way to bliss lay only in his loyalty. If he adhered to his mission, he was assured of the reward. If he deserted it, he had thrown away his opportunity. The records of the massacres by Crusaders in 1096 reveal the power of this appeal. Confronted with a choice of baptism or death, whole Jewish communities voted to die, secure in the conviction that the God whom they served would not fail them.

But more potent than the sense of election and the confidence of reward was one other ideological factor, and that was the assurance of vindication. The Jew knew that his was the true cause, and that, at the end of days when history had run its course, a true Judge would give a true verdict. On that imminent day when God would intervene catastrophically in the affairs of men, the peoples who had mocked at and persecuted the Jew would behold and be ashamed. For then it would be made clear that through the weary centuries Israel alone had possessed the truth and upheld it.

The hope of final vindication is an incalculable power in human persistence. It is often detected as the consolation of disappointed idealism, the solace of the misunderstood and unrecognized genius. It is also the courage of martyrs.

Among these elements in the ideological factor, theology operated only negatively. The Jew was not theologically-minded. There was no reason why he should be. He had no official creed to rationalize or defend; the bond of his unity lay in a social pattern, an ethical attitude, and a historic loyalty. This does not mean that the Jew had no faith or religion. It merely states the fact that he preferred freedom in a nebulous 'climate of belief' to confinement by a fixed, exacting, and imperious system of dogma.

The negative impetus of theology toward Jewish survival reveals itself in this. The Jew maintained his loyalties, not so much because of passionate advocacy of his own creed, but because for him alternative religions and theologies were incredible. He remained Jewish because being anything else involved a radical impossibility. In the Roman Empire he could not eat the dead husks of Paganism; during the period of the primitive Church he could not enjoy the pipe-dream *Schwärmerei* of the Gnostics; in the Catholic Age he could not bring himself to say *Credo quid absurdum est.* The Trinity, the sacraments, the mysteries, the divinity of Christ, the authority of the Church — these were too much for him to swallow. Had the Jew known Latin, he might have revised the taunt of Horace and flung it back as *Credat Christianus Apella.*

The Jew may often have had difficulty in putting his hands on his own amorphous theology, but he knew that it was relatively credible; it was minimal and made few unnecessary demands on his capacity for faith; it was, by comparison, simplicity itself. The

Christian and Moslem themselves encouraged the Jew by granting the truth of the principles of his belief; they merely insisted on adorning them still further. These decorations the Jew found repugnant. Considering the Gothic façade or baroque interior of the church, he turned with relief to the whitewashed simplicity of the synagogue. What alternative had the Jew except loyalty? Reared on a simple diet of doctrine, he knew that, like his stomach, his mind would revolt at the elaborate concoctions the Gentiles feasted upon.

These are the ideological factors in Jewish survival. The Marxian will dismiss them on the ground that they can be reduced to economic motifs. The psychologist will see in them compensatory mechanisms. All of which may be perfectly true — and yet irrelevant. The thing that counts is that, regardless of their sources, they coöperated in the conspiracy of keeping the Jew alive.

V

The typical history of Europe generally makes no mention of the existence of Jews. It will describe with infinite patience the details of the political and social development of some land, but only a few scanty passing references are accorded to its Jewish residents. The notorious 'Man from Mars,' reading a serious historical account, might never dream of the presence on the scene of that peculiar group. The sensitive Jew tends to suspect a conspiracy of silence on the part of historians. He will not hesitate to accuse them of anti-Semitism and a malicious attempt to withhold recognition where it is due.

And yet the historian's reticence is perfectly understandable. In self-defense he can justifiably argue that Jews have lived in many lands, but, until modern times, were never part of them. They constituted an undigested mass in each body politic, occupying a disproportionately small place in the religious, cultural, and economic milieu. In brief, they were isolated from their environment. To live in a country and to participate in its life are two radically divergent things. Witness the gypsy, witness the Jew.

The very real isolation of the Jew during the Middle Ages was the result of common consent. The Jew was as eager to be segregated as the Gentile to segregate. Living in a cold, alien land, Jews tended naturally to huddle together for warmth. Long before ghettos were formally instituted, all the Jews of one community resided in a special neighborhood. They found it more comfortable, more congenial, and more secure. This inclination toward gregariousness the Gentile encouraged, violently in his rioting, peacefully by making it clear that he did not want a Jew as his next-door neighbor. Ghettos merely recognized and gave strengthening sanction to a fact.

The isolation was not only residential; it was obviously and equally religious. Of social intercourse between the two groups there was virtually none. Only economics was stronger than the spirit of mutual antagonism; Jew and Christian did business with one another. But even here repressive legislation tended to drive the Jew into a few crafts and trades which he came to monopolize. And these, to confound confusion, were either the unwanted scraps of the world's economy or those branches of it which were stigmatized by social disapproval. Until the French Revolution, then, the Jews constituted an *imperium in imperio*, a self-contained, vacuum-sealed world within, but not of, the larger whole. In the tumultuous flow of European history, Jewish communities were rock-bound little islands, buffeted but unmoved.

Now, though ostracism is never a pleasure to an individual, it is the very bread of life to a minority group. The Jew might languish in his confinement; Jewish life thrived. And the leaders in Israel were acutely aware of that fact. They sedulously and scrupulously avoided any movement that might relieve some part of their loneliness. In Jewish law there is to be found a juristic phrase *hukath goyim*, or 'institutions of the Gentiles.' The purport of that phrase is essentially that the Jew must strive to be different from his neighbor. The very fact that an institution was Gentile was sufficient to make it suspect for Jews. The existence of such a legal principle may be deprecated, but it is valid testimony to the deliberate use of segregation for survival. How keenly the Jew appreciated his isolation can be seen in the fact that in the Napoleonic Age Jewish leaders in Holland objected to release from restrictive legislation and emancipation from confinement.

From the point of view of group survival, this attitude was pointedly sane. Isolation, voluntary and enforced, was a determinant in Jewish life. Consider its effects. It ensured the freedom of Jewish culture from alien, disturbing influences. Civilizations may crumble from inner decay; they fall also because new styles of thought and modes of conduct disturb their inertia. Greeks undermined Roman society, the Saracens and Byzantines administered the *coup de grâce* to feudal Christendom. From experiences analogous to these the Jewish organism was spared. Within an airtight compartment, no alien mode of thought could disturb its intellectual peace, no novel patterns of living could shake its inveterate habits. Lest anyone suspect that the extent of isolation has been overstated, it may be relevant to point out that even the Renaissance came and went in Western Europe, and, except in Italy, the Jew was serenely unaware of its explosive concussion.

Further, segregation guaranteed the integrity of Jewish social pressure. Every society tends to suppress the individual into conformity with its norms. Only when enough individuals escape does a society undergo a revolutionary transformation. On the Jewish 'island within,' social pressure was intact. Every Jew observed all of Jewish practice and, within narrow limits, followed prescribed intellectual paths. Each minute divergence in conduct or belief was immediately apparent and instantaneously suppressed. Not even in ancient Sparta had the weight of society's will been as dominating as it was on the Judenstrasse.

Even economic factors conspired, under this regimen of isolation, to support survival. For, although business relations often took the Jew out of his shell, trade and commerce within the ghetto operated to maintain the status quo. Economic life had been tamed by tradition. It conducted itself according to laws administered by rabbinical courts, it observed ancestral sanctities, it was suspended for religious festivals, and was compelled to minister to communal needs. By subduing business, Jewish society obviated a conflict between economic interest and group conduct.

As a result, industry and trade enforced tradition. It was easy to observe the Sabbath and festivals when there was no business to be done in any event. There was no difficulty involved in reciting the prescribed afternoon prayer if customer and shopkeeper interrupted their negotiations automatically for that purpose. In a world where a culture has conquered its economics, economics will unconsciously support the culture.

Last of all, segregation obviated attrition; it guaranteed that there would be no gradual wearing-away of Jewish loyalties, habits, and ideas. No person breaks suddenly with his environment and background; a period of preparation, however unconscious, is a prerequisite. Had the Jew had intimate contact with the outer world, such a process would have been possible. He might gradually have sloughed off Jewish forms and adopted Gentile ones in their place; his ideas might slowly have been transformed and his loyalties imperceptibly transferred. When he had come to feel himself more closely identified with interests and attitudes other than Jewish, he could then have slipped easily into assimilation with another world. But the Jew did not have this contact; he had no opportunities, had he wished for them, for a period of preparation. He could leave the ghetto if he desired. The Church waited with eager arms and the baptismal font was always ready. But he had to do it in one leap. He must pass from within to without in a single step. Such a change was too violent to be attractive. It was more comfortable to stay put.

VI

Even a Jew does not enjoy misery. If you attempt to follow Shylock's advice, to tickle or prick him, he will avoid the feather or the pin, as the case may be. The combination of all the factors we have enumerated would not have sufficed to keep him set had he been fundamentally unhappy. He was not stupid; had his wretchedness been sufficient, he would have contrived a way of escape. The astounding fact is that, for all the cruel ingenuity of the world, he enjoyed his Judaism. Compelled to make a virtue of necessity, he found it to be a pleasant activity. That he derived joy from pain and extracted sweetness from gall is due to his intense cultural life. This it was which compensated him abundantly in satisfactions, intellectual, social, and æsthetic. For this he might count the world well lost.

Jews, surveying their own past, often express astonishment at the breadth and depth of the civilization which they have inherited. It seems unreasonable that such exquisite and variegated flowers should have grown on a sterile soil and in an unfriendly atmosphere. The amazement disappears when one considers the urgency which impelled Jewish cultural life. For, since the Jew would not die, he had his choice of only two alternatives. He must either construct a compensating culture to make existence tolerable, or go stark mad. This accounts for the passionate devotion of the Jew to his spiritual values, for his intense absorption in books, for his reverence for scholarship. With other peoples, culture is an afterthought, a by-product of normal living, an amusement for leisure hours. With the Jew it was a condition for sanity.

In part out of a sense of duty, but much more out of rigid necessity, the Jew concerned himself with education and instruction. He made it a life purpose for each individual to learn the tradition. The process of instruction began in early infancy; it was terminated only by death. Long before modern pedagogy, the Jew engaged in adult education. Everywhere the language of learning was heard and the aura of scholarship perceptible. The materials of instruction were the Bible, the vast Talmudic literature, Jewish jurisprudence or ethical disquisitions and homilies. They were often remote, unrelated to realities, and irrelevant to life. Certainly they were highly academic and inspired less by the desire

for solution of contemporary problems than by a love of ingenuity for its own sake. Even the lay masses judged an address mainly by the criterion of subtlety. But they gave the Jew an interest, an escape from reality, and a sense of satisfaction and pleasure that made him forget the badge of shame on his breast. In the midst of some casuistic argument, the real world was obscured by a fictive structure of glittering logic. Nor must we forget that this intellectualism provided the Jew with a sense of purposefulness. There were no objectives for him among men, no worlds for him to conquer; he found them instead in the realm of books and ideas.

The conditions of Jewish living were further mitigated by an elaborate round of customs and observances. If the violent intellectualism of the ghetto spread a cold light into its darkness, ceremonialism contributed a diffusion of warm colors. The Jew observed numberless ceremonies, and feast days and fast days followed each other in close succession. By religious decree he was told that he must enjoy his religious rites, and he succeeded surprisingly. The attitude of the Jew toward his customs marks almost a unique instance of genuine pleasure by edict. On the Sabbath he rested with vigorous enthusiasm, on Passover he celebrated the exodus from Egypt with elaborate conviviality, and at Purim he rejoiced riotously in the fall of Haman. He even mourned and fasted on days of penance and memorial with a zest that smacked suspiciously of enjoyment. All hearts lifted at the anticipation of a holy day, and turned at its expiration to the next.

This pleasurable ritual penetrated into the home; candles were lit, dishes separated, spice boxes sniffed, and leaven cast forth in an atmosphere compounded of ritual dignity, pontifical pomp, and family festivity. From all this activity the Jew derived æsthetic satisfaction. It served him as the poetry of his life. Through ceremonials loyalties, unconsciously vitalized, ceased to appear as burdens.

One last element in this complex of culture should be indicated. Both the world of the intellect and the cycle of ceremony were heavy with ethical connotations. A respect for life, a sense of the rights of others, an ideal of family unity, high standards of decency and honor, and a natural sympathy for the underdog — all these emanated from book and rite. The Jew was acutely aware of his moral values and standards. He felt that they contrasted favorably with those of the world about him. For all his social inferiority, he felt superior to the Gentile. He entertained a healthy contempt for the violent militarism of a feudal society. The armed chivalry of the Middle Ages was to him barbaric. The Christian world was bloodthirsty, it laid none of his emphasis on learning, it was less temperate than his, it did not have his standards of family life. This sense of moral superiority received occasional though forceful confirmation through a pogrom or massacre. It is easy to develop contempt for the man who, for no good reason except superior strength, plays the bully and wields a cudgel. Had there been no other restraining influence, the sensitive Jew would have found passage to the Gentile world difficult. It seemed to involve the painful exchange of a moral good for its ethical inferior.

Thus it came to pass that, while a world cast him out, the Jew found enough saving happiness in his intellectual, social, and moral activities to repudiate the world in return. Thus it came to pass that, amid poverty and persecution, he could recite with paradoxical enthusiasm in his daily prayers, 'Happy are we; how goodly is our por-

tion and how fair our lot.' Granted sufficient imagination and will, even a prison, for all its confining walls and cruel bars, can by a mental *tour de force* be converted into a palatial residence.

VII

These, then, are the factors of Jewish survival: a preliminary preparation, an ideological equipment, a social isolation, and a compensating culture. The wheels of the mechanism are now apart. Or, more aptly, the body has been dissected. For the life of a group resembles less a dead machine than a living organism. Its disparate aspects fuse and melt into each other in a unity that defies clean intellectual discrimination. But, when the lesson in anatomy is over, a haunting suspicion still remains. The brain, the heart, the liver, are revealed. But is there not in the body perhaps some vital force, some Bergsonian *élan*, which eludes the finest probe? And in the organism that was Israel might there not have been present some analogous power of persistence that no scalpel can uncover? Did the Jewish people perhaps possess a group will-to-live, a collective determination, a resolution to persist? Is it not possible that some such influence, half psychological, half metaphysical, must be postulated even after the most careful anatomical investigation?

There are moments when the observer inclines toward such an assumption, but ours is a rationalistic age when metaphysical ghosts and spectres are disreputable. We have all been trained to make liberal use of Occam's razor: we will not make avoidable assumptions, we will not multiply entities beyond necessity. And yet, even the most disciplined biologist, in a moment of relaxation, toys at times with the idea of a life force and a vital principle.

This article really violates the Aristotelian canons. It has a beginning and a middle, but no logical end. It takes us up to the threshold of the French Revolution and stops abruptly. The rest of Jewish experience is another story, a fascinating sequel.

This third act will have to be left for a subsequent article. It will tell a fantastic tale. It will describe how, during the eighteenth century, the Jew was suddenly emancipated. It will tell how ghetto walls collapsed, corroded by the acid of modern rationalism, undermined by the slogans of the French Revolution, and bombarded by a new economic order. One by one, we can watch the factors of survival cease to be effectively operative. We shall see the suddenly emancipated Jew, blinded by the light that streams in on him, step forth into a larger world. And we shall watch him stagger and grope bewilderedly as he strives to find his way, dazzled by the unwonted illumination and confused by the absence of ancient landmarks. How he conducts himself, his follies and stupidities, his heroisms and achievements — these, as we have said, form another story. Here it is sufficient that the logic of a myth be revealed, that a social mystery be laid bare.

We dare to hope that we have solved the riddle of 'how the Jew did it.' It still remains for us to answer the question, 'What is the Jew doing?'

(*Next month*, '*How the Jew Does It*')

A MOTHER'S CREED

Dangerous Questions and Difficult Answers

BY M. BEATRICE BLANKENSHIP

I

WHEN I graduated from college in 1915, I naturally pitied the older generation for what I was pleased to consider the narrowness of its views and the rigidity of the rules by which its members ordered their dull existences. Fifteen years later I became aware that the pity of earlier days had imperceptibly changed to envy — envy of a certain stability of conviction, and of a definitely established attitude toward life. As time goes by, my envy deepens and my reasons therefor increase. Physically our forbears had a much harder time than do we, but socially, mentally, and spiritually I believe their lives were easier.

In those days, peace and quiet were procurable — in fact, they were rather general. Simplicity of living was the rule, and not, as now, a misfortune due to the depression, to be borne as heroically as possible, much as we went without sugar during the war. But more than peace, and more than simplicity of life, I envy our progenitors the simplicity of their methods of child rearing. They were not hounded by experts whose years of intensive training had been devoted exclusively to the study of the child. They were not overwhelmed with 'literature' on the subject, ranging from pamphlets sent out by cereal manufacturers, drug companies, and insurance agencies, to ponderous tomes written by even more ponderous foreign gentlemen, no two of whom recommended the same method of dealing with the various manifestations of the child. Not only were they allowed to teach their children in peace, but they were fortunately assured of what to teach them. Their opinions and beliefs were established; their attitude toward life was well defined, and it was an attitude which they considered as adequate for the new generation as it had been for the old.

For guidance in bringing up their children, if any was needed beyond the light of nature and the memory of their own childhood, they had the Bible. Children were taught to follow in their fathers' footsteps. It was hoped that they might improve upon these steps, but the general direction was assumed to be the same. By this I do not mean to imply that sons were supposed to enter their fathers' professions, but merely that children, as a rule, followed their parents in such matters as politics and religion, almost inevitably accepting from them a belief that 'life is real, life is earnest.'

Now, however, conditions of living have changed so much that all sense of permanence is gone, and convictions have become as ephemeral as fashions. The world which my children will inhabit as men will hardly be the world

in which I dwell to-day. How, then, can I prepare them for their world? I am not now worrying about their formal education. I do not much care whether they attend college or university. I do not at all care whether they are educated as regards matters of fact. But I do care supremely that they shall have something which, for lack of a better word to describe it, I shall call religion, and, above all, I want for them an adequate conception of the meaning of life. If it is at all possible, I hope that they may somehow cultivate the outmoded ability to see life steadily, and especially to see it *whole*. And here, envying our fathers and mothers the unshaken foundations of their faith and the stability of their vision, I must confess my own total inadequacy to deal with the situation.

II

Billy is ten. Francis is nine. John Robert is 'six-and-won't-get-any-older-if-he-doesn't-eat-his-vegetables-will-he-marmar?' When the three stand before me, looking at me with the clear, confident gaze of childhood, assured that the words I utter will make clear to them, for all time, whatever problem of fact or of conduct is confronting them, my heart quails within me. How is it possible for me to tell them what God is, or where Yellow Boy (Billy's kitten) went when he died, when I myself am more profoundly perplexed than are they?

Shall I depict God as a super-Santa Claus, a conception which is warm and comforting, but apt to explode with disastrous completeness at their first real contact with the cruelty which runs like a bloody thread through the warp and woof of life? Shall I depict Him as Absolute Law? Or Perfect Knowledge? Or Supreme Power? These conceptions are more durable, but not nearly so comforting. Shall I rely on the Bible to furnish them with their conception of the Almighty? Billy is logical and demands consistency; Francis is imaginative and demands loving sympathy — qualities which do not characterize Jehovah. No, the God of Israel will not satisfy them. And what about the possible after-life of Yellow Boy? What shall I teach them about death and the immortality of the soul? Remembering black hours when I — just Billy's age — lay awake, vainly endeavoring to imagine some form of eternity that would be even remotely endurable, my heart yearns over Billy, and more especially over Francis and John Robert, who are imaginative. Will they find the idea of a godless universe and complete annihilation less appalling than I did? If they do, how will that belief affect their general attitude toward life?

Shall I teach them to pray? When I was their age I said the Lord's Prayer nightly. It bored me and I felt that God, who heard it from so many people, must be even more tired of it than I was. Anyway God had put my father and mother on earth to look after me, and I could not think that He really had time to pay very much attention to me Himself. Still, I prayed from a vague sense of duty, in much the same way that I brushed my teeth. If Billy and Francis are to pray, I should like to make their prayers mean something to them, but I confess that I have no idea how to go about it.

Thanks to the painstaking care of my mother, I had acquired, at a comparatively early age, a fair general knowledge of the Bible. Very wisely she did not teach me that it was all true. But allegorical meanings are hard for a child to grasp; the notable inconsistencies of the text offended my sense of logic; and often, as in the case

of Hagar and Ishmael, Jacob and Esau, my sense of justice was outraged. Even the beautiful story of the Resurrection was destroyed for me by the unutterable suffering which preceded it. It seemed a queer thing for God to show His love for the world by allowing His only begotten Son to be put to a horrible death. In short, my opinion of Him was not improved by acquaintance with His word.

In view of my own experience I am compelled to ask myself how much of the Bible these boys of mine ought to be taught. On the answer to this depends the question of their going to Sunday School.

Then, again, Billy is orthodox in temperament. I am not. A conception of God which satisfies me will by no means appeal to him. Shall I inflict my unorthodox faith upon him, or shall I teach him what I myself cannot believe? Or shall I let him grow up untaught? Or is there some golden mean which I have not yet discovered? I am particularly anxious to avoid inflicting upon the children beliefs which they are almost certain to be obliged to discard as they grow older. Such spiritual upheavals are distressing, and dangerous to the *whole* vision of life which is my principal desire for them. I should like to lay for them a foundation of general faith upon which they can gradually erect the edifice of their own specific belief. Even though I can give them no definite creed, I do hope to be able to cultivate in them the habit of spiritual thought.

III

Important and perplexing as is the question of religious training, I am faced with another problem which is beginning to appear even more formidable. Will it be fair to the boys for me to try to pattern their aim in life after mine? Succeeding years are making me more and more aware that what I desire from life is not what most people desire. Even if I should succeed in what I have set myself to obtain, the world at large would probably count me a failure. About the opinion of others I do not greatly care, for I have the memory of the consulship of Plancus and of a simpler generation to sustain me; but how will Billy and Francis and John Robert, who have no such memory, feel about it? Are they not going to measure success by the standards of their contemporaries? Shall I not handicap them in the struggle if I try to set up for them a standard which, I am sometimes tempted to believe, is as extinct as the great auk?

With each amelioration of physical effort, the economic struggle becomes more and more exacting of mental effort. Material success may demand less of one's office or factory time than it formerly did, but it demands more energy, more vitality, and all of one's thought. If a man would succeed in business, his work must be, not only his greatest interest, but to all intents and purposes his sole interest. Is it not my duty to train the boys from their earliest beginnings to recognize this fact? Had I not better set their feet upon the concrete pavement of financial attainment rather than teach them how pleasant are the bypaths of Academe or the ferny way to fairyland? If Billy earns money by selling the *Saturday Evening Post* (the law and the prophets of his probable world), should I not urge him to buy a share in the Building and Loan rather than permit him to spend it in learning to play the violin, since his knowledge of the violin, though it may afford him some pleasure, will never bring him in a penny? If Francis and John Robert undertake newspaper routes, had I not better establish them in savings

accounts rather than let them spend their earnings on books?

As men, they will probably be judged by the standards of materialism. Would it not be wise for me to train them to a belief in those standards? If, in spite of the depression, success is still to be measured in terms of motor cars, radios, electric refrigerators, country-club memberships, and trips abroad on boats 'where one is assured of mingling only with the *monde*,' am I justified in teaching the boys my less tangible definition of success, thereby taking upon myself the responsibility for what their contemporaries may well consider their complete failure in life? Will they be happier because they are wiser than their generation? Am I even sure that they will be wiser? The choice is not simply that between good and evil, but between what is generally admitted to be good and what seems to me, individually, to be better. But have I the right to judge for them? How I envy our forefathers, who, by example and precept, bent our twigs with few misgivings as to the proper angle at which the tree should incline!

Having thus set forth in detail the questions which puzzle me, I had originally intended to end my article at this point, hoping that I might receive some helpful response from those parents who have faced, or are facing, the same problems. It has been suggested to me, however, that I ought at least to indicate my own tentative solution, and this I shall attempt to do, although I am still by no means certain that I am even tending in the right direction. Right or wrong, one *must* do something. The issue cannot be evaded. Inadequate as one may feel to guide a growing child wisely, guidance of some kind the child will get, if not from one source, then from another. The decision of many harassed parents to do nothing and trust to luck represents a commitment no less real, and far more dangerous, than any other, for the child who does not, at home, receive help in forming his basic philosophy of life will pick up his ideas elsewhere — in school, on the street, out of the very air he breathes. Those parents who are content thus to let matters take their course do not, then, escape the responsibility for having made a choice, negative but momentous.

IV

The twenty or thirty specific questions which I have raised fall under two general heads: —

1. What religious or spiritual training should my children have?

2. What standards of life should be set before them — those of the American Gospel of Success, or the less tangible but perhaps more durable standards of cultivation, responsibility to others, and — outworn expression — 'high ideals' of the good and the beautiful?

For some years I had been considering these problems as entirely separate and distinct, and it has taken the depression to make me realize that they are merely two aspects of the same question: the old, old choice between God — under another name — and Mammon. For if the standards by which one lives do not depend upon one's religious and ethical beliefs, then on what do they depend? Accordingly, it would seem that if there is to be, as I hope, a strong spiritual element in the lives of my children, their ideal of attainment cannot be that of material success. For, while there is no reason why the owner of Elaborate Eights and superheterodynes and all the other magnificent adjuncts that go to make up American life de luxe should not also possess real spirituality, the fact remains that with a few striking exceptions he does not. For all our inven-

tions, we have not yet discovered a way to serve two masters.

So it seems to me that the first aspect of my problem, and the most important, is the question of religious or spiritual training. And here, as before, I run into difficulties, for my own beliefs are unorthodox and inchoate, difficult to formulate even to myself, and impossible to convey to children even if I were perfectly sure that such conveying would be desirable. In the meantime the boys are going to Sunday School — Episcopalian in deference to family feeling. There they are learning certain things concerning the forms and ceremonies of the Church, and some Old Testament history, which apparently impresses them in the same way as does the American history they learn at school. It is something that happened a long time ago, sometimes interesting, sometimes distinctly the reverse, but having, fortunately, nothing to do with life as they live it. If they are, to my regret, learning little of the spirit on which religion depends for its value, they are at least learning nothing that they will later have to unlearn.

I supplement their Sunday School instruction with my own explanations whenever they are moved to question me as to the creation of the world, what God really looks like, and what and where Heaven is. The boys cannot fail to be aware, of course, that their Sunday School teacher and I differ a good deal in our beliefs, but I have no clue as to which of us they consider more apt to be right. I am very doubtful whether I do not make confusion worse confounded in their minds, and whether it is good for them to realize what enormous divergences of opinion there are on these subjects; but at least they will be spared the shock which was mine when I first learned that people did not *know* about God and the life beyond the grave with the same definiteness that they knew about the King of England and the customs in China.

At all events, my explanations, feeble and unsatisfactory as they seem to me, apparently content the children, at least the two older ones. John Robert at six forms his own opinions without reference to those of others; my tentative beliefs, which suffice for Billy and Francis, mean nothing to him. When, in an early November dusk, the little sister was run over by an automobile and almost instantly killed before our eyes, the two older boys were only too thankful to accept my assurance — the expression of a hope rather than of a belief — that somewhere beyond the sight of us who love her so dearly she still lives, now forever safe from pain and fear. But John Robert, whose constant companion and playfellow she was, would only sob through his tears, 'How does Mommie *know?*' This refusal to accept the ideas of others, though it renders him a rather difficult member of the family, somewhat relieves me of responsibility in regard to his training. No matter how I may try to incline him, he is one little twig that will choose its own angle!

V

But the combination of my teaching and that of the Sunday School does not seem well adapted to develop spirituality or the ability to see life whole. When I speak of seeing life whole, I mean two things. I hope, first, that the boys will be able to see events in their own lives in proper perspective; that they will realize that the happiest moment they ever know, as well as the unhappiest, is extremely brief compared with the entire span of time they will probably have to live through; and that these moments are few and far between. They are rightly of high im-

portance to us, but, though they give meaning and color to life, they are not the sum and substance of it. I want them to understand that life, though inevitably influenced by such moments, depends upon our own inner consciousness for its success or failure. The tendency to live only for the high moments, and to ignore the broad and often deep valleys which separate them, is, I think, one of the weaknesses of this generation. It is this weakness that the long view of life should correct.

Then, second, I want the boys to see their own lives in proportion to what may be termed the life stream; to realize profoundly that their individual pattern, infinitesimal though it be, is still a part of the universal life pattern; that there is no joy however great, no tragedy however utter, that has not been experienced by countless predecessors. I should like to have it part of their very natures to feel that in joy, and above all in sorrow, they are akin to all who have gone before and to all who are coming after. If they can attain this understanding, joy and sorrow will fall into their proper places in the pattern, and as men they will never know the hopelessness (the one thing I dare ask that they may be spared) of believing themselves to be *particularly* singled out for misfortune. Remembering the myriads who, since long before recorded time, have undergone the identical sorrow we suffer, accepted it, and made it a part — perhaps not the least beautiful part — of their pattern, can my sons, 'heirs of all the ages,' show themselves less heroic than those long-forgotten ancestors?

Religion can be a great help in gaining this sharp perception of the universality and continuity of life and experience. The communion of saints expresses just that idea of shared experience which I have tried to convey, but many people who have no religion do perceive universality, just as many people who think of themselves as intensely religious have no comprehension of it. But, though religion is not a necessity, no one except a natural-born mystic (if there is such a thing) can gain this understanding without having cultivated the habit of spiritual thought.

Now the average Sunday School quite naturally touches on none of the foregoing ideas, and of course the children are much too young to grasp such abstractions. Still it seems to me that now, if ever, is the time to lay a foundation for this understanding, and it is just that which I am failing to do. The lack that I feel is not the fault of the Sunday School teacher, nor, altogether, of the Sunday School system. If I want my children to develop this perception, surely I am the one upon whom rests the responsibility. That my attempts in this direction have met with little success is surely no justification for thrusting my responsibility upon other agencies, even accredited ones.

VI

Although I am still wondering how to give the children the right spiritual training, the second aspect of my problem no longer troubles me, since I now know beyond peradventure what standards in life I desire for them. Even if there were no question of spirituality in their lives, I should not set up before them the ideal of success according to the industrial plan. Like every other mother in the world, my chief wish is for the boys' deepest and most enduring happiness. Dazzling as are the rewards of successful commercialism, happiness does not seem to be among them, and the tragedies of the depression have reminded us that riches are still as deceitful as a mirage. Where now are the brilliant exemplars of the Gospel

of Success, men whose command of comfort and, above all, of leisure — which they never seemed able to endure — it was impossible not to envy? A is in a sanitarium; B, on $5000 a year, is without ambition and without hope; C has given up and is being supported by his wife; D is in exile beyond the reach of the law; E, F, and G have committed suicide.

It is obvious that the people who have suffered least during the past three years, regardless of the size of their money losses, are those who live subjectively rather than objectively. They do not depend for their mental and spiritual well-being on high-powered automobiles, electric kitchen ranges, radios, or any of the other innumerable articles which, in making life easier, have so immeasurably complicated it. I suspect that most of the suicides caused by the depression are among those to whom 'having' had become more important than anything else in the world — not necessarily their own having, but that of their dependents. It must indeed be difficult for a man who has given his wife pearls and sables to be unable to afford a maid for her or even to permit her to send out her laundry, and still harder to deprive his children of the advantages which they have always taken for granted — expensive toys, cars of their own, private schools, summer camps. It is no wonder if, facing the sudden loss of all that our American scheme denotes as important, overstrained men so far lose their sense of values as to deprive their families of one of the few things in the world that are irreplaceable and for which no substitute can be found — the guardianship of a father.

And here comes in one great value of ethical, religious, or spiritual training. It enables one to discern the essential from the nonessential, and such discernment is far more conducive to the happiness I want for my boys than is the possession of the most gilt-edged of stocks — if such there still are. The lives of most of us are so cluttered up with unimportant possessions, unnecessary duties, foolish anxieties, that we only occasionally catch sight of the real essentials upon which happiness still depends, the same *in sæcula sæculorum:* love, honor, sincerity — yes, even that much derided virtue of our Puritan fathers, a sense of duty. In trying to find for my boys the road to happiness, I have been brought back to the ancient landmarks.

VII

I think that the happiest man I know, and the one whom, on the whole, I should most like the boys to resemble, is a man now in his late sixties who was for years the president and principal stockholder of a small country bank. In the depression of 1920, about 60 per cent of similar institutions in his district failed, but the high reputation of this president carried him and the people of his neighborhood safely through the crisis. Then followed ten lean years for nearly every small agricultural bank in the West. During that period this president carried the financial affairs of his entire locality. In 1930 his bank was closed by the state examiner. Here was a blow to take the heart out of a strong man. Every one of the depositors was his own personal friend, and he had known the fathers of most. For years his bank had been as stable as the Bank of England. He had been his people's financial guide, philosopher, and friend; in crisis, their prop and mainstay. Now, even though he sacrificed everything he owned, his depositors suffered heavily at a time when they could least afford it. Still they were loyal to him, and I understand

that there was not a word of blame for him even among those who had suffered most heavily. In a week the work of his entire productive life was destroyed. Yet he never lost his composure, or his courage.

Now he has no business and very little income; nothing but peace with honor. This, however, seems to be enough, for he is, as he has always been during the forty years I have known him, the happiest person I know, in the sense of being the most deeply satisfied. He finds pleasure in his garden, in doing a small kindness now that he can no longer do a great one, in watching the ships along the Embarcadero, or the sunset across the causeway. Certainly this quiet contentment with the conditions of his life does not come from those conditions, but from the possession of the essential qualities, and from the cultivation of genuine spirituality.

It is exactly this kind of happiness that I want for my boys, and, while it is not incompatible with a certain degree of material success, it is not the kind usually associated with captains of industry, Presidents of republics, or even Senators. I am not deprecating the value of money, for, in the world we live in, money and a certain amount of thought for the morrow are necessities. I hope my children will find a *métier* which they really like, and that their work will bring them something more than a bare subsistence; but beyond that I do not go.

Since my material ambitions for the boys are so moderate, I can encourage Billy to spend part of his *Saturday Evening Post* money on good books; I can help Francis to pick out exactly the right word in his school compositions; and I can let John Robert hang over the living-room mantelpiece the crude red and black '*de*signs' that his little fumbling fingers have painstakingly created, without feeling that I ought to be turning their attention to the 'really useful' things of life. We talk little about money, and a good deal about fairness and kindness, and not doing things to other people that you don't want them to do to you. The children are, on the whole, honest, truthful, responsible, and kind.

They are also happy — happier by far than a slightly older boy of their acquaintance whose toys have always been elaborate and expensive, who goes to every show and every circus, who in the intervals between tutors and private schools spends a week or two at the Metabolic Clinic building up his weight and 'adjusting his basic metabolism.' This boy is more brilliant, I think, than any of mine, but he is undisciplined and discontented, with an avidity for pleasure and a restlessness that amaze Billy and Francis. But his perseverance and his really excellent mind, coupled with what his family is able to do for him, may take him a long way, — much further than mine are likely to go, — so that he may well come to be called a success while my three remain, comparatively speaking, failures. And yet, contrasting the man he is likely to be with the man whom, as I have already said, I should most like the children to resemble, I realize that his standards will never be those of my friend the banker, and that he will never know the happiness that is inalienably my friend's.

So I shall keep on trying to develop in my boys the older ideas of what is important in life, honor and honesty, responsibility toward others, and a high ideal of goodness and beauty. For, to-day as yesterday, it still nothing profiteth a man that he gain the whole world, if he lose his own soul.

WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG

Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas. II

BY GERTRUDE STEIN

I

GERTRUDE STEIN was born in Allegheny, Pennsylvania. As I am an ardent Californian and as she spent her youth there I have often begged her to be born in California, but she has always remained firmly born in Allegheny, Pennsylvania. She left it when she was six months old and has never seen it again, and now it no longer exists, being all of it Pittsburgh. She used however to delight in being born in Allegheny, Pennsylvania, when during the war, in connection with war work, we used to have papers made out and they always immediately wanted to know one's birthplace. She used to say if she had been really born in California as I wanted her to have been, she would never have had the pleasure of seeing the various French officials try to write Allegheny, Pennsylvania.

When I first knew Gertrude Stein in Paris I was surprised never to see a French book on her table, although there were always plenty of English ones; there were even no French newspapers. 'But do you never read French?' I, as well as many other people, asked her. 'No,' she replied, 'you see I feel with my eyes and it does not make any difference to me what language I hear; I don't hear a language, I hear tones of voice and rhythms; but with my eyes I see words and sentences and there is for me only one language and that is English. One of the things that I have liked all these years is to be surrounded by people who know no English. It has left me more intensely alone with my eyes and my English. I do not know if it would have been possible to have English be so all in all to me otherwise. And they none of them could read a word I wrote, most of them did not even know that I did write. No, I like living with so very many people and being all alone with English and myself.'

One of her chapters in *The Making of Americans* begins: 'I write for myself and strangers.'

She was born in Allegheny, Pennsylvania, of a very respectable middle-class family. She always says that she is very grateful not to have been born of an intellectual family; she has a horror of what she calls intellectual people. It has always been rather ridiculous that she who is good friends with all the world, and can know them and they can know her, has always been the admired of the precious. But she always says some day they, anybody, will find out that she is of interest to them, she and her writing. And she always consoles herself that the newspapers are always interested. 'They always say,' she says, 'that my writing

is appalling, but they always quote it, and what is more, they quote it correctly; and those they say they admire they do not quote.' This at some of her most bitter moments has been a consolation. 'My sentences do get under their skin, only they do not know that they do,' she has often said.

She was born in Allegheny, Pennsylvania, in a house, a twin house. Her family lived in one and her father's brother's family lived in the other one. These two families are the families described in *The Making of Americans*. They had lived in these houses for about eight years when Gertrude Stein was born. A year before her birth, the two sisters-in-law, who had never gotten along any too well, were no longer on speaking terms.

Gertrude Stein's mother, as she describes her in *The Making of Americans*, a gentle pleasant little woman with a quick temper, flatly refused to see her sister-in-law again. I don't know quite what had happened, but something. At any rate the two brothers, who had been very successful business partners, broke up their partnership; the one brother went to New York, where he and all his family after him became very rich, and the other brother, Gertrude Stein's family, went to Europe. They first went to Vienna and stayed there until Gertrude Stein was about three years old. All she remembers of this is that they used to play in the public gardens and that often the old Kaiser Francis Joseph used to stroll through the gardens, and sometimes a band played the Austrian national hymn, which she liked. She believed for many years that Kaiser was the real name of Francis Joseph, and she never could come to accept the name as belonging to anybody else.

They lived in Vienna for three years, the father having in the meanwhile gone back to America on business, and then they moved to Paris. Here Gertrude Stein has more lively memories. She remembers a little school where she and her elder sister stayed, and where there was a little girl in the corner of the school yard and the other little girls told her not to go near her, she scratched. She also remembers the bowl of soup with French bread for breakfast, and she also remembers that they had mutton and spinach for lunch, and, as she was very fond of spinach and not fond of mutton, she used to trade mutton for spinach with the little girl opposite. She also remembers all her three older brothers coming to see them at the school and coming on horseback.

The family remained in Paris a year, and then they came back to America. In New York the New York family tried to reconcile Gertrude Stein's mother to her sister-in-law, but she was obdurate. This story reminds me of Miss Etta Cone, a distant connection of Gertrude Stein. When I first met her in Florence she confided to me that she could forgive but never forget. I added that as for myself I could forget but not forgive. In this case Gertrude Stein's mother was evidently unable to do either.

Gertrude Stein has never ceased to be thankful to her mother for neither forgetting nor forgiving. 'Imagine,' she has said to me, 'if my mother had forgiven her sister-in-law, and my father had gone into business with my uncle, and we had lived and been brought up in New York — imagine,' she says, 'how horrible. We should have been rich instead of being reasonably poor, but imagine how horrible to have been brought up in New York.'

After a short stay in Baltimore at the home of her grandfather, they took the train to California. They came by slow stages to San Francisco, and settled down in Oakland. She re-

members there the eucalyptus trees, seeming to her so tall and thin and savage, and the animal life very wild. But all this and much more, all the physical life of these days, she has described in the life of the Hersland family in her *Making of Americans*. The important thing to tell about now is her education.

II

Her father, having taken his children to Europe so that they might have the benefit of a European education, now insisted that they should forget their French and German so that their American English would be pure. Gertrude Stein had prattled in German and then in French, but she had never read until she read English. As she says, eyes to her were more important than ears, and it happened then as always that English was her only language.

Her bookish life commenced at this time. She read anything that was printed that came her way, and a great deal came her way. In the house were a few stray novels, a few travel books, her mother's well-bound gift books — Wordsworth, Scott, and other poets — Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, a set of Shakespeare with notes, Burns, *Congressional Records*, encyclopædias, et cetera. She read them all, and many times. She and her brothers began to acquire other books. There was also the local free library, and later in San Francisco there were the mercantile and mechanics libraries with their excellent sets of eighteenth-century and nineteenth-century authors.

From her eighth year, when she absorbed Shakespeare, to her fifteenth year, when she read *Clarissa Harlowe*, Fielding, Smollett, et cetera, and used to worry lest in a few years more she would have read everything and there would be nothing unread to read, she lived continuously with the English language. She read a tremendous amount of history. She often laughs and says she is one of the few people of her generation that had read every line of Carlyle's *Frederick* and Lecky's *England*, besides *Charles Grandison* and Wordsworth's longer poems. In fact she was, as she still is, always reading. She reads anything and everything, and even now hates to be disturbed, and above all, however often she has read a book and however foolish the book may be, no one must make fun of it or tell her how it goes on. It is still, as it always was, real to her.

The theatre she has always cared for less. She says it goes too fast, the mixture of eye and ear bothers her, and her emotion never keeps pace. Music she only cared for during her adolescence. She finds it difficult to listen to it, it does not hold her attention. All of which, of course, may seem strange, because it has been so often said that the appeal of her work is to the ear and to the subconscious. Actually, it is her eyes and mind that are active and important and concerned in choosing.

She has never been able or had any desire to indulge in any of the arts. She never knows how a thing is going to look until it is done, in arranging a room, a garden, clothes, or anything else. She cannot draw anything. She feels no relation between the object and the piece of paper. When, at the medical school, she was supposed to draw anatomical things she never found out in sketching how a thing was made concave or convex. She remembers when she was very small she was to learn to draw, and was sent to a class. The children were told to take a cup and saucer at home and draw them, and the best drawing would have as its reward a stamped leather medal, and the next week the same medal would

again be given for the best drawing. Gertrude Stein went home, told her brothers, and they put a pretty cup and saucer before her and each one explained to her how to draw it. Nothing happened. Finally one of them drew it for her. She took it to the class and won the leather medal. And on the way home, in playing some game, she lost the leather medal. That was the end of the drawing class.

Life in California came to its end when Gertrude Stein was about seventeen years old. The last few years had been lonesome ones, and had been passed in an agony of adolescence. After the death of first her mother and then her father, she and her sister and one brother left California for the East. They came to Baltimore and stayed with her mother's people. There she began to lose her lonesomeness. She has often described to me how strange it was to her, coming from the rather desperate inner life that she had been living for the last few years to the cheerful life of all her aunts and uncles. When later she went to Radcliffe, she described this experience in the first thing she ever wrote.

III

And so Gertrude Stein, having been in Baltimore for a winter and having become more humanized and less adolescent and less lonesome, went to Radcliffe. There she had a very good time.

She was one of a group of Harvard men and Radcliffe women, and they all lived very closely and very interestingly together. One of them, a young philosopher and mathematician who was doing research work in psychology, left a definite mark on her life. She and he together worked out a series of experiments in automatic writing under the direction of Münsterberg. The result of her own experiments, which Gertrude Stein wrote down and which was printed in the *Harvard Psychological Review*, was the first writing of hers ever to be printed. It is very interesting to read, because the method of writing to be afterwards developed in *Three Lives* and *The Making of Americans* already shows itself.

The important person in Gertrude Stein's Radcliffe life was William James. She was the secretary of the philosophical club and amused herself with all sorts of people. She liked making sport of question asking, and she liked equally answering them. She liked it all. But the really lasting impression of her Radcliffe life came through William James.

It is rather strange that she was not then at all interested in the work of Henry James, for whom she now has a very great admiration and whom she considers quite definitely as her forerunner, he being the only nineteenth-century writer who, being an American, felt the method of the twentieth century. Gertrude Stein always speaks of America as being now the oldest country in the world, because by the methods of the Civil War and the commercial conceptions that followed it America created the twentieth century, and since all the other countries are now either living or commencing to be living a twentieth-century life, America, having begun the creation of the twentieth century in the sixties of the nineteenth century, is now the oldest country in the world.

In the same way she contends that Henry James was the first person in literature to find the way to the literary methods of the twentieth century. But, oddly enough, in all of her formative period she did not read him and was not interested in him. But as she often says: 'One is always naturally antagonistic to one's parents and sym-

pathetic to one's grandparents. The parents are too close, they hamper you, one must be alone.' So perhaps that is the reason why only very lately Gertrude Stein reads Henry James.

William James delighted her. His personality and his teaching and his way of amusing himself with himself and his students all pleased her. 'Keep your mind open,' he used to say, and when someone objected, 'But Professor James, this that I say is true,' James said, 'Yes, it is abjectly true.'

Gertrude Stein never had subconscious reactions, nor was she a successful subject for automatic writing. One of the students in the psychological seminar of which Gertrude Stein, although an undergraduate, was at William James's particular request a member, was carrying on a series of experiments on suggestions to the subconscious. When he read his paper upon the result of his experiments, he began by explaining that one of the subjects gave absolutely no results, and as this much lowered the average and made the conclusion of his experiments false he wished to be allowed to cut this record out. 'Whose record is it?' said James. 'Miss Stein's,' said the student. 'Ah,' said James, 'if Miss Stein gave no response I should say that it was as normal not to give a response as to give one, and decidedly the result must not be cut out.'

It was a very lovely spring day, Gertrude Stein had been going to the opera every night, and going also to the opera in the afternoon, and had been otherwise engrossed, and it was the period of the final examinations, and there was the examination in William James's course. She sat down with the examination paper before her and she just could not. 'Dear Professor James,' she wrote at the top of her paper, 'I am so sorry, but really I do not feel a bit like an examination paper in philosophy to-day,' and left. The next day she had a postal card from William James, saying, 'Dear Miss Stein, I understand perfectly how you feel. I often feel like that myself.' And he gave her work the highest mark in his course.

When Gertrude Stein was finishing her last year at Radcliffe, William James one day asked her what she was going to do. She said she had no idea. 'Well,' he said, 'it should be either philosophy or psychology. Now for philosophy you have to have higher mathematics, and I don't gather that that has ever interested you. Now for psychology you must have a medical education; a medical education opens all doors, as Oliver Wendell Holmes told me, and as I tell you.' Gertrude Stein had been interested in both biology and chemistry, and so medical school presented no difficulties.

There were no difficulties except that Gertrude Stein had never passed more than half of her entrance examinations for Radcliffe, having never intended to take a degree. However, with considerable struggle and enough tutoring that was accomplished, and Gertrude Stein entered Johns Hopkins Medical School.

Some years after, when Gertrude Stein and her brother were just beginning knowing Matisse and Picasso, William James came to Paris and they met. She went to see him at his hotel. He was enormously interested in what she was doing, interested in her writing and in the pictures she told him about. He went with her to her house to see them. He looked and gasped. 'I told you,' he said, 'I always told you that you should keep your mind open.'

IV

After having passed her entrance examinations she settled down in

Baltimore and went to the medical school. The first two years of the medical school were all right. They were purely laboratory work, and Gertrude Stein, under Lewellys Barker, immediately betook herself to research work. She began a study of all the brain tracts, the beginning of a comparative study. All this was later embodied in Lewellys Barker's book.

She delighted in Doctor Mall, professor of anatomy, who directed her work. She always quotes his answer to any student excusing himself or herself for anything. He would look reflective and say: 'Yes, that is just like our cook. There is always a reason. She never brings the food to the table hot. In summer of course she can't because it is too hot. In winter of course she can't because it is too cold. Yes, there is always a reason.' Doctor Mall believed in everybody developing their own technique. He also remarked: 'Nobody teaches anybody anything. At first every student's scalpel is dull, and then later every student's scalpel is sharp, and nobody has taught anybody anything.'

These first two years at the medical school Gertrude Stein liked well enough. She always liked knowing a lot of people and being mixed up in a lot of stories, and she was not awfully interested but she was not too bored with what she was doing, and, besides, she had quantities of pleasant relatives in Baltimore and she liked it. The last two years at the medical school she was bored — frankly, openly bored. There was a good deal of intrigue and struggle among the students, that she liked, but the practice and theory of medicine did not interest her at all. It was fairly well known among all her teachers that she was bored, but as her first two years of scientific work had given her a reputation, everybody gave her the necessary credits and the end of her last year was approaching. It was then that she had to take her turn in the delivering of babies, and it was at that time that she noticed the Negroes and the places that she afterwards used in the second of the *Three Lives* stories, 'Melanctha Herbert,' the story that was the beginning of her revolutionary work.

As she always says of herself, she has a great deal of inertia, and, once started, keeps going until she starts somewhere else.

As the graduate examinations drew near some of her professors were getting angry. The big men like Halsted, Osler, et cetera, knowing her reputation for original scientific work, made the medical examinations merely a matter of form and passed her. But there were others who were not so amiable. Gertrude Stein always laughed, and this was difficult. They would ask her questions, although, as she said to her friends, it was foolish of them to ask her when there were so many eager and anxious to answer. However they did question her from time to time, and, as she said, what could she do? — she did not know the answers and they did not believe that she did not know them; they thought that she did not answer because she did not consider the professors worth answering. It was a difficult situation; as she said, it was impossible to apologize and explain to them that she was so bored she could not remember the things that of course the dullest medical student could not forget.

One of the professors said that although all the big men were ready to pass her he intended that she should be given a lesson, and he refused to give her a pass mark and so she was not able to take her degree. There was great excitement in the medical school. Her very close friend, Marion Walker, pleaded with her. She said,

'But Gertrude, Gertrude, remember the cause of women,' and Gertrude Stein said, 'You don't know what it is to be bored.'

The professor who had flunked her asked her to come to see him. She did. He said, 'Of course, Miss Stein, all you have to do is to take a summer course here, and in the fall naturally you will take your degree.' 'But not at all,' said Gertrude Stein, 'you have no idea how grateful I am to you. I have so much inertia and so little initiative that very possibly if you had not kept me from taking my degree I would have, well, not taken to the practice of medicine, but at any rate to pathological psychology, and you don't know how little I like pathological psychology, and how all medicine bores me.' The professor was completely taken aback, and that was the end of the medical education of Gertrude Stein.

V

During these years at Radcliffe and Johns Hopkins she often spent the summers in Europe. The last couple of years her brother had been settled in Florence, and now that everything medical was over she joined him there, and later they settled down in London for the winter.

They settled in lodgings in London and were not uncomfortable. They knew a number of people through the Berensons — Bertrand Russell, the Zangwills, then there was Willard (Josiah Flynt), who wrote *Tramping with Tramps*, and who knew all about London pubs — but Gertrude Stein was not very much amused. She began spending all her days in the British Museum reading the Elizabethans. She returned to her early love of Shakespeare and the Elizabethans, and became absorbed in Elizabethan prose and particularly in the prose of Greene. She had little notebooks full of phrases that pleased her, as they had pleased her when she was a child.

The rest of the time she wandered about the London streets and found them infinitely depressing and dismal. She always said that that first visit had made London just like Dickens, and Dickens had always frightened her. As she says, anything can frighten her, and London when it was like Dickens certainly did. But there were compensations. There was the prose of Greene, and it was at this time that she discovered the novels of Anthony Trollope, for her the greatest of the Victorians. It was at this time too that, as she says, she ceased to be worried about there being in the future nothing to read; she said she felt that she would always somehow be able to find something.

But the dismalness of London and the drunken women and children and the gloom and the lonesomeness brought back all the melancholy of her adolescence, and one day she said she was leaving for America, and she left. She stayed in America the rest of the winter. In the meantime her brother also had left London and gone to Paris, and there later she joined him. She immediately began to write. She wrote a short novel. The funny thing about this short novel is that she completely forgot about it for many years.

And so life in Paris began, and, as all roads lead to Paris, all of us are now there, and I can begin to tell what happened when I was of it.

VI

When I became an habitual visitor at the rue de Fleurus the Picassos were once more together, Pablo and Fernande. That summer they went again to Spain and he came back with some

Spanish landscapes, and one may say that these landscapes, two of them still at the rue de Fleurus and the other one in Moscow in the collection that Stchoukine founded and that is now national property, were the beginning of cubism. In these days there was no African sculpture influence. There was very evidently a strong Cézanne influence, particularly the influence of the late Cézanne water colors, the cutting up the sky not in cubes but in spaces.

But the essential thing, the treatment of the houses, was essentially Spanish, and therefore essentially Picasso. In these pictures he first emphasized the way of building in Spanish villages, the line of the houses not following the landscape but cutting across the landscape. It was the principle of the camouflage of the guns and the ships in the war. The first year of the war, Picasso and Gertrude Stein and myself were walking down the boulevard Raspail a cold winter evening. All of a sudden down the street came some big cannon, the first any of us had seen painted — that is, camouflaged. Pablo stopped, he was spellbound. '*C'est nous qui avons fait ça*,' he said. 'It is we that have created that.' And he was right, he had. From Cézanne through him they had come to that. His foresight was justified.

But to go back to the three landscapes. When they were first put up on the wall, naturally everybody objected. As it happened, he and Fernande had taken some photographs of the villages which he had painted, and he had given copies of these photographs to Gertrude Stein. When people said that the few cubes in the landscapes looked like nothing but cubes, Gertrude Stein would laugh and say, 'If you had objected to these landscapes as being too realistic, there would be some point in your objection.' And she would show them the photographs, and really the pictures, as she rightly said, might be declared to be too photographic a copy of nature. This, then, was the beginning of cubism.

Gertrude Stein always says that cubism is a purely Spanish conception and only Spaniards can be cubists, and that the only real cubism is that of Picasso and Juan Gris. Picasso created it and Juan Gris permeated it with his clarity and his exaltation. To understand this, one has only to read *The Life and Death of Juan Gris* by Gertrude Stein, written upon the death of one of her two dearest friends, Picasso and Juan Gris, both Spaniards.

She always says that Americans can understand Spaniards; that they are the only two Western nations that can realize abstraction; that in America it expresses itself by disembodiedness, in literature and machinery, in Spain by ritual so abstract that it does not connect itself with anything but ritual. I always remember Picasso saying disgustedly, apropos of some Germans who said they liked bullfights, 'They would,' he said angrily, 'they like bloodshed. To a Spaniard it is not bloodshed, it is ritual.'

It was in these days that the intimacy between Braque and Picasso grew. It was in these days that Juan Gris, a raw, rather effusive youth, came from Madrid to Paris and began to call Picasso '*cher maître*,' to Picasso's great annoyance. It was apropos of this that Picasso used to address Braque as '*cher maître*,' passing on the joke, and I am sorry to say that some foolish people have taken this joke to mean that Picasso looked up to Braque as a master.

But I am once more running far ahead of these early Paris days when I first knew Fernande and Pablo.

VII

After a while the Picassos moved from the old studio in the rue Ravignan to an apartment in the boulevard Clichy. Fernande began to buy furniture and have a servant, and the servant of course made a soufflé. It was a nice apartment with lots of sunshine. On the whole, however, Fernande was not quite as happy as she had been. There were a great many people there and even afternoon tea. Braque was there a great deal. It was the height of the intimacy between Braque and Picasso, it was at that time they first began to put musical instruments into their pictures.

Fernande had at this time a new friend of whom she often spoke to me. This was Eve, who was living with Marcoussis. And one evening all four of them came to the rue de Fleurus — Pablo, Fernande, Marcoussis, and Eve. It was the only time we ever saw Marcoussis until many many years later. I could perfectly understand Fernande's liking for Eve. Fernande's great heroine was Evelyn Thaw, small and negative. Here was a little French Evelyn Thaw, small and perfect.

Not long after this, Picasso came one day and told Gertrude Stein that he had decided to take an atelier in the rue Ravignan; he could work better there. He could not get back his old one, but he took one on the lower floor. One day we went to see him there. He was not in and Gertrude Stein as a joke left her visiting card. In a few days we went again, and Picasso was at work on a picture on which was written '*ma jolie*,' and at the lower corner, painted in, was Gertrude Stein's visiting card. As we went away Gertrude Stein said, 'Fernande is certainly not *ma jolie*. I wonder who it is.' In a few days we knew. Pablo had gone off with Eve.

This was in the spring. One evening, the following autumn, Picasso came in. He and Gertrude Stein had a long talk alone. When she came in from having bidden him good-bye she said, 'Pablo said a marvelous thing about Fernande. He said her beauty always held him, but he could not stand any of her little ways.' She further added that Pablo and Eve were now settled on the boulevard Raspail.

In the meanwhile Gertrude Stein had received a letter from Fernande, very dignified, written with the reticence of a Frenchwoman. She said that she wished to tell Gertrude Stein that she understood perfectly that the friendship had always been with Pablo, and that although Gertrude had always shown her every mark of sympathy and affection, now that she and Pablo were separated, it was naturally impossible that in the future there should be any intercourse between them, because, the friendship having been with Pablo, there could of course be no question of a choice. That she would always remember their intercourse with pleasure, and that she would permit herself, if ever she were in need, to throw herself upon Gertrude's generosity.

And so Picasso left Montmartre never to return.

VIII

Hélène used to stay at home with her husband Sunday evening; that is to say, she was always willing to come but we often told her not to bother. I like cooking, I am an extremely good five-minute cook, and besides, Gertrude Stein liked from time to time to have me make American dishes. One Sunday evening I was very busy preparing one of these and then I called Gertrude Stein to come in from the atelier for supper. She came in much excited and would not sit down.

'Here, I want to show you something,' she said.

'No,' I said, 'it has to be eaten hot.'

'No,' she said, 'you have to see this first.'

Gertrude Stein never likes her food hot and I do like mine hot; we never agree about this. In spite of my protests and the food cooling I had to read. I can still see the little tiny pages of the notebook written forward and back. It was the portrait called 'Ada,' the first in *Geography and Plays*. I began it and I thought she was making fun of me, and I protested; she says I protest now about my autobiography. Finally I read it all and was terribly pleased with it. And then we ate our supper.

This was the beginning of the long series of portraits. 'Ada' was followed by portraits of Matisse and Picasso and a great many others. She has written portraits of practically everybody she has known, and written them in all manners and in all styles. The writing of portraits occupied a great deal of that winter, and then we went to Spain.

In those days Gertrude Stein wore a brown corduroy suit, jacket and skirt, a small straw cap, always crocheted for her by a woman in Fiesole, sandals, and she often carried a cane. That summer the head of the cane was of amber. It is more or less this costume without the cap and the cane that Picasso has painted in his portrait of her. This costume was ideal for Spain; they all thought of her as belonging to some religious order and we were always treated with the most absolute respect. I remember that once a nun was showing us the treasures in a convent church in Toledo. We were near the steps of the altar. All of a sudden there was a crash — Gertrude Stein had dropped her cane. The nun paled, the worshipers startled. Gertrude Stein picked up her cane and turning to the frightened nun said reassuringly, 'No it is not broken.'

We finally came to Granada and stayed there for some time, and there Gertrude Stein worked terrifically. She was always very fond of Granada. It was there she had her first experience of Spain when still at college just after the Spanish-American War, when she and her brother went through Spain. They had a delightful time, and she always tells of sitting in the dining room talking to a Bostonian and his daughter when suddenly there was a terrific noise, the heehaw of a donkey. 'What is it?' said the young Bostonian, trembling. 'Ah,' said the father, 'it is the last sigh of the Moor.'

We enjoyed Granada. We met many amusing people, English and American, and it was there and at that time that Gertrude Stein's style gradually changed. She says hitherto she had been interested only in the insides of people, their character and what went on inside them; it was during that summer that she first felt a desire to express the rhythm of the visible world.

It was a long tormenting process; she looked, listened, and described. She always was, she always is, tormented by the problem of the external and the internal. One of the things that always worries her about painting is the difficulty that the artist feels and which sends him to painting still-lifes — that after all the human being essentially is not paintable. Once again, and very recently, she has thought that a painter has added something to the solution of this problem. She is interested in Picabia, in whom hitherto she has never been interested, because he at least knows that if you do not solve your painting problem in painting human beings you do not solve it at all. It is that of which she is always

talking, and now her own long struggle with it was to begin.

She experimented with everything in trying to describe. She tried a bit inventing words, but she soon gave that up. The English language was her medium and with the English language the task was to be achieved, the problem solved. The use of fabricated words offended her, it was an escape into imitative emotionalism.

No, she stayed with her task, although after the return to Paris she described objects, she described rooms and objects, which, joined with her first experiments done in Spain, made the volume, *Tender Buttons*. She always, however, made her chief study people, and therefore the never-ending series of portraits.

IX

We came back to the rue de Fleurus as usual.

One of the people who had impressed me very much when I first came to the rue de Fleurus was Mildred Aldrich. She was then in her early fifties, a stout vigorous woman with a George Washington face, white hair, and admirably clean, fresh clothes and gloves. A very striking figure and a very satisfying one in the crowd of mixed nationalities. She was indeed one of whom Picasso could say, and did say, '*C'est elle qui fera la gloire de l'Amérique.*' She made one very satisfied with one's country, which had produced her.

Her sister having left for America, she lived alone on the top floor of a building on the corner of the boulevard Raspail and the half street, rue Boissonade. There she had at the window an enormous cage filled with canaries. We always thought it was because she loved canaries. Not at all. A friend had once left her a canary in a cage to take care of during her absence. Mildred, as she did everything else, took excellent care of the canary in the cage. Some friend, seeing this and naturally concluding that Mildred was fond of canaries, gave her another canary. Mildred of course took excellent care of both canaries, and so the canaries increased and the size of the cage grew until, in 1914, she moved to Huiry to the Hilltop on the Marne and gave her canaries away. Her excuse was that in the country cats would eat the canaries. But her real reason, she once told me, was that she really could not bear canaries.

Mildred was an excellent housekeeper. I was very surprised, having had a very different impression of her, going up to see her one afternoon, finding her mending her linen and doing it beautifully.

Mildred adored cablegrams, she adored being hard up — or rather she adored spending money, and as her earning capacity although great was limited, Mildred was chronically hard up. In those days she was making contracts to put Maeterlinck's *Blue Bird* on the American stage. The arrangements demanded endless cablegrams, and my early memories of Mildred were of her coming to our little apartment in the rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs late in the evening and asking me to lend her the money for a long cable. A few days later the money was returned with a lovely azalea worth five times the money. No wonder she was always hard up. But everybody listened to her. No one in the world could tell stories like Mildred. I can still see her at the rue de Fleurus sitting in one of the big armchairs and gradually the audience increasing around her as she talked.

She was very fond of Gertrude Stein, very interested in her work, enthusiastic about *Three Lives*, deeply impressed but slightly troubled by *The Making*

of Americans, quite upset by *Tender Buttons*, but always loyal and convinced that if Gertrude Stein did it, it had something in it that was worth while.

Mildred Aldrich liked Picasso and even liked Matisse — that is, personally — but she was troubled. One day she said to me, 'Alice, tell me, is it all right, are they really all right? I know Gertrude thinks so, and Gertrude knows, but really is it not all *fumisterie*, is it not all false?'

This brings us pretty well to the spring of 1914. During the previous winter Gertrude Stein's brother decided that he would go to Florence to live. They divided between them the pictures that they had bought together. Gertrude Stein kept the Cézannes and the Picassos and her brother the Matisses and Renoirs, with the exception of the original Femme au Chapeau.

Toward the end of June Gertrude Stein received a letter from John Lane, the publisher, saying he would be in Paris the following day and would come to see her. He called and asked her if she would come to London in July, as he had almost made up his mind to republish *Three Lives*, and would she bring another manuscript with her. She said she would, and she suggested a collection of all the portraits she had done up to that time. *The Making of Americans* was not considered because it was too long. And so, that having been arranged, John Lane left.

In those days Picasso, having lived rather sadly in the rue Schœlcher, was to move a little further out to Montrouge. It was not an unhappy time for him, but after the Montmartre days one never heard his high, whinnying Spanish giggle. His friends, a great many of them, had followed him to Montparnasse, but it was not the same.

It was in these days that Mildred Aldrich was preparing to retire to the Hilltop on the Marne. She too was not unhappy, but rather sad. She wanted us often in those spring evenings to take a cab and have what she called 'our last ride together.' We often went out to the country with her to see her house. Finally she moved in. We went out and spent the day with her. Mildred was not unhappy, but she was very sad. 'My curtains are all up, my books in order, everything is clean, and what shall I do now?' said Mildred. I told her that when I was a little girl my mother said that I always used to say, 'What shall I do now?' — which was only varied by 'Now what shall I do?' Mildred said that the worst of it was that we were going to London and that she would not see us all summer. We assured her that we would only stay away a month, in fact we had return tickets, and as soon as we got home we would go out to see her. Anyway she was happy that at last Gertrude Stein was going to have a publisher who would publish her books.

Hélène was leaving 27 rue de Fleurus because, her husband having recently been promoted to be foreman in his workshop, he insisted that she must not work out any longer but must stay at home.

In short, in this spring and early summer of 1914 the old life was over.

(*To be continued next month*)

WHITE JUSTICE

BY JULIA DAVIS

I

THREE men rode back to the ranch at sunset. They had been four days on a cow hunt. They were tired, the alkali dust was like soap in their mouths, and they rode without talking, for there was no need of talking. Silence lay thick on the desert. Only the wind moved, raised ghosts in the dust ahead of them, and blew the dry skeletons of the tumbleweed in an aimless dance.

They were glad when they got to the rise and looked down on the ranch house, a two-room shack with a crooked roof. It belonged to the desert, naked as the hills, brown as the dunes which rolled to the edge of the sky. Nothing but sagebrush and bunch grass and rock covers that country, and it takes fifty acres to feed one cow on the uncontrolled range. The men could see a long way from the rise, and as far as they could see there was no trace of life except the wooden shack, the corral behind it, the outhouse, and the shed. The ranch stood alone.

It stood alone and quiet under a blood-red sky. The Boss thought it was too quiet. He frowned. 'Imyo has the night horses in early.'

Imyo was the Piute kid. He did the chores for three dollars a week, his food, and a bunk in the shed. The Boss had left him with Wild Bill, the new hand, to keep house. Imyo said he was thirteen, 'mebbeso.' He was a good kid, always smiling, always polite, a pretty good worker — for an Indian. He looked like all the other Injun kids, with his black hair banged straight across his forehead and his neck. He liked blue ribbons, store candy, and Shorty.

Now Shorty, riding behind the others, threw back his head and howled like a coyote. That was the signal for Imyo to come and take the horses. He ought to run around the corner of the house, with his hair flying and a grin on his flat copper face. But to-night he did not come. Only a flock of black birds whirred up from the other side.

'Will you look at them crows now,' said Dutch.

Nothing else stirred. The three old wrangle horses in the corral dozed with their necks over each other's backs. No smoke came out of the chimney from the kitchen fire. Nothing moved except those confounded black birds.

The Boss rode around to the front, and saw Wild Bill asleep on the porch. That was a hell of a way for a new hand to act around supper time. A six-foot, red-necked, roaring cowboy, with a reputation as a 'bad hombre,' sleeping over a pile of magazines — his arm under his head, and his red bandanna spilling out of his pocket down the steps.

The Boss looked closer and jammed the spurs into his pony. Wild Bill lay with his head and arm on a pillow. His

other red fist rested on the open pages of the *Real Wild West Magazine*. His blue-jeaned legs were crossed. He was not asleep. He was dead.

His blood streaked the step like a red bandanna. It was still sticky, but it had ceased to flow. He had been dead some hours. A man could not look so peaceful after a fight, so it had not been a fight. It had been murder.

The Boss called for Imyo and no one answered. He stepped across the body of Wild Bill and went into the house. It was empty. As he came back to the front door he saw what had happened.

Wild Bill had a hole in his back as big as the palm of your hand. Someone had stood in that door, six feet behind him, and fired a shotgun at him while he slept. It ripped his heart to pieces. The Boss went into the kitchen and took the gun down from the pegs behind the door. One barrel had been fired and the powder not wiped out. The wood for the kitchen fire had been cut and stacked behind the stove. The water bucket had been filled from the spring half a mile up the gulch.

Shorty ran down to the shed, and Dutch began to look over the dusty space around the house. The shed was empty. The kid's blanket was gone, and his extra shirt from the nail. But Dutch found what he was looking for. A trail led away from the house — small feet, lightly planted, toes turned inward, Indian fashion. Dutch followed it until the evening colors faded from the hills and the violet shadows blotted out the desert. Then he came back to the ranch and reported. It had turned toward the Indian reservation at the Lake.

The Boss was in the kitchen, lighting the coal-oil lamp. He nodded. 'We may as well eat.' He took Wild Bill's blanket off his bunk and threw it over the body. 'That'll keep the birds off.'

'Are you going to leave him out there all night?' asked Shorty.

'Can't move him until we get the sheriff.'

Shorty had lighted the fire and poured water into the coffeepot. He took down the pan and mixed flapjacks. Dutch turned out the horses and hung the saddles on the corral fence. Then he came in, stepping over Wild Bill, moved the lamp to make room for his elbow on the table, and sat down heavily.

'Only last Sunday he was a-blowin' around here like a rampageous bull.'

'I guess he blew too much,' answered the Boss.

Shorty's face puckered with worry. 'Imyo was a good kid,' he said. He spoke as men speak of the dead.

II

Right after supper, Dutch went off after the sheriff — thirty miles to Warder, a crossroads and the county seat, riding old Jane, the night horse. It was a tough duty for a tired man, and he groaned and grumbled — as soon as he got out of earshot. The Boss rolled up in a blanket until dawn gave light enough to follow the trail on the desert. Shorty had to stay behind and watch, and step over the body every time he went in or out of the door. He found Wild Bill mighty poor company, and the sheriff did not come for thirty-six hours.

The trail led straight across the desert to the reservation. In all that bare brown country, the reservation was the only green. A stream ran there, and cottonwood and willows followed the water. The Boss forded the stream and stopped the first Indian he saw.

'Hello, Jim. Where's Imyo Weismiller?'

'Me no savvy.'

'His father George Weismiller. Name like cattleman in Winnemucca where he used to work.'

'Me no savvy.'

The second Indian knew no more than the first, and the third no more than the second. The Boss turned his horse and went up to see Belle Higgins. Belle kept the government store, as her father had done. She had grown up in the country, and not much went on that she did not know. The Indians could not impose on her, and she did not impose on them. She got the thing she called a hat, and walked with the Boss through the willow brush to the Weismiller cabin.

Mother Mary Weismiller owned a rocking-chair. She sat in it now, on the front porch — massive, silent. She watched them walk up without moving a muscle.

'We've come for Imyo,' said Belle.

'Him not here. Him work-um ranch.'

'This is his boss. I guess you know what we want him for.'

'Him good boy. Make-um heap money. Come home then. Not home now.'

Belle raised her voice a little. 'Imyo come now, all right. Imyo not come, sheriff come get him. Plenty men, plenty guns. Maybe Imyo killed.'

Mary went on rocking, and her blank face did not change.

'Maybe house burn up,' said Belle. 'Maybe you killed, too.'

Something moved behind the window. As silently as a cat Imyo stepped out on the porch. He looked at Belle, and grinned. He had worked for white men for five years now. He knew that they like to see smiling faces. Imyo beamed.

'Well,' said Belle, 'you're in a fix; but come along, and we will take as much care of you as we can.'

'Okay,' said Imyo. He did not have to talk like an Injun. He could talk like a cowboy. They walked away, and Mary watched them, rocking, without words.

Belle took him down to the store, and would not let the Boss talk to him until he had seen a lawyer. To keep him out of mischief, she took a length of cattle chain and two padlocks and fastened one end around his waist and the other to the tree at the side of the store, where she could see him from the window. She took his knife away from him. Then she and the Boss went in and had a drink. Imyo curled up in the shade and went to sleep.

At sundown Mary Weismiller arrived with a basket of food. She put it in front of Imyo without speaking, went off a little way, squatted on the ground, and watched him. Imyo did not eat. After a while Belle went out and asked him why.

'Oh, my mother,' said Imyo with airy patronage, 'she's afraid of white men. She put poison in that food so I die quick before they take me away. You give me something, Belle. I'm hungry.'

Belle brought him some bread and cheese, and Imyo ate heartily. He was not afraid of white men. That night they took him into the store and locked him up. When they looked out at dawn they saw Mary still sitting there, unmoving, unblinking. Old George was with her, talking to her; but she did not answer him, did not turn her head. All morning she sat; did not cry, did not move. There was a terrible intensity in her silence, a violence in the fixity of her eyes.

III

The sheriff came in the afternoon, and they took Imyo to Warder. The lockup was on the top floor of the

sheriff's house; the sheriff's wife looked after him for a day or two, and he had a good time. He had not long to wait for trial. Court was already in session in the room behind the post office.

Judge Cox, who sat on the bench, traveled a circuit of a thousand miles, including Warder. He was as sun-cured and wrinkled as the Sierras, his hair was white, and he wore spectacles. When he spoke he barked, and tossed his head like an angry horse. He had a passion for fair play, and for Nevada. As soon as he heard about Imyo, he telephoned to Mike Parrish, who was starting at the bar in Carson City.

Mike had planned a long and honorable public career for himself, which was to begin with an appointment as public defender. An opportunity to champion the weak and oppressed fitted his picture. He started right out for Warder, planning on the train an effective plea to the jury.

Imyo had never seen such a dressy man. He wore shiny low shoes instead of boots, a white collar instead of an open shirt. Imyo grinned at him, and he sat down and began to talk in the friendliest way. He was what they called a lawyer, and when white people got into trouble they called lawyers to help them out of it. Now he wanted to help Imyo in the same way. So Imyo was to tell the whole story, and keep nothing back, and above all not to lie. White men did not lie to their lawyers, for then the lawyers could not help them. Did Imyo understand?

'Sure,' said Imyo.

That was fine. Now, had Imyo heard that a man called Bill Holt, and nicknamed Wild Bill, had been killed at the Lazy J?

'Sure,' said Imyo. 'I kill him.'

Very sad. Very serious indeed. It was a bad thing for an Indian to kill a white man. Still, Imyo was wise not to deny it, for the evidence pointed to him very strongly. There must have been extenuating circumstances. That is to say, Wild Bill had undoubtedly threatened Imyo; had attacked him. Imyo had feared for his life, had been frightened, had been terrified?

'No,' said Imyo, grinning at the recollection. 'I not scared. I kill him first.'

Imyo had no objection to telling this kind white man the whole story. He would not lie to his lawyer, and besides, he liked the story. He had been damn smart. Wild Bill so big and noisy, Imyo so small — and yet, at the end, the beers had been on Wild Bill.

A long time ago, — three summers, maybe, — Imyo had worked for Wild Bill, making 'dobe brick. He did not like the work, and he quit; but when he quit Bill owed him a lot of money — maybe ten, twelve dollars. He was a bad man, and refused to pay, and Imyo left without it. He did not forget that money, though. Chance threw them together at the Lazy J. When Imyo saw Wild Bill again, he asked for his wages.

'You goddam lousy little Injun,' said Wild Bill, 'if you mention that to me again, I'll break every bone in your body.'

Imyo did n't bring it up again; just held his tongue and grinned. A month passed; two months. Imyo did chores for Bill just the same as he did for the others. There were no quarrels at the Lazy J. Then the Boss and Shorty and Dutch went away and left Imyo and Bill alone. They got along all right. Imyo did the cooking and Bill enjoyed the eating. Thursday was hot. Bill did not go out on the range after lunch, but took some magazines on to the porch to read. Imyo sat by him and looked at pictures. Imyo could not read, but he liked to look at pictures. By and by, Bill went to sleep. Imyo

got up quietly, tiptoed into the house, took the gun, and shot him. Yes, decidedly the beers were on Wild Bill.

When Imyo saw that Wild Bill never moved, he got up the night horses, brought in the wood, carried the water bucket to the spring and filled it. He did not want the Boss to be mad at him because he had not done the chores. Then he went home.

That was the story; and the case for the defense collapsed right there. Imyo told it all over again to the Judge. He did not mind the Judge's snappy manner. He was not afraid of white men. Mike Parrish could do nothing and say nothing. The shooting was premeditated, it was cold-blooded, it was murder. Twelve good men brought in the verdict: 'Guilty of murder in the first degree.' In Nevada the penalty is death. The Judge pronounced the sentence, and set the date for the execution. Imyo had thirty days to live.

The death house is in the penitentiary at Carson City. They use gas. They strap the condemned to a chair, leave the room, cut a string which lets a bag of sodium cyanide fall into a bucket of sulphuric acid between his feet. Death from the hydrocyanic gas is supposed to take place in three minutes; but they give it fifteen, to make sure. Then exhaust fans pull the poison out of the room, and make it safe for the executioners to go back in.

The sheriff put Imyo on the train right away, and took him to the death house. It was a one-way ticket. Imyo had never been on a train before. He could not stop looking out of the window. The country flashed by in a whirl; hills and horses and cattle loomed up, and spun into the distance. The train was strong and thrilling.

'Gee!' cried Imyo. 'I like to ride!'

IV

There were so many cases on the docket that the Judge had to spend two more days in Warder. He soon found that he had not finished with the Weismillers. Old George came in the first afternoon.

George was bent and wrinkled. He wore his graying hair in two tight little pigtails tied with red ribbon, and on his head a big black hat as respectable as the Judge's. Everyone called him a good Indian who worked hard and never gave any trouble on the reservation. He and Mary had been married a long time, had already been married a long time when Imyo came. He was their only child. They had never had any others. George came into the room which the Judge used as an office, holding his hat in his hands. His manner was respectful.

'Judge,' he said, 'why you kill Imyo?'

The Judge snorted and tossed his head in the equine way he had when he was moved. 'Because Imyo killed Wild Bill.'

'Imyo a good boy,' offered George.

The Judge reached down a copy of the *Criminal Code of Nevada* and laid it on the table. It was a big book, bound in leather. It smelled important.

'George, in this book is written everything I have to do. I can't choose. I have to do what the book says. It says that, if one man kills another, the man who kills shall die. Savvy?'

'Me savvy.'

'I want to help Imyo if I can. There is one thing I can do. You savvy Carson City? Big town, big houses, many stone houses?'

George nodded. He knew that they had taken Imyo to Carson City.

'Five big chiefs live there who say what shall be done. One of them is the

head chief of the whole state. You savvy paper talk?'

George nodded.

'I will make paper talk to those chiefs, and maybe they will say not to kill Imyo. Just lock him up instead. They must decide. That is all I can do.'

George did not answer for a long time. He sat and stared at the shadow of a cottonwood tree which was creeping across the bare floor. At last he got up.

'Me savvy.'

He turned and went out. He was an old man, and his step was heavy.

V

When the Judge left the courtroom next day and went back to his office, he found Mary Weismiller there before him. George might let himself be put off with words about paper talk, but that would not do for Mary. She wanted Imyo. Imyo was real, and death was real. Paper talk was not real.

She had put on her best. A clean pink calico sprinkled with small red roses covered her monumental bulk. The tight belt at the waist sank into her like a string around a feather pillow. Her hair was freshly oiled and brushed, and her broad impassive face shone with soap and sweat.

The Judge offered her a chair, and she took it and overflowed it. For a long time she said nothing. She was not doing a proper thing, and she knew it. Women did not mix themselves in these affairs; but George had failed, and there was Imyo. Mary's father had been a chief and he had often held councils with the white men. She sat, considering. The Judge waited patiently. He was used to Indians. At last she began.

'Judge, why you kill Imyo?'

The Judge reached for the *Criminal Code*, but Mary held up her hand and stopped him. She had not come to talk about a book. She had started now, and she knew what she must say. She had come to talk about real things, things that had happened. As she went on, the Judge felt that he was no longer there for her — that he did not matter. Mary stood alone — alone in that vast immensity of sand and sagebrush which had been native to her fathers, faced by demands which they had never had to face; meeting the demands, and finding the new life incomprehensible still. She was not talking to the Judge. She was talking to her own heart, asking herself what she could have done, what she could still do, that would save Imyo; asking 'Why?'

She began with facts. She stated them simply. Her voice was flat, empty of feeling, and the look of her face did not change.

'Georgie Weismiller and me got married in courthouse. Same like white man.

'We no live in wikiup or tepee. Live in nice wood house, same like white man.

'Got shiny tin dishes. Same like white man.

'Got white woman's dress.' She pinched a rose in her fat hand and held it out for him to see. 'Nice dress. Wash-um like white woman.

'We got garden like white man. Imyo digs garden when he home.

'We buy at store. Pay cash money.

'Imyo work hard. Send money to mother, same like white boy.'

So much for the defense. Now the prosecution: —

'Wild Bill!'

As Mary spoke his name she rose, shaking with anger, queenly. Her face quivered with rage. Everything else was forgotten. Hate burned out every fear. Let him be alive! Let him be

alive to die again — to die withered by the scorn of Mary Weismiller.

'Wild Bill! He *no* good.

'He drink bad whiskey. Lie on ground like drunken Injun.

'He yell. He think he thunder.

'He pay nobody what he owe.

'He steal Johnnie Day's squaw. Live with stolen Injun squaw in dirty wikiup.

'He not like white man. Like-um goddam hobo. *No* good.

'*He all the same coyote!*

'Tell me. Why you kill Imyo?'

For a moment she stood, rigid, gasping, her arms flung wide. Then they dropped to her side. The Judge went over to her and took her hand. It was wet.

'I will make the paper talk,' he said. 'I will see the big chief myself. I think it will help. I think I can promise you it will help.'

Mary looked at him. She had explained, had explained clearly — and the Judge spoke of paper talk again. What else could she do? Nothing — nothing. The land was the white men's land, and they were masters in it. Nowhere in the world had Mary any country. She had been born there. She would die there. There her bones would rest. And it would be alien earth.

She drew her hand away, gave the Judge one long look full in the face, and went out.

VI

The Judge sat down and wrote his paper talk. Later, in Carson City, he saw the Governor. They gave Imyo 'life' instead of death. The warden did not know what to do with a boy of thirteen, so they sentenced him to go to the government school. In that way the penitentiary was bothered by him only during vacations. Before long the Judge began to get letters in his mail.

Der Judge Your honor,

I can read and write now. I wood like to get out of here. I am a good boy.

Yrs rispectfuly,

IMYO WEISMILLER

The more Imyo learned, the longer the letters got and the more frequently they came. When he was eighteen, the pardon board paroled him.

The record ends. Justice is satisfied. Imyo has returned to George and Mary, and his path has not again crossed the path of the law. The white man who punished him does not ask what he is doing, and the white man does not know what is in his heart. The prison and the school have taught him silence, and his thoughts are his own. His skin is dark, and under it the secret blood flows hidden. He is Imyo, and he has dropped into the life of his people as rain drops into the sea.

COLLEGE AND THE POOR BOY

BY RUSSELL T. SHARPE

> On the revival of letters, learning became the universal favorite, and with reason; because there was not enough of it existing to manage the affairs of a nation to the best advantage, nor to advance its individuals to the happiness of which they were susceptible. . . . All of the efforts of the society therefore were directed to the increase of learning. . . . These circumstances have long since produced an overcharge in the class of competitors for learned occupations and great distress among the supernumerary candidates; and the more, as their habits of life have disqualified them for reëntering the laborious class. The evil cannot be suddenly, nor perhaps ever, entirely cured. — Thomas Jefferson, 1803

I

During the vigorous days of our national expansion, equality of opportunity, the battle cry of American democracy, was close to a reality. There seemed to be room for everybody in our growing civilization; even the extravagant claim that any boy, no matter what his station, could become President appeared justified. But when the last natural barrier was passed, the aspect of our national life changed. 'For a century and a half,' James Truslow Adams points out, 'we had been occupied in conquering and exploring a continent. It had been an adventure of youth. Now it was over. Henceforth the work would be one of consolidation rather than expansion.'

That consolidation has been taking place gradually over several decades, and has brought about a high concentration of population in the cities, a relatively rigid industrial system, and an increasingly differentiated social system. Already we can see that our march of progress moves to a slower beat. Each year the tempo of American life approaches more nearly to that of the older countries of Europe. It is no longer so easy for the ambitious young man to rise to the top as it was for his grandfather. Intense competition confronts and defeats the individual at every turn.

As competition became more severe, a conception arose among the American people that a college education was the weapon with which to hew out certain success, and year after year new hordes of raw youth acted upon the thought. Enrollments soared. Of late, however, the colleges have restricted admission, thus making the acquirement of a higher education increasingly difficult. First, competitive examinations were devised; later, other criteria, among them place of residence and personal character, were adopted by some of the larger, privately endowed institutions. Now there are signs that another barrier may be erected. Last June, Yale announced that it would henceforth admit only as many financially needy students as could be cared for through existing channels of aid. Other col-

leges have since approved this action, and a few have declared that they may follow suit.

Coming at a time when the average family can ill afford to spare money for the higher education of its children, this new movement, which will affect those who seem most to need the advantages of a college training, may strike tellingly at the hopes of many parents. It is pertinent, therefore, to inquire into the circumstances which are forcing the colleges to adopt a more careful method of selecting their poorer students. For a generation or more it has been a part of the democratic creed of many Americans that every mother's son is born with an inalienable right to a Bachelor's degree, regardless of his ability to pay for it — regardless, even, of his capacity to earn it. Is this faith essential to the functioning of a democratic society? Was it ever really justified?

II

American colleges began to solve the financial problems of needy students as early as 1653, when Harvard gave Zachariah Bridgen a job 'ringeing the bell and waytinge' on table. Through the succeeding years, more or less informal and unorganized assistance was rendered. But by the beginning of the present century the group of needy students had grown so large that it demanded official attention. President Lowell, in 1909, pointed out to his alumni that Harvard was to a large extent a poor man's college, that there was a good deal of suffering and want, that many students were insufficiently clothed and not a small number insufficiently fed.

To help these men the colleges built up huge scholarship and loan funds and organized employment bureaus to find work for students. The cost of maintaining these bureaus was not inconsiderable, often running as high as $20,000 a year in a single college.

Immediately after the World War, these offices were taxed to the utmost by an unprecedented rush of applicants, most of whom came from families of extremely limited means. By 1927, one out of every three students in our colleges was looking for some kind of work. The colleges encouraged the poor to enroll by pointing out in their catalogues how simple it really was to earn one's way. They published stories, which might have come from the pen of Horatio Alger, of boys and girls who had made good. Here is a typical example: —

> One man, in spite of the break in his college work caused by the war, recently earned over $4000 by working as a tutor, salesman, and paid social worker, and became a leader in the college community as well. He was elected president of his class. He was also a member of seven clubs, played on a varsity team, sang with the Glee Club, and was a member of Student Government.

College employment bureaus, eager to show their efficiency, proudly reported annual gains in placements and earnings, broadcasting their figures in pamphlets and in the public press. More needy men were thus tempted to finance their own education. What boy, imbued with the prevalent belief in the magic power of a college degree, could doubt his ability to earn his way when he read that in 611 colleges 162,000 men made over $27,000,000 in a single year? And what college, seeing placements and earnings through its employment office jump 20 to 30 per cent annually, could doubt its ability to absorb more impecunious students? The colleges, aglow, like the rest of the country, with the wine of prosperity, did not consider it significant that many students could

not get work even in the best of times.

Then came the depression. The number of needy students increased. Amounts to be earned swelled beyond all former limits. No longer could college employment offices neglect the debit side of the ledger; they were forced to turn their attention to those whom they could not help. And then it was that they suddenly realized how inadequate were the criteria which they had been using to estimate their efficiency. The percentage of applicants placed, once a source of pride, was not a valid index, for what did it matter if a student who had to earn $300 was given only one job paying $2.75? True, he was henceforth labeled as a placement, but he still needed $297.25. They began to wonder how proud they should be of gross reported earnings; these meant little if they represented only a small proportion of the amounts needed.

In the cold atmosphere of adversity, the colleges realized that even in boom years they had failed to solve the problems of hundreds of men who had looked to them for help. They promptly toned down the exuberant statements in their catalogues, omitted the encouraging success stories, and inserted portentous warnings about the difficulty of earning one's way in 'this time of stress.' Most important of all, they began a careful study of the whole problem, approaching it no longer through the glittering portal of glib, care-free, hail-fellow-well-met sentimentality, but through the sober door of reason and reality.

III

Two convictions underlie the change in attitude which has taken place. The first is a new realization that adequate means do not exist, have not existed, and probably will not exist, to care for the present proportion of needy students.

In 1927–1928, one out of every three college students was looking for part-time or summer work. There are no figures yet available to show conditions to-day, but, since the depression has added thousands of new recruits to the ranks of the needy, it is probably safe to estimate that the proportion of all college students desiring work has risen from 33 to 50 per cent. In most large, privately endowed colleges for men, where limitation is being seriously considered, at least 45 per cent of the undergraduates want jobs.

How many get them? Again, since no nation-wide statistics are available, we must rely upon random figures from a few representative institutions. Among the Eastern colleges, the percentage of placements ranges from 50 to 75. In one large Middle Western university, 60 per cent of last year's applicants secured jobs. It would not be far wide of the mark to say that the average college employment bureau can seldom accommodate more than 65 out of every 100 students who come seeking and needing outside work. The other 35 must shift for themselves.

But, as we have seen, the percentage of men successfully placed is not in itself an infallible index. The vital question in the minds of most needy students is, 'Can the employment office find *enough* work for me so that I can balance my budget?' The figures just quoted indicate that 35 per cent of these men can obtain no jobs at all. And that is only half of the sad truth. A large proportion of those who do get work do not secure enough to solve their financial problems. This is true not only to-day, when jobs are scarcer than ever before — it was true in 1929 when the colleges were issuing jubilant

statements about the huge sums earned by students.

One Eastern college proved this conclusively last year. The amount which each student needed to earn was carefully computed during a personal interview at the beginning of the term. When these estimates were added together, the total need of all applicants reached the rather staggering figure of $376,000. This sum loomed even larger when it was compared with actual earnings in past years. In 1930, for example, — a record year, — jobs supplied by this office had yielded only $154,000. Even then the bureau had been furnishing only enough positions to satisfy about half of the financial requirements of its registrants.

These conditions are not peculiar to a single institution. They are found in almost every college in the land. Their cause is plain: so many needy men have been admitted that adequate means for caring for them simply do not exist. They did not exist in 1929. Nor, as we shall see later, is it likely that they would exist even if economic conditions should improve a hundredfold.

IV

The second reason for the change in the attitude of the colleges toward the poor man is an increased conviction in the minds of college officials that a student's efforts at self-support, whether successful or unsuccessful, tend to rob college of much of its value and to exert a harmful influence upon the individual. This conclusion has been drawn largely from evidence supplied to deans and placement officers by students in financial straits.

Consider, for a moment, the lot of a student whom the placement office cannot help. In the face of more or less definite storm warnings run up by the college, a boy who has never been away from home before decides to enroll, hoping against hope that he can make a go of it. He has $300 in the bank, earned over a period of years by delivering newspapers, selling magazines, working in a chain grocery store on Saturdays, and by caring for his neighbors' lawns and furnaces. His family, subsisting on a small income, can spare only $200 toward his first year's expenses. He knows that if he is fortunate enough to secure a cheap room, and if he lives as economically as possible, the term will cost approximately $1100. Since he has failed to receive a scholarship, he is aware that somehow or other he must obtain $600 through his own efforts.

As soon as he arrives at the college he applies at the employment bureau, to find that three or four hundred of his classmates are doing likewise. Jobs are limited in number. No work comes his way during the first, the second, or the third week. He has paid one quarter of his tuition and half of his room rent, and his board charges at the college dining hall are mounting rapidly. His $500 has shrunk to $300. Another term bill is just around the corner. He must get a job.

So he goes again to the director of employment, who regrets that there is no job available for him. He goes to the dean, who is sorry that no loans can be made until the end of the semester. Filled with worry, probably homesick, struggling to orient himself in a strange academic and social environment, the boy writes a despairing letter to his father. A family council is held, at which it is decided that, although the family income is limited and there are other children who must be helped later, a few extra dollars can be saved by careful economy and sent to the boy.

His courage bolstered by this aid,

he goes out looking for a job. He makes the weary round of restaurants, clothing stores, groceries, drug stores, and bookshops. There is nothing. Swallowing his pride, he writes to friends of the family and to prominent alumni of the college who live in his home town, asking for a loan. Perhaps he secures one; perhaps he does not.

If he is able to hang on in this precarious, nerve-racking fashion until midterm, and if constant worry has not sapped his mental vigor and left him incapable of good academic work, he may secure a scholarship or loan from the college which will see him through the rest of the year. If he cannot outdistance the field and win one of these aids, the whole insidious process must be repeated over and over again until the term completes its dreary cycle. And then three more years, equally bleak and discouraging, lie ahead.

The cumulative effect of these experiences, particularly on immature boys, is often tragic. College days, long anticipated with eagerness, become an endless nightmare. The student is unable to concentrate upon his academic work or to take any pleasure in it. The care-free life of his classmates, by its very contrast, generates a strange bitterness within his heart. There seems to be no one to whom he can really turn for help and counsel. More than one case history in the filing cabinets of college psychiatrists testifies to the vicious effects of financial worry.

But even if the student maintains his sanity and manages, through superhuman efforts and wholesale borrowing, to obtain his degree, he has paid a great price for it. The mental suffering may leave an indelible mark. The sacrifices his family have made may hinder younger brothers and sisters in their efforts to get an education. The debts which he has accumulated may burden him for years after he graduates, increasing his worry if he fails to secure a permanent position at once, preventing him, perhaps, from taking graduate work, or keeping him from marrying until his loans are repaid. All things considered, it is small wonder that some of our colleges, and even some of our college students, are asking themselves whether the game is worth the candle.

V

The student who is fortunate enough to secure a job does not experience quite so much agony. He has found a means whereby he can obtain the money he so sorely needs. The gnawing worry over immediate finances is alleviated, although the chance that he may lose his position through circumstances beyond his control and the haunting fear that he may not be so lucky another year prevent him from enjoying a feeling of complete security. Of course, if he only gets a job which solves part of his financial problem, he is a prey to the same anxieties which assail the student who can find nothing at all.

A man whose need is not great and who obtains enough work to satisfy it can live a fairly normal life at college and enjoy most of the benefits which college yields. He seldom spends more than fifteen or twenty hours a week earning part of his living. There is still time for him to do his academic work to his own satisfaction and to that of his instructors. He can take part in extra-curricular activities. He can enjoy the society of his classmates and profit by that attrition of undergraduate mind on undergraduate mind which is an important part of the educational process. His sense of values may be sharpened by coming into

contact with the world through his job. He may even emerge from college better oriented and equipped for entry into the competitive struggle of life.

Only within certain limits, however, can these benefits be derived. As soon as a student begins to spend more than twenty to twenty-five hours a week in outside employment, he has to deny himself many of the advantages which he came to college to enjoy. Consider the plight of the man who must earn the major part of his college expenses, and who is fortunate enough to obtain several jobs which will permit him to do so. Perhaps he finds a rooming-house proprietor who will give him a room on condition that he will care for the furnace, rake and tend the lawn, and do odd chores. Perhaps a restaurant keeper will give him his meals in return for twenty-one hours of work a week as a waiter. Perhaps he secures a position evenings operating a switchboard. And perhaps he gets a job selling refreshments at the stadium during the football season.

His days are bound to be full. He gets up at six in the morning, stokes the fire, does the necessary odd jobs, then goes to the restaurant, where he eats a hurried meal before starting work. After waiting on table from eight until nine, he rushes to the lecture hall to attend classes until noon, when he goes back to the restaurant, bolts another meal, and remains on duty until one-thirty. The afternoon must be devoted to study, since the hour from five-thirty to six-thirty is pledged to the restaurant keeper and the hours from seven until midnight are sacred to the switchboard. When he climbs wearily into bed at twelve-thirty or one in the morning, he knows that he must rise again at six o'clock, ready to repeat the tiring round. On Saturdays, of course, there is no time for study, since he must be on duty at the stadium to supply the wants of the football spectators.

Obviously his contacts with normal college life are reduced to an absolute minimum. Since he cannot afford to live in a dormitory or to eat in a college dining hall, his circle of friends is narrow. For him there is no time for athletics, or for any of the multitudinous extra-curricular activities which play such a large part in the development of the individual in the college environment. His academic work must be sandwiched in between his working hours; he must do his thinking on the run. He probably does not do justice to himself in his studies, for his mind, fagged with long hours of toil, will not assimilate or retain the information which he tries to cram into it, and his professors' lectures strike upon dulled ears. He may even develop a pernicious habit of asking for special favors from his instructors, justifying neglected work by the excuse that he had no time to prepare his assignments — an excuse which any sympathetic teacher, knowing the struggle the boy is making, would find it hard to refuse. The physical strain of such a routine is so great that it may permanently undermine his health.

These are not isolated and unique examples. Our colleges are full of men who are living just such tense, unstable lives, who are wondering where the next dollar is coming from, who are overworking in a mad effort to earn part or all of their expenses.

Those who admire the spirit of the 'go-getter' may see in the frantic strivings of these students an admirable reflection of the national character. Admirable it often is — even heroic. But deans and college placement officers cannot take a wholly idealistic view of the matter. They have seen at close range the truly vicious effects

often produced upon the individual by excessive financial need. They are convinced that our colleges contain too many men who are paying too great a price for a higher education. And some of them are at last determined that something shall be done about it.

VI

The problem could be neatly solved if student expenses could be drastically reduced and financial aid greatly increased. But there are obstacles in either path.

The American college is not operated for profit. It has always kept its charges down to the lowest possible level, setting a tuition rate which, together with income from endowments, would meet operating expenses. Money from room rents has been used to offset fixed charges, property depreciation, and maintenance. Meals in dining halls have been served at cost. This leaves no margin of profit and automatically prevents a sweeping reduction in student expenses without seriously jeopardizing the solvency of the college or impairing the scope and efficiency of its work. Few would care to see the integrity of our educational institutions thus sacrificed, no matter how worthy the cause.

There are four ways in which students could be given more financial aid: by increasing the number and size of scholarships and loan funds, by establishing coöperative enterprises, by finding more jobs for needy men, and by creating positions for students within the college. Unfortunately, each of these possibilities is hedged with practical difficulties.

The generosity of friends and alumni has enabled the colleges to build up large scholarship and loan funds which yield millions of dollars annually to deserving and high-ranking students. Although these funds will undoubtedly grow as time goes on and new donors contribute, their growth will be slow, and, in periods of financial drought, may be halted altogether. Even if additional gifts were received during depressions, they could hardly compensate for the inevitable drop in income from the stocks and bonds in which the scholarship funds are invested. Although there may some day be scholarships for all who need and deserve them, that day is far off.

Meanwhile some assistance might be rendered by establishing coöperative merchandising agencies, rooming houses, and restaurants. In many colleges for women and in a few for men, such plans have already proved successful. But whether it will be wise, from the point of view both of the individual and of the college, to institute coöperative endeavors on a large scale is perhaps questionable. Many colleges have developed theories of education which call for the grouping of a representative cross-section of the undergraduates in a single dormitory. To segregate the needy students in cooperative houses and to feed them in coöperative restaurants would defeat this purpose, and might, in addition, breed a class consciousness which is alien to American ideals. Except for this objection, which, of course, varies in importance according to the educational theories in vogue at different colleges, coöperative enterprises seem to offer at least a partial solution to the financial problems of a limited number of students.

The only remaining expedient is to discover or create additional jobs, either inside the college walls or without. If this could be done on a large enough scale, it would solve the difficulty, but it would not alleviate the burden of overwork which even now sits heavily upon too many students.

On the contrary, it might increase the number of men who are getting little from college because they must spend all their spare time earning a living.

Jobs outside the college are, of necessity, limited in number. Since students must attend classes, they can work only at certain times. This automatically circumscribes the field of possible employment. Part-time work is confined chiefly to waiting on table, chauffeuring, doing chores, supervising playgrounds, reading, translating, ushering, tutoring, operating switchboards, and direct selling. But in these fields the opportunities are finite, and the careful and efficient canvasses which college employment bureaus have made during the past ten years have indicated very clearly where the limits lie. In days of adversity they contract sharply; jobs disappear and unemployed men with dependents are given work which was once allotted to students. In days of prosperity they expand, but only to a certain point, determined by economic laws. Many placement officers are now convinced, on the basis of careful study and experience, that even in prosperous eras the boundaries of opportunity will not be extensive enough to encompass all students who seek to find shelter within them.

One hope, then, remains — the creation of jobs within the college itself. Waiting on table, ushering, taking tickets at games and concerts, tutoring, doing clerical or secretarial work for members of the faculty or for other students, proctoring, janitoring, working on the college grounds — all these offer work to students without seriously interfering with their academic achievement or interrupting their normal college life. Some colleges have lately set aside large sums for the creation of additional jobs. There are great advantages in this kind of employment. The employer is sympathetic, the work can be properly controlled and allocated, need and earnings can be more nearly equated, work hours more easily adjusted to class schedules, student interests and abilities taken into consideration, and stability assured.

But here again limits are inevitable. Some positions students cannot fill because of inexperience or lack of time. Funds to finance specially created jobs are hard to obtain even when economic conditions are good. It is almost impossible for the average college to supply enough work within its walls to adjust the two-to-one difference in ratio which has long existed between students' needs and their actual earnings.

If, then, the level of financial aid cannot be raised to the level of need, if the burden of worry and overwork which so many students are carrying to-day is to be lightened, the volume of need must be reduced. There is only one way in which this can be done, and that is by limiting the number of needy men admitted to college.

VII

We may assume, I think, that the colleges will tackle the problem, not blindly, but intelligently. The gates will not be shut arbitrarily in the faces of poor men. The aim of limitation will be simply to reduce their number to the point where systematic methods of aiding them will be more certainly effective than they now are.

In formulating a policy of limitation, many factors will have to be considered. Each institution must determine how many additional jobs it will be possible to find or to create. It must estimate how opportunities will fluctuate as economic conditions change.

It must classify jobs according to the amount of time and energy they require, and see what their effect is on the academic work and on the physical and mental well-being of the students who hold them. Finally, the relationship of the self-supporting men as a group to the intellectual and social life of the college as a whole must be studied to determine what percentage of the entire enrollment should be composed of working students. A placement officer has observed, 'As the percentage of self-supporting students increases, the extra-curricular life of the college declines for lack of man-power, and the social life as well.' It is highly important to discover at what point this decline sets in.

Once decisions on these matters have been reached, it will be relatively simple to determine how many students can be adequately cared for and safely admitted without jeopardizing the general welfare of the college. This figure would then become an important guide in the selective process of admission. By coördinating the work of the admission board, the committee on scholarships and loans, and the employment bureau, it would be possible to scrutinize the financial difficulties of all applicants, and to provide adequately for every man whose abilities really qualify him for the double task of earning his way while he is educating himself.

The benefits of such a plan would be enormous. Students would not be permitted to spend too much time in outside work. There would be much less harrowing worry over money, for there would be enough financial aid and jobs to go round. The tremendous competition which exists to-day would be lightened, and the best men would thus be able to obtain the help which they so richly deserve. A healthier attitude toward academic work and college life would inevitably follow. Most important of all, with limitation each poor student admitted would become an individual case, and not just a card in a filing cabinet. Aid could be correlated with need, and jobs with abilities and interests — an impossible procedure when the needy group greatly exceeds the total facilities for assistance.

Although no obstacles would be placed in the path of able men, applicants of limited ability and mediocre promise would be denied entrance. The unpromising student would be penalized to make room for the promising one. After all, is it not ridiculous to admit large numbers of undistinguished applicants, thus wasting employment opportunities and financial aids which might be used to better purpose in assisting equally needy students of more certain intellectual capacity? Only a confirmed and sentimental believer in the popular notion of democracy could take issue on this point.

VIII

If such a plan of limitation is extensively adopted, it may bring about far-reaching changes in the theory and practice of American education. For example, it may widen the gap between private and public institutions of higher learning. The privately endowed colleges may become increasingly less representative of our heterogeneous national population, and may come in time to play the aristocratic rôle in American life which Oxford and Cambridge have so long filled in the life of England.

Those who are disturbed by such a prospect should remember, however, that the poor boy of real ability would still be able to gain entrance under an intelligent system of limitation.

They should remember, too, that many applicants, particularly those who come from families without intellectual background, now enter the liberal arts college hoping thereby to improve their chances of success in business, not realizing that such a college will give them little practical training. A vocational school or a state university would have served their purpose better. To prevent these students from making a heartbreaking struggle against circumstance in order to gain a liberal education which they do not really want is not such a crime as it might appear to be. Already many a state university has yielded to popular pressure and added to its curriculum numerous practical courses whose object is the imparting of various skills. It is possible that these institutions may be brought to embrace this function more whole-heartedly, and that they may come in time to fill a place comparable to that of the great polytechnic schools in France.

Although limitation of needy students is an expedient designed to meet a pressing problem of the moment, it may carry deeper implications. That some colleges have been willing to fly in the face of the most sacred of American doctrines may indicate that they realize at last that equality of opportunity in the popular sense cannot be translated into practical terms of educational policy. As long as Nature is capricious enough to endow one child with uncommon ability while denying the gift to the next, there can be no unrestricted democracy in education. A recognition of this fact will make for a clearer conception of the rôle which the college ought to play in our national life.

And the history of the selective process which has been at work in higher education during the last quarter of a century may well be prophetic of the course which American democracy itself is to follow in the years to come.

COUPLETS FOR THE THIRTIETH YEAR

Comes padding in, with usual power,
The usual day, the usual hour;
Books and teacups attentively
Applaud the method of the sky,
But Time's insistence sings within
The belly of your violin.

Therefore play six times five. The strings
Are sharpest cure for time-struck things:
Each year, each day, each minute lives
Of the impulse that your music gives.
Play then, against the hours that fall,
All hours; but this hour last of all.

Play children's dances on shadowy lawns,
The early white of summer dawns;
Play winter afternoons in town,
Play prayers, play *London Bridge is down*,
Play the young mystery of God,
Play Dragon and Princess, and the broad
Shields of All Angels . . .
Play also
The later musing, the feet more slow,
The sidelong glance, the timid hand,
The kiss half lost, the dreamlike stand
Of misty stalks in the twilight field,
Slow violence, and the strange first yield
Of tears, dark eyes withdrawn ashamed,
The voice caught back, the word unnamed.

(For these were truth; and even now
Their fire sings from your cúrv'd bów,
More true than newer truth of faces
That walk with us in daily places.)

Play then: play men and women, all
Old shadows wavering on the wall;
The days and nights of love and hate,
And those whose friendship stayed too late;
Play kindliness that a word betrayed,
And lust by a careful smile dismayed,
Play bedtime kiss and drowsy head,
Play all lost lovers, play the dead.

And this be all your music, lest
God know our last song for the best,
And, hurrying down, the laggard night
Shroud shining song and singer bright.
For, were we true in love and time,
Sleep were our losing, Death our rhyme,
Earth were the heavy fashion whence
We'd owe a curious innocence.
Then ours would be a stranger style,
In loveless bed a lonely while,
Our bravery of an afternoon
Forgotten, and the desolate moon
Drawn by the dead strings' broken cry:
There never was an emptier sky!

DUDLEY FITTS

SHAKESPEARE AND MINE HOST OF THE MERMAID

BY LESLIE HOTSON

Souls of poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?

I

In the Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington is casketed a mass of treasure. But among its many thousands of books, manuscripts, and objects which bring Shakespeare to mind there is one document of peculiar and unique interest. Unique, because it is the sole personal relic of the poet in the Western Hemisphere, the only object that we know belonged to Shakespeare, that he held in his own hands.

At first glance this captain jewel looks prosaic enough. A parchment indenture which records the fact that Shakespeare bought a house in Blackfriars, a couple of hundred yards from the theatre where he trod the stage and where so many of his plays were acted. The owner of the property was one Henry Walker, minstrel, of London. After the scrivener had engrossed the deed of sale in duplicate, Shakespeare signed one copy and gave it to Walker. Walker signed the counterpart and handed it to Shakespeare, who stuffed it into his wallet. They sealed the bargain with a cup of sack, and the bit of business was dispatched. The Folger document is the parchment that Shakespeare took away and kept.

Plain, even bald, it seems. Shakespeare bought a house as an investment, as thousands of lesser men have done before and since; what more is to be said? Yet if we examine the parchment more closely we descry a brace of interesting mysteries. In the first place, *four* men are named as purchasers: 'William Shakespeare, of Stratford Vpon Avon in the countie of Warwick, gentleman, William Johnson, citizein and Vintener of London, John Jackson, and John Hemmyng of London, gentlemen.' A subsequent clause, however, shows that the real purchaser was Shakespeare, and that the three others were trustees whom he named to act in his interest. John Hemmyng of London, gentleman, is no other than Shakespeare's friend and fellow, the actor John Heminge who edited the Folio of 1623. But who are the two remaining friends of the poet? Nothing is known of John Jackson, gentleman, or of William Johnson, vintner. No doubt the commonness of their names has discouraged any who might offer at an identification.

Here, then, are two trusted friends of Shakespeare's who for us are no more than names. Securely they sit there in the document and scoff:

'Do you pass us by in ignorance, yet long to hear the story of his life? Much!'

This may not be borne. I will undertake you, though I break my shins in the process. Draw, if you be men as well as mysteries! Gentlemen first. . . . John Jackson, gentleman, wins his bout. With his bafflingly common name he parries every attempt, and retires smiling, his mystery still untouched.

II

A breathing while — then William Johnson, vintner, steps forward. At first he too has the best of it, with a name as utterly undistinguished as his friend's. But soft! not too fast! Vintner . . . vintner. *Q.* What conceivable connection could there be between a London vintner and Shakespeare? *A.* Well, vintners might dispense rich Canary to thirsty actors and convivial poets. *Q.* Where? *A.* In licensed taverns and inns. *Q.* What tavern did Shakespeare frequent? *A.* (*fortissimo*) The Mermaid! Nobody doubts that he often made one with Ben Jonson, John Donne, Christopher Brooke, and other 'right generous, jovial, and mercurial Sireniacks,' as Tom Coryat styled them, on the first Friday of every month at the famous Mermaid Tavern in Bread Street, Cheapside. Mind you, there is no proof of this. Never once is Shakespeare's name mentioned by any contemporary in connection with the Mermaid. Posterity has, however, taken the matter to heart. King Shakespeare not one of the bards of passion and of mirth who threw inimitable wit within the four walls of the Mermaid? A question not to be asked.

Hold, Master Johnson, enough for this once. But I have an eye of you, and will discuss the matter further when time shall serve.

Once more in the twentieth century, I am off hotfoot to see what can be made of this Mermaid notion. First, to find contemporary references to the famous tavern. Professor Sugden has collected them in his admirable *Topographical Dictionary to the Works of Shakespeare and His Fellow Dramatists*. Under 'Mermaid' I find a cluster of fascinating passages. Ben Jonson, for example, confesses in his *Epigrams*, —

> That which most doth take my Muse and me
> Is a pure cup of rich Canary wine,
> Which is the Mermaid's now, but shall be mine.

And further on he describes the extraordinary voyage of two knights, who

> At Bread-street's Mermaid having dined, and merry,
> Proposed to go to Holborn in a wherry

— from Bridewell Dock up Fleet Ditch. But what is this? 'The host in 1603 was one Johnson, as appears from the will of Albian Butler, of Clifford's Inn, who owed him 17 shillings.' A Johnson, host of the Mermaid! Could it be possible that mine host Johnson of the Mermaid and Shakespeare's friend the vintner are one and the same? The mere suggestion is exciting.

Somewhere there must be evidence to resolve this intolerable doubt. Why not a comparison of signatures? Autographs of the vintner are available. Together with Shakespeare and Jackson, he signed not only the purchase deed held by the vendor, Walker, but also, on the following day, a mortgage on the house for payment of the residue of the purchase price. The first of these documents is in the Guildhall Library, London, the other in the British Museum, and one can procure facsimiles.

Facsimiles arrive. Examining them, one notes the curious fact that on

March 10, 1613, the vintner signed 'W^m^ Johnsonn,' but on the following day, dropping the second *n*, 'W^m^ Johnson'; and that Jackson followed suit with 'Jacksonn' and 'Jackson.' Yet, with these samples of his signature before me, I am still far from being able to identify Shakespeare's friend with mine host of the Mermaid. Where can one find the signature that will either clinch the identification or dissolve the theory into thin air?

III

When in doubt, I turn inevitably to that never-failing reservoir, the Public Record Office in Chancery Lane. Surely there must be an undiscovered record of the Mermaid Tavern preserved here. One may make a beginning with an attack on the Chancery suits indexed in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, delimiting the field to those cases which deal with property in London. Before long I am rewarded by running on one which mentions the Mermaid. But what do I find? It tells me that about the turn of the seventeenth century the tavern was owned by a certain William Williamson. To discover a Williamson when I long for a Johnson is not cheering. Can the note quoted by Sugden, asserting that one Johnson was the host in 1603, be a mare's-nest?

Plus ultra is the watchword; and before relinquishing hope we can take this name, William Williamson, and launch one more drive. For variety, let us choose the index of Star Chamber: an enormous heap of Elizabethan names in the records of the court where men are had up for all sorts of lively offenses, such as riots, poachings, slanders, and witchcraft. Unfortunately, since this index gives no indications of place, delimitation is not easy; we may as well begin at the beginning and plod along systematically through all the names, defendants as well as plaintiffs.

The new name works like a charm. No sooner are we well into letter *A* of the index, when behold a suit brought by the Queen's Attorney-General, Coke, against a certain Sir Edmond Bainham, and, among others, William Williamson. A glance through the Attorney-General's bill — or 'information,' as it is called — finds Coke beginning the charge by declaring that on Tuesday night, March 18, 1600, the defendants did 'riotously and vnlawfully assemble themselves together at the house of one William Williamson of London, vintner, being a Comon Taverne Called the Mermayde, scituate in a street Called Bredstreet.' This assembly, it appears, was the starting point for a glorious Elizabethan midnight row in the streets of London, which landed several badly battered roisterers in jail, and finally brought them penitent before the lords of the Council sitting in Star Chamber.

But can we abandon the search to plunge into this exhilarating fracas before looking about further? The date here is 1600, and William Williamson is unquestionably host of the Mermaid. Perhaps some witnesses were examined in this case? Yes, here are depositions of several substantial friends of the tavern keeper — two Bread Street salters, Robert Payne and Edward Prescott; a pewterer, Robert Sheppard; a constable, John Weston; and at last, Williamson's servant, William Johnson, aged twenty-five.

This is good hunting. But the signature, on which so much depends — '*per* me William Johnsonn.' Now for a comparison. Though the first name is written out, unlike the 'W^m^' of thirteen years later, the 'ohnsonn' of the last name is exactly similar, in the forming of the letters, to the signature

on Shakespeare's deed, down to the break between the *o* and *h*, the doubled *n*, and the final paraph or flourish. True, the *W* of 'William' has an initial stroke which appears greatly reduced in the later signature, and the upper loop of the *J* comes to a sharp point, while that on Shakespeare's deed is rounded. Some allowance must be made for changes wrought by thirteen years, and I am persuaded that we are dealing here with the hand of one man: that William Johnson, servant in 1600 to mine host Williamson, became a member of the Vintners' Company, and stepped into Williamson's shoes as master of the Mermaid.

Yet conviction must be made absolute. Patience and a further search into the Chancery records at length yield a suit dated 1616 which gives us this: 'the Meeremayd' in Bread Street 'in the tenure of William Johnson, vintner.' That settles one point beyond cavil. To clinch the matter we must have a signature of about this date, and we turn to the vast collection of Town Depositions in Chancery. This splendid series stands our friend, and places the keystone of the arch: a deposition dated October 25, 1614, of William Johnson, of St. Mildred's, Bread Street, vintner, aged forty, and signed 'W^{m} Johnson.' We put the three signatures together. In the last, the 'W^{m}' is exactly like that on Shakespeare's deed of 1613; the 'Johnson' is the same, and the loop of the *J* is rounded. For the searcher, this is journey's end: Shakespeare's trusted friend is no other than mine host of the Mermaid Tavern.

The instinct of posterity is shown to be sound. The Stratford poet was more than an occasional patron of the celebrated tavern. For if Shakespeare's friend Ben Jonson felt sufficiently at home in the Mermaid to write affectionate verses about it, Shakespeare himself was so intimate with its host that he found it natural to ask him to act as his trustee in a purchase involving some $5000 to $7000 in our values. We have added a new and fascinating figure to the circle of Shakespeare's known familiar acquaintances.

IV

What manner of man was William Johnson, other than a vintner recognizable by his rat-colored stockings and shining shoes? Speculation is free. Was he a genial original, like mine host of the Garter at Windsor in the *Merry Wives*, with his 'said I well, bully Hector'? That mad wag who by a trick prevented the deadly encounter between the doughty Welsh parson and the fire-eating French doctor, thus: —

'Peace, I say! hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politic? Am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I lose my parson, my priest, my Sir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the noverbs. Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so; — give me thy hand, celestial; so. Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue. Come, lay their swords to pawn. Follow me, lads of peace; follow, follow, follow.'

We could wish Shakespeare no more jovial friend. But to leave fancy, and come to the facts we can muster about mine host Johnson, let us look at his Chancery deposition of 1614. He pictures himself here, in professional fashion, as down in the cellar of the rival tavern of his neighbor Benson, the Mitre in Bread Street, tasting wines to be taken for a debt owed to the estate of Williamson, late master of the Mermaid. Johnson deposes 'that

hee knoweth not what quantety of the wynes . . . having the marck of the defendant Jo: Dade upon them came to the handes, custody, or possession of the complainant [Widow Anne Williamson] after the death of W^m^ Williamson, her late husband; for that this deponent did not take any notice of the said defendant Dade his marck, or of any other man's marcke, but only tasted of the wynes lately the defendant Benson's, and extended upon for debt due unto him the said W^m^ Williamson by the said Benson; and such wynes the complainant had in the Sellar of the said Benson at his howse called the Mytre in Breadstreet.'

Now that Johnson commands our keenest attention, we find a special importance in the following record that comes to light in the rolls of the King's Bench. An informer, one William Allen, charges that William Johnson, of St. Mildred's in Bread Street Ward, 'a comon Vintener,' on and after [Friday] March 19, 1613, sold meat on Fridays, being 'Fish dayes or fasting dayes.' Johnson should be fined £150, — £5 for each offense, — of which the informer claims a third.

This is interesting from more than one point of view. Obviously the indictment is based on the statute of 27 Elizabeth, which ordered 'that no innholder, vintner, alehouse-keeper, common victualler, common cook, or common table-keeper shall utter or put to sale upon any Friday, Saturday, or other days appointed to be Fish Days, or any day in time of Lent, any kind of flesh victuals; upon pain of forfeiture of £5; and shall suffer ten days' imprisonment without bail, mainprize, or remove, for every time so offending.'

Friday, March 19, 1613, — the date of Johnson's first alleged offense, — is eight days after he signed Shakespeare's mortgage. Further, it is in that period of fasting and penitence known as Lent. Moreover, the size of the fine charges him with repeating the offense on twenty-nine succeeding and additional Fridays. Finally, we recall the club of wits, 'the worshipful Fraternity of Sireniacal gentlemen that meet the 1st *Friday* of every month at the sign of the Mermaid in Bread Street in London.'

Law or no law, we cannot down a sense of satisfaction on learning that mine host Johnson took his chances with the enforcement agents of Meat Prohibition, and saw to it, when Will Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Frank Beaumont, and other lads of life gathered at his Mermaid for a supper of wit and mirth, that their Parnassian palates, warmed with Canary, were not insulted with fish. They were none of your 'demure boys,' scorned by Jack Falstaff, who make so 'many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness.' And happily it does not appear that Shakespeare's friend was fined and jailed for his refusal, in Mercutio's phrase, to fishify the flesh of his immortal guests. There is no record that the case ever came to trial. William Allen the informer did not get his £50. Possibly he got something less agreeable; for in those turbulent days talebearing must have been a risky business.

We recall that Falstaff makes a show of terrifying Hostess Quickly with a similar charge, representing it as a deadly sin as well as a crime; but she answers him stoutly: —

Fal. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law; for the which I think thou wilt howl [in hell].

Quick. All victuallers do so: what 's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

The Record Office's imposing way of making one feel that it is all-sufficient

has tricked us into neglecting an inviting source of possible further information for Johnson — the records of the Worshipful Company of Vintners, preserved at Vintners' Hall, London. An application to the Clerk of the Company finds him most kind in permitting a search of the registers.

Aware that Johnson was born about 1575, we open the book at the late 1580's. Hunting carefully through the subsequent years brings us the entry we had hoped for. Under date of 11 April 1591 we read: 'for presenting of William Johnson apprenticed to William Williamson . . . xij^{d}.' Continuing our search, we find that our future host served a long apprenticeship, — nine years, — being admitted a freeman of the Company in the summer of 1600: 'for making free of William Johnson, late apprenticed to Williamson . . . xxx^{d}.'

Though hereby given the right to set up in trade for himself, Johnson, it seems, had to wait almost another three years before Williamson was ready to resign control of the Mermaid to him. Learning from the register that Johnson enrolled his first two apprentices in May 1603, we may conclude with some confidence that his career as master of the Mermaid dates from this year. Furthermore, we discover from a new document in the Record Office that two years later, in February 1605, Johnson bound himself to pay Williamson the very large sum of £1848 within five weeks. This makes it look as though by now he had built up sufficient savings to undertake the purchase of the tavern. In the course of the two decades that followed, we find the names of twenty-five additional apprentices enrolled by Johnson. Clearly his undertaking was successful: there was no lack of custom and attendance at the Mermaid.

V

What have we learned about this newly discovered friend of Shakespeare?

Ten or eleven years younger than the poet he was. Apprenticed to Master Williamson, he spent his youth from the age of sixteen at the Mermaid, learning the mysteries of sack, Alicant, claret, muscadine, Rhenish, and charneco, making the acquaintance of the clientele, and being trained in the diplomatic and multifarious art of tavern keeping. Though Williamson lived on till 1613, by 1603, ten years before he died, he had handed over the reins of management to the twenty-eight-year-old Johnson. Two years later we see the young man paying over to Williamson a very substantial sum, presumably the purchase price of the tavern. We may judge that Johnson was a credit to his training; for in his hands the Mermaid prospered mightily, and as one of the prime taverns of London could command a distinguished and discriminating patronage. As for his character, if Shakespeare put confidence in his discretion and integrity, we can do no less.

What would we give for a chance to slip into his rat-colored stockings and shining shoes, oversee the serving of one of his famous Friday suppers to the Mermaid Club, and overhear the Olympian play of wit of which Frank Beaumont wrote to Ben Jonson: —

> What things have we seen
> Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
> So nimble, and so full of subtill flame,
> As if that every one from whence they came
> Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
> And had resolv'd to live a foole, the rest
> Of his dull life. Then, when there had been thrown
> Wit able enough to justifie the Town
> For three daies past, — wit that might warrant be
> For the whole City to talk foolishly

Till that were cancell'd — and, when that was gone,
We left an Aire behind us, which alone
Was able to make the two next Companies
Right witty; though but downright fooles, more wise.

As he wrote this, Beaumont lay far from London, and dreamed of 'your full Mermaid wine' — of the sherris-sack whose operation Jack Falstaff anatomized thus: 'It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish and dull and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which, deliver'd o'er to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit.'

For poets and wits it will do this, if rightly taken; but let a coarse earth-bound clod be drowned with sack, and he grows quarrelsome and pot-valiant. And this last, unfortunately, is what happened on a night in 1600, when a crew of roaring boys, after leaving the Mermaid, — and how glad were mine host Williamson and his servant Johnson to see their backs! — raised a tumult in the sleeping streets of London. But this is another story, which demands a chapter all to itself.

(*Next month, a second paper by Mr. Hotson, 'Roaring Boys at the Mermaid'*)

LAND HO!

BY ARTHUR POUND

I

A FOLK movement back to the land is now taking place on a scale comparable to that of pioneer days, and with equal meaning to America. For better or worse, between one and two million Americans have quit cities and villages during the last three years, leaving the shadow of the bread line for the seeming plenty of our farms, as the Bureau of Census defines 'farms.' As many more have moved from industrial centres, not to farms, but to small semi-rural holdings on the outskirts of cities, in the hope of establishing a two-way grip on life by growing part of their food while continuing to work for wages as they can find work.

These folk have left the cities and towns quietly, usually on their own resources, but in many instances with the encouragement and even the help of employers, communities, states, and of the Federal Government itself. Their initiative and daring have received little recognition, yet this migration, insistently increasing while the counter-movement from the farm to the city has slackened, has brought the once-declining farm population to 32,242,000 as of January 1, 1933. This is the peak for farm population in our history, the previous high being 32,076,960 in 1910. The latest estimate of the Department of Agriculture, on April 20, 1933, indicates that the farm population gained more than a million

in 1932 alone, but part of this gain is represented by surplus of farm births over deaths. With this item eliminated, the net farm gain from migrations to and from town was 533,000 for the year.

Both the nation and the farmers accepted this shift casually at first. As late as the autumn of 1932, candidates for office discussed agriculture and unemployment in hundreds of speeches without mention of this, the one movement where agriculture and unemployment meet head-on. Politicians are insatiable optimists in promising industrial recovery. Nevertheless, this wholesale retreat to the land registers the common man's humble yet eloquent opinion that recovery will, at best, be slow, so slow that it behooves him to be on his way looking for food and shelter, either on an abandoned farm or on a bit of land within reach of a city or an industry, where he can raise some food and still not be entirely out of touch with pay rolls, where he and his family can exist without public relief.

These migrants search along main and back roads for shelter and cheap, tillable soil. They form a procession seldom noted by those who keep their eyes on the stock ticker. Even farmers gave the movement little heed until the real-estate market for farms began to improve, and homeless, destitute families began to enter rural dooryards asking for assistance. In many rural communities women have organized to assist the more helpless wayfarers. The farmers are still puzzled over the situation, but no more so than the legislators. The Bankhead bill, appropriating $400,000,000 to encourage and supervise the land rush, is the first Congressional reaction to this great social movement.

Farms, even those from which experienced farmers could not wring a living in days when farm-commodity prices were better than at present, are in high demand, thanks to this migration. Practically all the habitable farms among the 200,000 abandoned during the five years between 1925 and 1930 have been or are being reoccupied, in many cases by experienced farmers returning from city life. Insurance companies agree that there is a rapid increase in the sale of foreclosed farms. Federal Land Banks, which write an eighth of all our farm mortgages, note a rising demand for their foreclosed properties, although foreclosure itself would seem to indicate trouble ahead for the new buyers.

Small plots within automobile reach of industries reflect still larger demand. In March — soon after the fourth of March — motorists and others, in the quest for such plots, struck out into the open country looking for likely locations. Along the Boston Post Road, for example, garage and real-estate men reported inquiries without end for such plots.

Along main traffic routes, along river bottoms, on marginal Appalachian and swamp tracts, in dry farming areas, along railroads, and near other industries glad to lend a hand by granting leaseholds to furloughed employees and perhaps to others, one finds these folk raising or repairing shelters. More log cabins are being built in the United States than at any time since Abraham Lincoln was a rail-splitter. Also, more tar-paper shacks! And more homes, as distinguished from shelters and shacks, including many quite respectable bungalows. Almost the only private building operations now in progress are those going forward on country roads.

Even Montana, showing the highest percentage of population loss in the period from 1920 to 1930, has begun to perk up. A correspondent from that sector submits data on rainfall cycles

to prove that the double decade from 1930 to 1950 will be made up of nice wet years, excellent for dry farming on the high plains. Population, in retreat from that region for some years, is again advancing toward the Rockies. The humblest of once-abandoned shacks are being reoccupied, and new settlers are reproducing the sod huts of the original pioneers.

II

The 1910 census revealed the farming population of the United States at an all-time high. Then followed the 'drift to the city,' resulting in a farm population roughly two millions less in 1930 than in 1910. Now, in three years, that twenty-year drift has been reversed. There are again 32,000,000 persons on American farms. Within a year there will be 33,000,000, since the net gain to farms and non-city areas, where marginal farms are in the making, is not far from 100,000 a month. Consider some of the personal aspects of the changing rural scene.

Here, for example, are Negroes on their way from Northern cities to their Southern homelands. Returning colored folk have filled nearly all the habitable cabins in the lowland South from which they departed when needed most and now return when needed least. They're going 'home'! Such wanderers repopulated one typical Virginia plantation.

'Miss Elizabeth' came North from Virginia forty years ago to teach science in a college for women. Pensioned and retired at the age of sixty-five, she was still too full of energy and wisdom to fold her hands and wait for the ultimate. Instead, she went back to the plantation of her birth and undertook to run it. Hiring two colored men of the old school, Miss Elizabeth bossed their operations. Soon after the depression set in, the population of her plantation began to increase. Sons and daughters of her two retainers came back with their broods and moved into the tumble-down slave cabins, patching those shelters against the weather. Other Negroes, introducing themselves as children and grandchildren of her father's slaves, appeared to claim asylum. Her cabins are now 'full up' with a Negro population of twenty-eight.

In effect, those Negroes walked or hitch-hiked, of their own free will, back into something like slavery. Miss Elizabeth could not pay wages, and none of her volunteer help expected wages; what they wanted was shelter, protection, food, security. She bosses them to the end that they may earn at least their keep. She takes charge of their produce and rations her 'family' through the winter. Occasionally 'Old Miss' parts with a few dollars for their clothes. Every Sunday morning she marshals all hands for divine service in the 'old plantation' way, for the good of their souls. The situation differs from slavery only in that her Negroes are legally free to leave. Practically they are tied to her soil, because they have nowhere else to go. Disciplined by adversity, they need less discipline than their ancestors needed under slavery. They had been taken up into a high place and shown a promised land which proved itself full of thorns and trouble for those who set out to travel it. They are now content to be managed and sustained by Miss Elizabeth's feudal authority.

III

Another chip on this ground swell back to the land is a writer, a shrewd Yankee, still with money in his purse and a desire to keep it there. With his markets perishing, he dug in on eight acres in northern New Hampshire, there to put his boys in school, buy a

cow, fill his cellar with food, catch up on his reading, and play the flute 'far from this busted Babylon of New York.' He vows he will never return to town except for an occasional visit.

An advertising man has gone in for space in a big way — ten acres in Connecticut! He started a roadhouse, but no customers came; tried chicken farming and discovered for himself how ill-disposed are Leghorn hens. Now, with his savings gently subsiding, he contemplates, of all things, a beer garden, in the woods hard by the stream of traffic! Meanwhile, he is taking lessons in agriculture from an old friend, over the line in New York State, and may eventually be able to earn an honest living.

A New York neighbor tells me joyfully that 'Hank's back.' Hank went to town ten years ago; Mr. Berry never found his equal. Of late years there has been no 'hired man' whatever on the Berry place, because of the difficulty of finding wages. Now Hank is working for his board and room and doing his own washing while waiting trustfully for a little cash, if and when the boss can afford to give it to him. He is happy to be out of the bread line and back on the land. But Hank's contentment is nothing compared to the change which his coming has wrought in his employer. The place had become 'all run down,' because so many repair jobs are beyond the strength and cunning of one man. Together the two men have been repairing roofs and fences. Hank's boss has someone to talk to, and, although Hank mostly listens, their communion seems to be mutually satisfactory.

Before Hank returned, Mr. Berry had only his wife to talk to. But women do not comprehend the intricacies of either spavins or politics, to mention only two of the subjects which Hank and his boss discuss in infinite detail. A farm can be a lonesome place, so lonesome that a man gets to talking to himself about the animals, and to the animals about taxes. That farm will be completely restored as a social picture when one of its old 'hired girls' comes back to keep the boss's wife company. They have heard from Nellie, a former favorite, and expect her along soon. Nellie left the farm to work in a laundry, and when she insists on showing her skill on Hank's raiment one cloud on the horizon will be removed.

Another New York State farm is now owned by a young woman of twenty-one, born on a Vermont farm, who saved the money for it out of her pay as a domestic servant. For $1500 she bought one hundred acres near Saratoga with a house and barns and eight cows, moved her parents thither in 1931, found herself a husband, and carried him off to the land in 1932. She keeps her 'man' out after wages when he can find employment, and does the farm work with her father's help. So far the milk checks have met the easy payments on the purchase contract.

There is a pleasant, watery valley in our neighborhood where half-a-dozen farms were vacant several years ago. To-day each of them is occupied. Few of these newcomers are equipped for production on a commercial scale. They are short of horses and implements, but they raised gardens and chickens last summer and stored food for winter. Also they worked for their neighbors, sometimes taking produce in lieu of money wages and also pledges of meat when the winter butchering should begin. Their lands, of course, are of marginal productivity with insufficient drainage; if they remain on them, it is likely that they will hire themselves out rather than take the gamble of cropping on their own ac-

count. So far only one of the six has concluded that he is on the land for keeps; the others look upon their move as only temporary, tiding over a bad time.

The exception used to drive a truck in Schenectady. He was reared on a farm in Canada, where, during the last three years, the Canadian Government has carefully selected and placed on the land thousands of farmers. Before his town job quite died, he rented a piece of land, with a house on it, and demonstrated his worth so well to a Farm Land Bank that its officers turned over to him a near-by farm 'at the end of the road.' Through the winter months he was heeled in and safe. His case is one of a 'natural-born' experienced farmer who could see nothing in farming while land was high, but had enough capital to make a start when land grew cheap and jobs scarce.

IV

This secluded vale lies between main highways on which the other side of the migration is in evidence. Along these highways houses are being built on small plots of land by persons who expect to remain, selling their time when they can, and using their unsalable time to raise food chiefly for their own consumption, although some operate roadside stands in fair weather. These folk are better 'found' than the others in the old dilapidated farmhouses in the valley. While some of the new residents along the highway have lost jobs within the past three years, they came to the country with capital enough to finance themselves. Others have part-time jobs in the near-by city; others are artisans 'on call.' Given a fair amount of employment, these newcomers are fairly safe from serious losses occasioned by inexperience, since their agricultural operations are on a small scale and secondary to the wage activities which are expected to provide cash for taxes, clothes, and other necessaries.

A small subsistence farm, begun in time, often becomes the bulwark of advancing years. Consider Mr. Brant, who owns seven acres of land, mostly in apples, of which he sold five hundred dollars' worth this year. His small flock of chickens is self-supporting, since he sells enough eggs to pay for feed, and has eggs and fowls for his family. His garden fills the cellar with canned vegetables. Altogether his work returns a most comfortable living for himself and his wife.

'These three years have been hard years,' said Mr. Brant. 'In 1931 I ran behind, but on the three-year spread I am all square and have lived as usual. I bought my seven acres in 1908 when I was working for the railroad. We lived on it summers only, for nine years. I built a new house in 1917 — fortunately a low-price year. I remained on the pay roll two years longer, finished settling for the house, and then broke away to work my land in earnest. A man with as little land as I have must make his time count. Last autumn I filled crates with windfalls when I had nothing else to do, and sold them for cider for cash enough to fill my coal bins for the winter. On a larger place windfalls go to waste. If I had never taken a piece of land, I should be out of a job to-day. As it is, I can see life through nicely, and keep doing something useful to the end.'

This evolution of a railroad worker into a farmer took eleven years, during which he had two occupations, one of which outlived the other. At sixty-eight he is a broader man than if he had followed either of his occupations to the exclusion of the other. Whoever talks to him will go away fortified against the notion that an increase in

small-plot farming means an inevitable drift toward the peasant point of view in America. A small farm does not necessarily have a small, narrow man for its occupant. Mr. Brant keeps in touch with the world through his newspaper and radio, forms his own judgment, and speaks out in meeting. Just now he is telling his neighbors to forget those foreign debts and why.

There is nothing new in this increase in small-plot farming after the Brant model, but the process in evidence since the turn of the century is being speeded up sharply. Farms from 100 to 174 acres numbered a million less in 1925 than they did in 1900, while holdings both larger and smaller increased. The number of farms from 5 to 20 acres increased 250,000 in the same period, and farms from 20 to 49 acres nearly 200,000. By 1935 there will probably be more 5-to-20-acre farms than 100-to-174-acre farms, the most popular size since the early days of the Republic.

V

Small farming operations give the key to the future of this back-to-the-land movement. Within another year practically all the vacant farmhouses will have been occupied, yet there will still be millions of persons eager to move to farms and small plots. The prospect is that, owing to technical advances, at least 3,000,000 more of the present unemployed must find rural work, since there would be no room for them even if industry were suddenly to revive. This estimate is conservative, with due allowance for an increase in salesmen and servicers. A situation so pressing may call for financing beyond the limits of ordinary business prudence. The Federal Government is already backing both farmers and public relief with credits. No matter how unemployment relief is organized, it is evident that the more people grow food, the fewer will have to be fed at public expense. Consequently the Bankhead bill, which provides lending up to $1000 for 'those who desire to acquire and live on subsistence farms,' may conceivably save in urban relief as much as it spends on rural financing.

Meanwhile the independent farmer raising money crops is fighting for his life, with all the political power he can muster. Yet working farmers, as contrasted with political farmers, do little talking against this back-to-the-land trek. Instead, most of them look upon it as a natural process, likely to restore a balance of power which tipped too far toward the city during the thirty years from 1900 to 1930. It gives them at least one practical benefit — cheap and earnest labor at low wages, at almost any price. It means self-support; farmers are less disturbed at seeing a new hand at work in a near-by field than they are at the spectacle of the country supporting millions of persons in idleness. That affronts their common sense.

Even if every out-of-work townsman in the country were to grow his own food, I think farmers would cheer rather than lament. As practical men they would conclude that the direct savings in taxes would more than compensate for a possible decline in prices. The tax is a tangible local affair, while farm prices are affected by so many factors, operating over the nation and the world, that their rise and fall are almost as the acts of God, over which man has no control. Even if farmers had to take a money loss as a direct result of migrations from town to land, they might still favor the back-to-the-land movement. They believe that all men should earn their bread, even though it be in the sweat of their brows.

So the farmer appears to accept this

migration as stoically as he accepts the weather. He realizes that the return of population to the land can no more be checked than the falling rain; but no rain lasts forever, and this drive, he fancies, will soon be slowing down. The fact that millions of persons are still left in the towns who sooner or later must try living on the land has escaped his attention. In the long run, how the farmer feels about it will depend on his personal relations with newcomers. If they keep up the moral and social tone of the community, little fault will be found with their marketing operations.

Always the point should be stressed that, whenever possible, the back-to-the-land movement should be also 'the return of the native.' The returning native is acquainted with neighbors, soils, and methods. He stands a better chance of sustaining himself, and he also knows what is expected of him. Both villages and farm neighborhoods are to-day naturally suspicious that a newcomer and his family may become public charges, adding to the tax burden of the community. A man with relatives in the neighborhood has someone to vouch for him. Neighborliness has its economic as well as its social side, since trade there depends on barter to a great degree. The liked and trusted newcomer can trade his spare time for the use of a neighbor's horses, tools, and seeds; he can even sell future time for food in a pinch. If he has meadow but no cow, he can trade grass for milk. When short of some needed tool, he can go down the road and borrow. Country folk are kind, but they want to know the sort of folks they are dealing with; and no wonder, for, where contacts are few, personalities become important. Once accepted as a neighbor, a newcomer finds his lot eased in all directions.

The clannishness of country folk has little economic selfishness in it. If a town carpenter comes to a village to ply his trade, he may find the carpenters already on the ground combining against him. Farmers react differently; there are too many of them to make the produce of one more farmer felt in the price levels. They know that their real competitors are the weather, insects, middlemen, railroads, and the acquisitive urban life in general. A good deal of sympathy is being wasted on farmers because their numbers are being increased at a time when prices are abnormally low, on the theory that more farmers will mean larger surpluses and still lower prices. That is the city man's way of reasoning, not the farmer's. Even during acute agricultural distress, most farmers look upon agriculture as the good way of life, think of the farm as a home site rather than as a business, and see the return to the land as a triumph for their point of view. The wisest of them know, too, that the more farm votes are available, the more consideration the farmers will get from government.

VI

As Americans return to the land under stern economic pressure, they are entering agriculture under conditions which some think may depress them toward the condition of a rude peasantry, more interested in low-standard security than in education or politics. Thus far America's social work has been aimed chiefly at raising the standards and relieving the distresses of city dwellers; more attention should now be paid to the rural scene, especially to rural schools, churches, public health, highways, and the development among farmers of just pride in their localities and occupations. Motor cars can be used to make available most of the essential services of

the town, as has been demonstrated by motorized library service in New York State.

The effort to bring the best features of urban civilization to the rural districts may be crippled by lack of funds, but if so the country folk may bestir themselves to cultural efforts of their own. There is little danger of rural America going peasant if those who work on the land receive fair prices for their labor and risks. In the end, America can scarcely deny them that, for their political power is again rising with the increase in rural population, and they are getting ready to toss a few heavy-weights off their backs.

While both the American farmer and the European peasant till the soil and tend animals, their attitudes toward life are far apart. The peasant considers his place in the world as fixed, while our farmers are still touched by the pioneer spirit. They hope to regain the position their fathers occupied in an America which held economic independence dear. When the farmer sees men and women cutting loose from bread lines to join him on the land out of respect for the same tradition, he must admire their fortitude; and, while reserving the right cannily to size up each individual, he stands ready to welcome worthy newcomers to the ancient and honorable fraternity of the soil. Together the two great groups — the independent farmers and the subsistence farmers — will try to realize the good life on the land, where toil brings forth that upon which all men, wherever circumstanced and situated, must depend for life.

This exodus from the cities constitutes a national, a state, and a local problem crying for guidance and control such as Canada and Germany and many other countries have given it. Only experienced farmers in hard training can prosper or even endure in the hardest of all agricultural eras in memory. Every lesson of experience and observation runs against the greenhorn's risking capital and wasting time on a sizable farming operation. Many of those who fare forth in hope to the land will return worse off than they were at the outset. The cases of success cited in this paper all have a farm background, in which experience was gained early and could be later applied in need.

But there is more promise, and less danger, for the newcomer in small-plot, part-time farming. Then a family settles upon a small tract, raises part of its own food, rigidly restrains its spending, and looks for cash to occasional or continuous work in neighboring towns and cities and industries by certain members with definite skills. There is flexibility in this way of life; relatively little capital is required to set it going, and those who measurably achieve it win for themselves a double grip on existence — with one hand they hold the land, with the other they reach for the pay roll. This double grip on life must be increasingly sought by the millions who are being displaced by machinery and subjected to the recurrent disasters threatened by cyclical unemployment.

FRIEDA

BY JOSEPHINE YOUNG CASE

I

THAT summer my husband and I were living in the cottage on Father's place in the country. I was expecting my baby in the early fall, and the quiet air and sunshine were most grateful to me after a miserable spring in the city.

My housekeeping in the cottage was extremely light, since we took our meals with the family; breakfast I got myself in the tiny kitchen bright with early sun. The man of the house once off to his train, the washing of the few dishes, a little dusting and sweeping, and the making of the bed completed my duties. Then, leaving my house in order, I would gather up the dirty clothes and, with the laundry bag over my shoulder, go across the field to the big house.

Those early mornings! The wet grass shining, the birds shouting, the sea blue beyond the stretch of lawn! My heavy body, the earnest kickings of the latest aspirant to life, could not burden me in that air, that sun. Rather they added to the intensity of life, to the warmth of the earth, to the sweetness of the flowering of the flowers. My dog would start a cottontail from among the bushes, merely a bobbing flash of white across the grass; or I saw the horses on the hay wagon stand quietly while the sweet load was piled — from them came a good smell, mingling with the hay. Above, a gull curved, feet tucked straight beneath the shining breast, quick head turning. And I sang on my way.

To greet me with open arms at the big house came Frieda, a buxom figure in her blue maid's uniform, neat and quick and bustling. '*Ach, ein Geschenk!*' she would cry, taking the laundry. 'How are you? And *der Bube?*' She always spoke as though we were already two separate persons. 'Fine, thank you,' I would say, 'and how are you?' '*Ach*, I am well. I am always well. A lovely day, *hein?*' And away she would go with the laundry bag, all around her upstairs a mêlée of mops and brushes and pails, smells of polish and soap, as though the place had never been cleaned before and might never be again. It looked like a hopeless confusion. But by eleven o'clock everything was as neat as a pin, the rooms that were her care bright with Teutonic order, herself as bright and quite unwearied.

I had known Frieda for four or five years; she had been with my family since my second year in college and was an absolutely essential part of the scheme of things. We were very good friends. When I was living at home she did everything for me that was in her power to do. And when I came back she made me feel as though I had returned to the lap of luxury. Nothing was too much trouble to do, or to be done with laughter and snatches of Viennese song. Busy always and cheer-

ful in the city, she seemed to take on an added plumage of zest in the country; her round pink cheeks and shining eyes became her well against the background of flowering shrubs that surrounded the kitchen garden. One almost expected her to come bouncing out with a stein of beer.

II

We used to go swimming together that summer. Deprived of the joys of diving and strenuous swimming, I floated placidly in the shallow water near the beach. Frieda would emerge from the bathhouse in a voluminous black taffeta bathing suit that made her look larger than ever, and a very small red cap drawn down tight over her pretty hair. She would start screaming the minute she came out, little screams of excitement that increased in volume the deeper she got in the cold water. Cold water and crabs, with her own indefatigable exuberance, were ample reason for screaming. I lay rocking in the water, creating ripples of mirth.

It was the crabs that taught her to swim. Fat enough to float, but too timid to try, she had never been able to learn to swim. But the appearance of a family of horseshoe crabs — harmless and shy in actuality, but unattractive to look at — threw her into fits. Under my urging and scorn and assurances, she would venture into the water after the crabs had glided away; but her apprehensions drove her to lifting her feet continually from the bottom, with the result that she was soon swimming about with ease, and in a short time with confidence.

The amount of flattery she lavished on me would have been sickening if we had not been sincerely fond of one another. Her devotion extended to my dog, whom she addressed as 'Shnookie' out of some idea that it was the fondest of American endearments; and this his dignity accepted with affability and returned affection. When she brought my breakfast tray, upon it was always a small plate with three dog biscuits — this that Shnookie might have his breakfast in bed as well; to which he was no whit averse, though I spoke my mind to him on the matter of a supposedly rough-and-tumble, outdoor dog accepting such pampering.

It had been a matter for sorrow to Frieda when I married and went to live elsewhere. And such return visits as I made that summer were received with great joy, though I think she was hurt that I should prefer to live in the cottage and do a little of my own work rather than reside in state in the big house with her to wait on me. But I could not do anything if she could prevent me. Sitting down one day in a moment of wifely devotion to mend socks, — though I hate to sew, I do not really mind darning, — I was discovered by Frieda, who snatched them from me with every appearance of rage and a torrent of German none of which I understood. I submitted, for it was useless to argue, and anyway I knew she would do them much better than I.

She never tired of talking of the baby. Every day of that summer she asked me whether I wanted a boy or a girl; and every day we discussed the relative merits of each. From that discussion, ended by the conclusion that we should be satisfied with either but that on the whole boys were better, we went on to the question of the color of its — his — eyes. Here we differed radically, for though I prefer blue, in contrast to my own, Frieda firmly held out for brown or black. I can hear her now exclaiming, '*Schwarzen Augen, ja, schwarzen* — so it will be.'

She went into ecstasies over the

presents I received, little dresses and sweaters and tiny knitted shoes. Her eyes would grow brighter and rounder, and you could tell she saw the baby inside them already. Indeed, never did this child — who, for all the commotion it caused, was still something to me distant and unreal — seem so present in actuality as when Frieda and I discussed its every aspect. All her youth and strength, denied its proper object, went into joy and hope and anticipation for this baby.

Frieda's nervousness and excitement were a great sedative for me. Under the stimulus of her sympathy and admiration I could not help being calm and happy. She was a part of the invigorating air and sun there, which made me well and strong and ready — a diverting and inspiring factor in a pattern of life too largely made up of the tedium of waiting.

The summer proceeded very slowly through long days, drawing on toward the ripening of the fruit. The leaves, from the August blaze of green which seems the last defiance of the youth of the year, turned slowly to the colors of the west. I walked slower, planting my feet hard on the good ground, watching the apples and the grapes leave their dull green, turn warm and full. Life ran less exuberantly, but deeper. In the evening Frieda sang low songs, sitting on the sea wall, staring into the west. She was quieter, and watched me with solicitous eyes. To me the earth was at its most beautiful; toward it and toward the people I loved I experienced a warmth and depth of feeling such as never before. The faint — oh, very faint and distant in these days — possibility of leaving all this added a richness to my taste of things such as I had never before discovered. All this, without words, in a communion of feeling, Frieda understood.

III

My baby was expected at the end of September. In the second week of that month, wrapped though I was in the examination of my own feelings, I noticed a paleness, a subduedness, about Frieda that were very unusual. I asked her about herself. Of course she answered with a laugh and a joke, and not a word of truth. I let it go by. But it was not many days before it was obvious that she was ill. My mother investigated, was stern with her, sent her to a doctor. Poor Frieda! She, the young, the strong, the gay, was nothing but a frightened child, a stranger in a strange land, pitifully ignorant and terribly afraid. I was never more distressed in my life than to hear when she returned that there was trouble indeed — an immediate and serious operation necessitated by a condition of long standing which Frieda, with courage backed too well by fear and ignorance, had concealed.

From that moment ended our close relationship. Fearful for my welfare, my family did not allow me to see her again, after one last glimpse of a pale Frieda with a smile that mocked old gayety, and the eyes of a hurt and loving animal. She went to the city, and soon after to the hospital. I too was expecting that very journey before long, but for the time I stayed under the thinning shadow of the leaves, in wind that daily grew brisker on a sea less blue. I thought often of Frieda; the house was silent without her; my dog was disconsolate. But life was welling up within me, and under the pressure of the imminent effort the reality of the world around me faded. I became a machine for waiting — the servant, at attention, of the being within me; ready to offer it, upon its demand, life.

The reports I heard of Frieda were

good. I do not know if they made them good for me. I sent her a lot of German magazines and illustrated papers. One day I found on my table a little book of German poems that I had had in school. I asked the maid who was attempting to do the things that Frieda had done how it came there. As I asked, I remembered I had lent it to Frieda some time before. 'Frieda left it with me to give back to you. She cleaned up her room and picked up all her things before she left.' She looked at me and I saw there were tears in her eyes. She blurted out, 'She did n't think she was coming back from the hospital.'

The maid went quickly away. I turned the little book over and over in my hands. I remembered how, every Thursday before she went out, Frieda would tidy up her sewing room, her broom closet, her linen closet, so that all was in perfect order. 'In case I do not come back,' she would say. I used to tease her about it, and she would laugh; but she never failed to do it. 'In case I do not come back.' The little book fell open in my hands. I read: —

Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht,
Das Leben ist der schwüle Tag.
Es dunkelt schon, mich schläfert,
Der Tag hat mich müd' gemacht.

I flung it down and went out into the sun. A bed of zinnias near the door lifted their lusty colors up from sturdy stems. The sweetness of the day was warm and strong, the sun upon my hands was warm. Life stirred eagerly within me.

We heard that the operation was successful. Gladys, the other maid, went to see Frieda in the hospital. She reported that she looked well, that she was cheerful and said everyone was kind to her; the doctor and the nurses were all so kind, so good. And well they might be, I thought, to one so good herself, and so ignorant, and so afraid. I wanted to go to see her, but they would not let me.

IV

And then one morning we had bad news — a relapse, a hemorrhage, a dangerous condition. That day I went to the city, for my time was soon. With deep regret I left the fields, brown now with stubble, left the ripened apples lying on the ground, and the grapes hanging dark and full from their trellises. The year was coming to the equinox. In the evening they told me quietly, with care, that Frieda had died that afternoon. Every force within me, the conscious and the even stronger unconscious, rallied to my support. It was as though I heard, from a little room with thick walls, the report of a firing squad, and knew that death was there. But it was outside; it could not get within and hurt what I bore. I was protected from the shock of death by the necessity of life.

On the day Frieda was buried my child was born. In the tenseness, the anxiety, the agonizing impatience of the last waiting days, I had thought of nothing but myself, my object. When the day came, all the world was swept away in the terrible presence of the force that will bring, no matter what obstacles, the perfection and beauty of a human being out of a dark welter of struggle and pain. Then, in all the world and the universe of far-flung stars, there was no one but me, my pain, my effort, and, at last, my child.

Later, when the world came back, lying peacefully, quietly, for many days in the sterile cheerfulness of the great hospital, I thought of Frieda. I thought of her, not in the last days of distress, of pain and fear and premonition of death, but of Frieda singing, laughing, her hands on her hips; of

Frieda bouncing in, on one occasion when she was serving as waitress, to announce 'Supper is finished!'—meaning, quite properly, that supper was finished and ready to eat; of Frieda taking my bundle, crying '*Ein Geschenk!*'; of Frieda with her pretty eyes and pretty hair, and her gayety that will never be forgotten. I smiled, I laughed to myself at all my remembrance of her. It was only when, as I lay thinking thus, they brought my baby, who looked at me out of her great blue eyes, that I wept for Frieda.

'SHE'S HAD THE DOCTOR!'

BY MARY ELLEN CHASE

I

YESTERDAY I had the doctor. I was, and still am, suffering from what is commonly called a cold, although the experimental school which my niece attends records her absences resulting therefrom as 'absences due to simple, respiratory infections.' I hesitated for some time before I gave my sanction to the telephone call which should summon the doctor to my bedside. As a matter of fact, given my heritage and training, hesitation before so grave an act as calling in medical aid is not only meet and right, but inevitable. I pause instinctively to consider my resources, both financial and practical. I pause, too, before the peculiar emotional excitement which should accompany such an unusual step, although I may say that that unique excitement is in these latter days doomed to frustration from its very inception.

Several of my friends who were kind enough to interest themselves in my condition had little patience with my hesitation; in fact, they quite frankly accused me not only of an unbecoming willfulness but also of a sad lack of intelligence. They said that no person in his senses neglected a cold nowadays; that colds were known to be mere cloaks for all manner of insidious human ills; that home remedies (like the molasses and vinegar cough syrup which I had surreptitiously concocted in my kitchenette after my grandmother's secret recipe) were fit only to be laughed at; that to refuse professional care for a cold implied a deplorable lack of social conscience; that only a serious temperature could possibly explain the highly emotional state I must be in even to question the advisability of calling a physician.

This last argument overpowered if it did not convince me. The doctor was called. And in the interim between his summons and his arrival I lay in my bed, and, since participation therein was forevermore denied me, I reviewed those 'highly emotional states' into which whole families had been plunged in the days of my childhood and youth by the merest conjecture of calling the doctor.

There were, first of all, disquieting financial considerations to face. A

doctor's call in rural Maine in the nineties, indeed at the beginning of the new century, cost one dollar. Needless to say, an office interview, which allowed one fifty cents' worth of advice and medicine, was invariably chosen if the patient could transport himself or be transported in safety. A recent examination of an account book kept by my father for the years between 1886 and 1902 shows that all doctor's bills for a large and increasing family over that period of sixteen years amounted to $105 and no cents. This sum had paid for six babies at $8.00 each, which fee included two after-visits to the mother — the charge now for a reputable permanent wave and an extra 'set'; five cases of measles, during which epidemic the doctor's advice had, in four calls at $1.00 each, supplemented my mother's versatility, common sense, and no small store of medical knowledge; one serious case of rheumatic fever which had cost $31, yet brought full value in social prestige and prominence since we 'had the doctor' daily for a full month; one broken leg at $7.00, and six vaccinations at fifty cents each. The remaining $12 had been expended on medicine and on sick-room accessories. In view of the fact that I and my four brothers and sisters waxed fat and prospered at the cost of approximately less than $1.40 a year each for medical service, is it any wonder that I (and perhaps others of similar nurture) ponder and consider well the calling of a doctor?

Secondly, among country families of my generation, there were the even more disquieting questions concerning the reason for such a momentous decision — in other words, the patient himself. Was his condition in any way alarming, or even serious? His coated tongue, bad breath, and hot forehead surely betokened fever. Was it a normal run accompanying indiscretions in eating — at Thanksgiving, for instance, or during the pig-killing season, or the green-apple harvest? Would it after twenty-four hours flee before 'a good dose of physic' and hot sweats, and honestly betray its absence by moist hands and forehead and by renewed appetite? Or was it the prefacing sign of chicken pox or measles, which would show themselves in due time and which could doubtless be helped on by hot feet-soakings and judicious bowls of steaming pennyroyal tea? Were there portentous symptoms with which the practised, intelligent New England housewife felt herself incapable to deal — such, for example, as pleurisy which would not yield to mustard plasters, or rheumatism which would not stay below the waistline where all safe and sane rheumatism belonged?

If even a doubtful affirmative answered these last and more momentous questionings, the decision was made to have the doctor, regardless of cost. And thereupon, when conjecture gave place to certainty, what excitement ensued! The 'highly emotional state' engendered by mere suggestion became concentrated into an intensity shared by every member of the family.

The patient, who had heretofore presumably remained in ignorance of the deliberations in his behalf, must be quietly informed. If one of the children, he was too full of the importance he would gain among his fellows to feel any twinge of fear. If the mother, she would at first pooh-pooh the announcement with proper scorn, then affect a becoming resignation in which was concealed no little gratification in that the doctor was actually coming to see her *when there was no baby on the way!* If the father, he more than anyone else must be most casually notified, for men, then as now, were more likely

than women to be overanxious as to affairs of their earthly tabernacles and less likely to be assuaged by the sense of their social superiority.

'I think, Father, we'd best have the doctor look in on you. He sees old Mrs. Bowden on every other Saturday, so it won't be a mite out of his way.'

The patient informed, the family turned to the domestic and the social ramifications of a move so drastic. Clean bedding and night clothes were procured, aired before stoves or fireplaces, and carried to the patient's room to effect there a swift metamorphosis. A reasonable tidying of the house ensued so that the doctor might cherish no misgivings as to the healthful surroundings of his patient. In lieu of a bathroom, clean towels were placed on the shelf by the kitchen sink, clean tumblers, a pitcher of fresh water covered with a clean napkin, two or three of the best silver spoons polished to the highest degree of brightness, an unused cake of soap in a flowered sauce dish. Meanwhile the more dramatic members of the household adroitly manufactured ways and means by which the neighbors might be properly informed and fittingly impressed. Articles and commodities long since borrowed were now returned; or questions concerning an impending church entertainment were hastily conceived; or sudden household needs were as suddenly discovered. So that by afternoon, when the mistresses of neighboring homes met on the village street or in the various marts of trade, hushed and prophetic voices would greet anxious eyes with the pregnant words, 'She's had the doctor!'

The local Hippocrates usually took his time in arriving. This interim was nervously, yet not unpleasantly, passed in straightening chairs and walking from one room to another, in anxious surmises, recollections of similar cases, prognostications of the ways and means of dealing with possible contagion. One's simple world became involved. Children might even be excused from bad spelling lessons at school on the ground that untoward circumstances prevailed at home.

When the doctor came at last, he always brought with him through the side or back door a wholesome, if unhygienic, smell of the barn in which he had harnessed his horse. In the winter he was redolent of this smell, compounded of hay, harnesses, old lap robes, grain bins, manure; in the summer, or if perchance he came on foot in any season, he was but reminiscent of it. It was a part of him, and we liked it. He always divested himself of his outer apparel in the kitchen, after which ceremony he washed his hands, which he had previously rubbed together, if the weather were at all cold, over the kitchen stove. One member of the family always held a clean towel for him, like an acolyte at the *Lavabo*. While he washed, he commented on the weather or on general business or farming conditions. Washed, he was not disinclined to confidences. That ominous seal of secrecy, so securely set over the lips of modern physicians, was not so irritatingly in evidence thirty or forty years ago. We heard of old Mrs. Bowden's third yet not fatal shock, of the Closson twins' curious succession of ringworms, each twin being identically afflicted, and of Mr. Hosea Perkins's shingles, which had actually met around his waist without dire result. Although we had heard of these visitations through neighborhood gossip, they took upon themselves incomparable charm and value when they were retailed by the doctor himself. Before he went in to see his patient, he always looked paternally upon all the younger members of the household. Quite naturally, since each

represented eight dollars to him, he felt an interest in each, and each in him.

Preliminary rites successfully performed, the mother of the family, in a clean apron (unless perchance she were the patient, in which case the female member next in seniority took charge), escorted the doctor into the sick room. The door was then discreetly closed. Without, the family waited. Within, time being no object, the doctor joked and questioned, thumped and listened, took pulse and temperature, felt hands, feet, and forehead, scrutinized the skin of chest and back for telltale eruptions.

'Let's see your tongue!' said the doctor. O lost, delectable command!

Then, for those who waited, came the dramatic moment of the return from the sick room, the doctor first, Mother close behind him. Followed a colloquy in subdued tones by the dining-room table, the doctor advisory, yet deferential and coöperative. Rural New England housewives were themselves physicians thirty years ago. Their knowledge and experience were rightly reckoned with and depended upon.

More rites ensued at the kitchen sink. The doctor's black chest was opened; pink, brown, or white pills were placed in sauce dishes; pink powders were unfolded, shaken into clean tumblers of water, and carefully stirred. Butter dishes were placed over the tumblers. Directions and admonitions were given.

'I'll look round again in the morning,' said the doctor, if the case was serious. Or, 'Send for me again if he don't seem so well to you. You'll know the signs.'

II

Mothers did know the signs, and the cures for them as well. Such knowledge was a part of the rural New England heritage. Children of my day, *teneris ab annis*, absorbed medicinal lore with the round of the seasons. In the spring we were fed sulphur and molasses for a tonic on the mystic principle of three mornings and skip three; in the summer we were solemnly warned and as solemnly believed that chokecherries followed within three hours by milk would cause horrible swellings and almost certain death; in the winter we wore beneath our red flannel undershirts a bag of camphor or of sulphur against all manner of lurking ills.

That superstition played its delightful part in many of our tenets, as in those of our mothers who handed them down to us, is undeniable. But at all events it lent drama to our days and doubtless banished as many fears from our minds as it inculcated within them. A horsehair, tied into as many knots as one has warts or freckles, inserted into a bottle of water, and secreted with due ceremony within some dark, damp, and cool place, there to remain for nine days, is guarantee of nothing at all save a thoroughly delightful and thrilling occupation. Yet what Maine country child would be without its memory? A horse-chestnut in one's pocket is surely no proof against rheumatism; and yet the fact that I, who come from a sadly rheumatic family, have carried one about with me for lo, these thirty years has at least afforded me a fund of delicious humor — in itself armor-proof against most adversities of body, mind, and spirit. Moreover, that humor became suddenly speculative when last winter, the chestnut forgotten for a fortnight, I was smitten with rheumatic pains — the swift retaliation of Æsculapius! One's dirty stocking, in color necessarily black, pulled from one's leg at bedtime and bound, still warm, around a sore throat, with the heel accurately

placed against the Adam's apple, can hardly be seriously credited as a sure cure; and yet I have known many an improvement to result therefrom, or at least thereafter.

Pleasing ruminations on these things recall the statements of old Robert Burton and of the great Galen himself. The former, although skeptical of such charms, says in his inimitable *Anatomy* that 'they are not altogether to be neglected,' since in his own experience he has known ague to be cured by a spider wrapped in silk and sealed in a nutshell which was then suspended around the patient's neck. The latter, although he stoutly declares that there is no medical reason to account for the virtue of such amulets, is puzzled by the fact that they seemingly act 'by some marvelous antipathy unknown to man.' And, superstition quite set aside, there were in sober fact sound remedies known and applied by rural and village housewives which substantially conserved the family exchequer and made from any infrequent visit of a doctor a *dies magnus atque memorabilis*.

In most constant use as New England winters wore on and treacherous January thaws wrought their havoc (in spite of red flannel chest protectors worn by young and old) were the various plasters for colds that threatened the lungs. Mustard and white flour, mixed with water to a stiff paste and spread between two pieces of soft old cotton, an outer covering of flannel for the side exposed to the air, fashioned the chief among these in most families. I can still feel the cold sliminess of this plaster as it was administered by firm hands and pinned securely to my high-necked nightdress — a sensation too soon to be followed by burning and itching indescribable. Lard and mustard were likewise utilized, although this mixture was felt to be less potent if more comfortable. Pork rind and pepper had their adherents also. In cases of deep sore throat, which one's soiled stocking had failed to cure and which threatened the bronchial region, thick and unwieldy collars were made of slabs of salt pork, plentifully sprinkled with pepper, and wrapped in cotton cloth. Such applications as these harbored within themselves not only physical effects but moral and spiritual as well. To wake early on a dark winter morning with the loathsome smell of pork rind and pepper in one's nostrils, to endure the wretched sensation of cold and concentrated grease encircling one's neck and mingling with one's back hair, to lie with resignation until the accomplishment of morning duties at last made attention possible — such moral and spiritual exercise as this, if successfully weathered, made one fit to be numbered among the saints and brought in its wake at least a partial immunity against the many lesser irritations of life.

For throat and chest ailments there were also the various oils and greases, rubbed into the afflicted parts with energy, not to say gusto. Goose or duck's grease and hen's oil were, in my home at least, the most reliable of these. Some households preferred skunk's grease, but in our own an æsthetic streak in my mother forbade its use even though it was quite odorless and known to be efficacious in the extreme. A trapper of my youth, named Reuben Gray, did a thriving business in skunks once the snow was on the ground. Knowing the haunts of these creatures in various barn cellars and woodsheds, he might be seen on most week-day mornings, preceded by the worst smell known to mankind and carrying by the tail one or more of his means of livelihood. He charged nothing for his extermination and was

regarded generally as a most useful citizen.

Poultices were also made in goodly number, flaxseed poultices for sore and swollen eyelids, poultices of boiled onions for swollen joints, abscesses of all kinds, sore fingers. The bread and milk poultice, however, easily bore the palm among these. Made of such basic elements of human sustenance, it was possessed of a fundamental dignity absent from onions or flaxseed. Perhaps, indeed, my early respect for it added to the delight with which I recently read in a book of saints' lives the story of the angel from Heaven who with his own holy yet practical hands milked a stray cow on the Northumberland hills in order to administer such aid to Saint Cuthbert of Durham, sorely beset by a swollen knee. The bread Cuthbert himself supplied from his own wallet, and the cure, no less miraculous because effected through earthly and material means, was complete.

Earache was a common monster of my childhood. This was often treated by a small piece of cotton soaked in hot laudanum and placed as far as possible within the ear. A rather more dramatic cure was that practically ensured by a raisin of the old-fashioned seeded variety which was heated very hot and pressed into the suffering member. I can still see my mother in the dead of night with a raisin on the point of a long hatpin which she held over a kerosene lamp, while in her other hand was the bit of cotton which was to follow the raisin and close the entrance. This means of comfort and relief retained and disseminated within the ear a welcome heat (I assume on the principle of a fireless cooker), and one almost immediately fell asleep.

Hot raisins were also employed for toothache. Held against the gum or aching tooth, they often produced great relief. They also, it must be admitted, afforded pleasure by subsequent eating. In ancient days, when the animal kingdom was more closely allied with the healing of human ills than was the vegetable, the prescription, accredited to Galen, of a small frog, boiled in water and vinegar and held steaming hot against the aching tooth, was known to work similar wonders.

For chapped hands and sundry small cuts and bruises there was mutton tallow instead of the cold creams and various salves of to-day. For coughs there were syrups of wild cherry bark and white pine balsam, the ingredients for which we gathered ourselves in the spring and summer. There was also a delectable syrup of New Orleans molasses and vinegar which emitted, as it simmered in a saucepan on the stove, the richest and most alluring of odors. Nor must the use of slippery elm be omitted. This fragrant cream-white powder mixed with lard and boiled with sugar and lemon juice, in fresh rain water, made a syrup calculated to soothe irritated membranes and alleviate the most stubborn of coughs.

Neuralgia was minimized by a hop pillow heated in the oven and held against the painful surface wherever it might be. Burns were immediately covered by a lather of soft soap, by white of egg, or by a paste made of lard and common baking soda. Cuts were dosed with stinging arnica, in the face of which ordeal one was trained to smile stoically. The bottle of spirits of nitre stood next to that of witch-hazel in most cellarways or on most pantry shelves, ready for insect bites and stings and for poison-ivy rash.

For fevers there were all manner of teas, concocted and administered to induce a sweat and thus to banish the dangerous temperatures. One was also

liberally dosed with bowls of such mixtures for colds or for pains in the stomach. For the latter, ginger tea was invincible. Tansy and pennyroyal, sometimes catnip, were steeped and used for children who exhibited early signs of children's diseases — chicken pox, measles, scarlet fever. Clam water produced a major perspiration and on the coast was much employed.

There was a persistent rumor current in my childhood that families more rurally situated than we ourselves utilized, especially to bring out measles, a brew made from dried sheep's pellets gathered on the hillsides and known vulgarly as 'nanny-plum tea.' My mother with disgust termed this an old wives' tale and steadfastly refused to give it credence. But it is of interest at least in suggesting the superstitious survival of the ancient faith in the curative properties of the refuse of animals.

III

I was here aroused from these soothing reflections by the advent of the doctor. I heard him apologizing for his lateness because of his hospital rounds and his attendance upon a Free Baby Clinic lately installed in our up-to-date midst. My radiators being of the new, concealed sort and his gloves being both clean and warm, he neither rubbed his hands nor washed them in my perfectly appointed bathroom. When he came into my room, he brought with him both the appearance and the odor of complete sanitation. He was kind, if professional, and gracious, if taciturn, although my questions concerning his other patients left me unsatisfied.

He tells me by means of his stethoscope that my lungs are completely clear. By means of the latest nose appliances he has detected some inflammation of my sinuses, and a tiny light irradiating my throat has convinced us both that it is sore. His advice is to remain in bed with hourly inhalations and with quarts of cold water and fruit juices for at least three days.

I have no fever at all, although when he left me I think he suspected a mild, feverless delirium. For his face was quizzical, even perplexed and disturbed, when I asked him if, in his opinion, any good would result from wrapping my stocking around my throat at bedtime.

It was, I grant, a foolish question. Upon deliberation I could have convinced myself of its futility. For where to-day, at least among our respectable circles, could a black stocking, either cotton or woolen, and sufficiently soiled, be found?

THE SLAVE COMPLEX

A Timely Word to Employers

BY H. A. BATTEN

I

We are accustomed, in this country, to being told that all men are created free and equal, and it is a fundamental article of our faith to believe it. The statement is contained in the Declaration of Independence; obviously it must be true.

There have been, of course, those sufficiently obdurate to deny it; they have pointed to inequalities in birth and temperament, in natural ability, even in the theoretical aspects of constitutional government. But these critics have never stood in very good repute among us. It has been generally felt that their ideas are subversive and un-American. We have not believed in them because they told us things which we did not wish to believe. We have persisted in thinking that one man is as good as another, and that his opportunities are without limit. The doctrines of Paine and Rousseau have been virtually unquestioned among us for more than a century and a half.

It is particularly interesting, therefore, to note the beginnings of a change in this credo of equality. It is not a change which has, as yet, forced itself into the consciousness of the average man; nevertheless something has happened. The old feeling of sturdy self-sufficiency is gone. We are in fact witnessing the birth, on a national scale, of a species of slave complex.

There was a time, not very long ago, when to the inalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness was tacitly added the right to earn a living. It was taken as axiomatic that the desire to work implied the opportunity. And, as a matter of fact, in prosperous times the operations of natural economic laws usually did provide it. As with Newtonian physics, the application of a special frame of reference concealed the error.

Now, however, in the perspective of an unparalleled economic depression, new aspects of the matter present themselves. With one fifth of our working population unemployed, it is no longer possible to believe that jobs are part of the natural order of things; nor is it reasonable to assume that if the one you have is lost you can readily get another. The result is that fear has become the dominant emotion of contemporary America — fear of losing one's job, fear of reduced salary or wages, fear of eventual destitution and want.

Everywhere one goes in business today this fear makes itself evident. Employees defer to, even cringe before, their employers in a way they never did before. They swallow insults and impositions which once they would not have stomached. They have reached the point where they have ceased to hope

for advancement, and are satisfied to keep what they have. They are grateful for very little. They seem even to stand a little less straight. You can *see* their fear; it is a brand upon them, the mark of the slave. So far as hope goes, or ambition, or independence of mind and spirit, they have already assumed the status of a slave.

II

It is undeniably true that the greater part of the responsibility for this condition rests upon the operation of economic forces too complex and obscure for the understanding of this generation. But it does not all rest there. It is also true that the growth of the slave complex has had, as it were, outside help. It has been nourished — unconsciously, perhaps, but none the less effectively — by the attitude of the employer.

It is a fundamental attribute of human nature to rationalize our desires. Most of our beliefs and prejudices are colored by self-interest. We believe what we want to believe, and we are prone to consider just and good that which works to our advantage. The employer is no exception. He is as human as anyone else. The present condition of the world is anything but pleasant for him, but he cannot help regarding the universal reduction in salaries and wages as something of a silver lining to his cloud, and he looks without enthusiasm toward the time when old levels would logically be restored.

Thus we hear much to-day from employers about 'revaluations' of wage scales, the reëstablishment of 'deflated salary levels,' and the formulation of more 'sound' and 'equitable' standards of compensation all along the line.

These things are said in all sincerity, and in the present state of world business they are perfectly justified, but the unfortunate aspect of the matter is that their potential effect and purpose are not confined simply to the present depression. What these gentlemen have deep in the backs of their minds is the post-depression period. They are anticipating — although they will not admit it even to themselves — the inevitable reaction.

To put it plainly, the idea is gaining currency among employers that present wage and salary levels must prevail with little alteration for a long time to come, and that this situation is both natural and proper.

No one, as yet, has put the thing quite so baldly; but that the sentiment exists is shown in a variety of ways. It is reflected in the published interviews and statements of certain industrialists. It is suggested in the discussions which one hears at business meetings and conventions. There is a vague, formless hint of it in the personal attitude of many employers toward those whom they employ.

It would be grossly unfair to suggest that (except in isolated cases) American employers are consciously intimidating or exploiting their employees. But, so far as labor is concerned, this is a buyer's market, and the employer — the buyer of labor — exhibits that thinly veiled arrogance to which the situation gives rise. He imposes a sterner discipline. He speaks with a curt incisiveness which indicates quite clearly that he does n't propose to stand for any nonsense. He is, in short, very much the master, and he does n't care who knows it.

This is in some degree simply a manifestation of worn nerves and general bad temper. It is partly a wish to display, in the midst of his present doubt and uncertainty, some of the old-time authority and self-confidence. But it is also, as I have said, the working of an

unrecognized desire. It is an unconscious move in the direction of employee peonage.

III

It is superfluous, of course, to point out that the law of supply and demand will eventually dispel any such roseate hopes on the part of the employer, whether unconscious or otherwise. When trade revives and goods are wanted, labor will be wanted too, and the buyer's market will disappear. But the point is that, *even if artificial wage fixing were possible, it would not be desirable. The employer who arbitrarily keeps his pay roll below what he can reasonably afford to pay for services rendered is acting in a manner contrary to his own best interests.*

Every manufacturer's goods are sold in some market or other, and markets are simply people. The overwhelming majority of the people in this country are employees. Their wages, their salaries, buy most of the goods that are bought. If those wages and salaries were to be artificially reduced, the manufacturer would make an extra profit for a little while; but, as soon as his markets began to dwindle, his losses in terms of sales would more than offset his gains.

It is not to be expected, once the process is well under way, that circumstances will permit the employer to linger overlong on the road to higher wage levels. But it is entirely possible that in the difficult transition period which lies ahead of us — the slowly brightening dawn of economic rehabilitation — the suppressed desires of the employer will retard that process.

Recovery seems now to be a matter of many small steps up a very long ladder. It is going to be a case of a little here, a little there, a consolidation of small gains, a slow gathering of strength. Every advance made by the manufacturer, however negligible, must be shared by his employees — otherwise the process cannot go on. As orders gradually increase, pay rolls must increase proportionally. Only thus can employee morale be maintained. Only thus can public confidence be restored, and the sinews of buying be provided.

The employer has a definite responsibility in this matter — not only to himself, but to the public at large. And it is not enough merely to keep his pay roll in just ratio to his volume of business. He should, for the benefit of all concerned, do what he can to destroy fear. He should give his employees assurances, by word and deed, that he has their best interests at heart. He should treat them essentially as friends and human beings.

It is this psychologic attitude which I particularly wish to emphasize at this time, because it is the aspect of the matter which can most readily be acted upon. It may not now be possible for the employer to increase his pay rolls — indeed, it is most unlikely that he can. But he can be kind and courteous to the people in his employ. He can refrain from browbeating them. He can do a great many little things to show them that he is not taking advantage of them, and that he considers himself their friend.

It is this spirit of mutual confidence and good will which the great employee public needs now, almost as much as money. In times of stress we tend to revert toward the ethics and psychology of the jungle. The strong grow stronger and the weak grow weaker. The small measure of protection which society has succeeded in providing for the underdog begins to break down. He sinks lower and lower in the social scale. He loses what little courage he had, and his self-respect. In the end he becomes spiritually and economically a slave.

Men and women in this condition need help. They need help both in the things of the spirit and in the things of the pocketbook. And in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred there is no one to give it to them but the employer.

IV

The slave complex is bad for everyone. It degrades the employee and makes him an insensate automaton. It kills both ambition and desire. It debases standards of living. And from the employer's point of view it is equally disastrous. Where there is no desire there is no demand. People who desire nothing buy nothing. Moreover, people in whom there is no ambition do not work well. They lose their enterprise and initiative. They are content simply to drift. The consequence is that the employer's organization becomes infected with dry rot. There is none of that pressure from below which produces healthy competition. It all ends in general stagnation and decay.

This condition of mental and spiritual inertia has a particularly depressive effect upon the creative faculty. People with incurious, unambitious minds do not bestir themselves to the making of new or beautiful things. They are neither inventive nor resourceful. Yet the growth of America has been founded largely upon the development of new things. Our history has been one of expansion, enlargement, replacement. We are, or have been, a nation with an almost Hellenic love of novelty and change. And if people are ever to be freed of their fears, if they are ever to be induced to buy again, they must be drawn into buying by the offer of merchandise so fresh, so attractive and interesting, that it cannot be resisted.

Price cutting is not the answer. The public has demonstrated that it will not buy inferior goods even at cutthroat prices. What people want is more *value* for their money — goods that are better-looking, better-made, and more efficient than anything they have ever seen before. And to give them that we must have ingenuity; we must have individual enterprise; we must have the will and power to create.

The plain truth is, we cannot afford a slave complex in this country. It is dangerous, not only from the point of view of immediate expediency, but for reasons deeper and more far-reaching. Man cannot live by bread alone. If he is to continue to exist as a useful member of society he must possess the spirit of self-respect, of self-reliance. His life must have in it both hope and purpose. Without these things he ceases to be human and becomes only a machine. And the ultimate fate of all machines, no matter how efficient, is the scrap heap.

It is a commonplace of modern economics that the old individualism is dead. The employer can no longer play the lone wolf; his activities are affected by too many interrelated forces. He is a cog in an intricate industrial mechanism, and he must mesh with all the other cogs.

But in times like these he is very likely to forget it. Worried, harassed by troubles that occupy his whole horizon, he has no time to be kind, or generous, or even coöperative. Yet it is vitally necessary that he should find that time; it is necessary that he should look beyond the pressing needs of the moment. For the employer of men and women cannot exist upon the labor of slaves, even though he may pay something for their services. If he wishes to work back to a condition of even approximate prosperity, he must take them along with him. He must realize that their welfare and his are inextricably mingled. In order to receive, he must first give.

A SQUIRE'S COMPLAINT

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

I

THE other day, with a start of surprise, I came upon a reference to an English book written in 1895, containing a chapter entitled 'Is Country Life Still Possible?' Unfortunately the book was not available, so I could n't discover why anybody in 1895 doubted the possibility of country life, in England of all places. Certainly we in America did not doubt it in 1895, nor even as late as 1910. But many of us, from bitter experience, doubt it to-day. Certainly it is becoming increasingly difficult of realization, and unless we, as communities, take carefully planned and elaborate steps to conserve what opportunities are left, country life in America will in a few years become indubitably impossible.

It is essential, of course, that I define at once what I mean by country life. I do not mean merely dwelling in some region outside a metropolitan area, and I do not mean living on a farm in the middle of the Dakota prairie, or on a melon ranch by the Rio Virgin. I mean a style of life which is urbane without being urban when enjoyed by people of leisure, and pleasantly and consciously at one with the natural surroundings when lived by those whom necessity compels. I mean a life which is free from urban distractions, sights, and sounds, and which is at all times conscious of the unspoiled native landscape, of the close proximity of country things and of Nature; and is, at the same time, not so far removed from urban centres that it is devoid of cultural interest and is bitter or harsh. I mean, in short, a rather highly civilized thing, long characteristic of old England, and certainly familiar in New England, as well as the Hudson Valley, Pennsylvania, and conspicuously parts of the South — Virginia in particular. It could be a matter of broad acres and mile-long drives, or it could be a matter of a dwelling on a village street, or a farmhouse by the highway. Emerson knew country life in Concord no less than the Virginians on their plantations by the James.

Let me illustrate with three stages of my own residence in New England. My boyhood was spent in a town of four thousand souls about twelve miles north of Boston. It was even then in part a suburb, but it was on the extreme outer fringe of the metropolitan district, and our house, which was a half mile beyond the centre, was backed by country. I certainly lived a country boyhood, grew up to know country sights and sounds, and to hold in my memory, above all else, the picture of woods, fields, farmhouses with long roofs behind, cows at pasture, huckleberries on a rocky hill, a lazy river winding through meadows flanked with high-bush blueberries and sweet swamp azalea. In other words, when the suburban area ended, the country began.

Three miles from our house was the

village where my father was born, centred around a common, a white church, a sawmill. The water power had established the site, and the village clustered as a focal point of the meadow landscape, and seemed as much a part of it as the trees themselves. To walk or drive to Grandfather's was to pass between natural hedgerows, or stone walls, or wild-flower gardens, and also by white farmhouses and their great gray barns as indigenous to the pastoral scene as boulders in a New Hampshire pasture. The life of that village, and of the surrounding country, was self-centred and self-sufficient, and among my happiest memories are those of its humorous independence and oddities of character and mellowness of spirit.

Directly north from our house the highway led, after three miles, into a country of almost unbroken pine forest, containing two or three glacial ponds, and then rising to the elm-shaded dignity of Andover Hill. This isolating belt of pine woods made Andover a place apart, with its own life, so different from ours.

A scant thirty years has completely changed this entire region, converting it into something truly awful to contemplate. It was to be expected, of course, that with the growth of Boston the suburban area would extend its boundaries, but the actual extension here has been only for two or three miles. Instead, however, of finding country again at the new outer edge, you now find motor slums going on indefinitely. You can no longer stand on the outer fringe of suburbia and look into an unspoiled land, where country living can be enjoyed. My grandfather's village is no longer the focal point in a pastoral landscape, but simply a closer huddle of filling stations, bungalows, hot-dog stands, and their like. The belt of pine woods which isolated Andover has vanished. There are great, ugly cut-banks of sand through which a four-lane highway pours its traffic, and every sort of shack and shanty squatting between the billboards.

Go east, or go west, and you soon come upon some other radial highway on which the same conditions are repeated. These radial highways, or spokes of 'the Hub,' come so close together that little country is left between which is not penetrated by the ugly backwash from the main arteries. Even if one were to find a country place in between them where he could secure an unspoiled outlook, where he could enjoy the natural landscape and find therein only such man-made structures as pertain to country living, he would still be unable to get to his home, or to leave it, without driving through squalor and noise and ugliness; nor could he find the life of his section centred in any homogeneous and self-sufficient community, set with landscape charm.

Such conditions more or less prevail for an indefinite distance out of Boston, in every direction, as they now prevail out of every large American city — from coast to coast — for fifty, even a hundred miles, or quite beyond the limits of year-round country residence by those who wish also to keep in touch with urban affairs.

II

My next New England residence was on a village street in the Berkshires — a village of proud traditions and exceptional beauty. Its main street is arched with magnificent elms, the largest set out by Timothy Edwards, son of Jonathan. It has never permitted poles on this street, it did not permit trolley tracks in the days when we were going trolley mad, the wide turf between pavement and curb is mowed like a lawn, and backing the street, or close by on the hills, are many summer

homes of considerable pretentiousness. But when I went there to live in 1910, in a house directly in the village, my back-yard garden was the same bit of soil cultivated by Jonathan Edwards, the street boasted no macadam, the snow was packed upon it for a hundred days in winter by the runners of the sleighs, and every afternoon we could walk, in ten or fifteen minutes, into the unspoiled Berkshire landscape, and slip into woods where the pheasants ran and the pileated woodpeckers sounded their ringing tattoo. In summer, the life was that of a resort peopled by men and women who came to their own homes, for country living. In winter, it was that of a self-centred and sufficient New England community, calmly dwelling on its beautiful street along the bank of the meadows, ringed with woods and mountains.

To-day, twenty-two years later, that proud and beautiful village is fighting for its life. Its enemies, for the most part, are not within, for the majority of its citizens have foresight and pride. To the limits of the township, their pride and foresight have prevented the erection of disfiguring signs and cheap commercial establishments on the highways, and have maintained the integrity of the landscape even to the extent of creating public reservations to preserve the mountain forests. Its enemies are from without, and chief among them is the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. North and south through the town runs a state highway, for a quarter of a mile utilizing the main street in the very town centre. East and west through the town runs another highway, utilizing the main street for its entire length. Into the construction of highways the State has poured, and is pouring, millions and millions of money.

These highways have for the most part followed existing carriage roads, and for a time it was considered a boon to have them coming into your town or village. But the last decade has changed all that. Woe, now, to the peaceful, quiet town, if it chances to be on a through, or arterial, highway! It might better have a railroad down its main street. The village I speak of had at first but one arterial highway passing through. But within recent months the east-west road, traversing the entire length of its elm-arched main street, has also been 'improved' and widened by the State, and now constitutes an arterial way from the east to the Hudson River. Great trucks go banging and rattling through the village all night long. The hotel and the houses shake. Unfortunate householders whose dwellings are not set well back have begun to erect high, solid fences in an effort to achieve a bit of privacy. On week-ends, too, and holidays, an endless stream of pleasure cars ceaselessly passes, east and west, north and south. To dwell in that village, or even near it, save on the few side roads, is no longer to enjoy country life. Unless those highways can be removed, its fate as a distinguished centre of such life seems dubious indeed.

III

Before this state of affairs was reached, however, I moved, driven perhaps by a dim ghost of the urge that sent my Yankee ancestors out into the Western Reserve. I moved to an old farm fifteen miles away, three miles from the nearest village, and directly under a mountain wall so steep that it seemed to defy any exploitation. Part of this wall I owned, in fact, and a hundred acres of more level, arable land at its foot. From my farmhouse, a century old, not another habitation can be seen. Of course, a road ran past the house, and a crossroad, at the foot of

my orchard, led to the nearest village; but in 1917, when I bought the farm, there was little macadam on the main road, and that little ended at the Connecticut State line. The crossroad was chiefly mud in spring, dust in summer, and ruts in winter, when it was n't impassable with snowdrifts. I had the unspoiled Berkshire landscape, I had peace and quiet and the kind of country living I desired; I was but three miles from a self-sufficient village, with white church and tall elms and farmers coming in of a morning with their milk; and of a summer night I could lie in a sleepy drowse and hear the tinkle of my cowbells come drifting down from the pasture.

Well, I am still a good bit better off than many people I know who have sought country life. I still see no human habitation from my dwelling, though if I go around the barn I can see a hot-dog stand up the road. But to lead the cows from the pasture across the road to the barn has become a daily peril, and I have had to erect a hemlock hedge, and back it with a dense shrubbery, to get any privacy for the lawn and garden. The main highway has been improved by the kindly Commonwealth, and the improvement has been continued below the State line. All night long the cars go tearing by, faster and faster each year, and the trucks shake the house. You do not hear the cowbells any more; you hear explosions dying away in the distance. You listen in a kind of fascinated agony till the sound has thinned to silence, so you can at last try to sleep again — and then comes the faint far-off machine-gun sputter of another truck, bound in the other direction, and it is all to be gone through with again.

I have planted cowslips and flags by the spring brook along the highway — and spend most of my time in blossom season defending them from vandals. When I am not doing that, I am picking up lunch boxes, Sunday newspapers, empty cigarette packs, and other litter which has been thrown out of the cars. On a summer Saturday and Sunday, or on a holiday, the dull roar of passing traffic is almost without a break, and leaves us, at day's end, unconsciously weary and nerve-fagged. Now the crossroad to the village is being improved, trucks are discovering it as a short cut, and our troubles increase. Our traffic, to be sure, is as nothing to that down the main street of the old village, which is on a chief arterial highway. But it is sufficient to make the old-time standard of country life quite impossible.

IV

I have used these examples from my own experience with country life because they are ones with which I am most familiar. Almost any reader sufficiently interested in the subject to have progressed to this point can supply his own. I think at once of a friend of mine who knew and loved the old South County of Rhode Island, where from the rocky glacial moraine and the Post Road the low level outwash plains, sparkling with great salt ponds, stretch southward to the yellow line of the beach and its white-maned chargers. Here was a peculiar landscape, and a peculiar life. The indigenous settlements along the road, and the scattered dwellings out over the flat plane, were all of a piece, salt-gray and simple, and one with the gray stone walls, the silvered bayberries, the jack pines on the pond headlands, the great sweep of the sky. No less surely here than in Southern California had Man hit upon the one right style for his structures.

The life was a quaint combination of agriculture and marine interests, and consisted chiefly in growing white corn

for Rhode Island johnnycake meal and 'ketching' oysters. (You always 'caught' an oyster in South County.) The dialect was highly flavored, the people slow, calm, and almighty self-sufficient. Here was possibly a unique country life, not far removed from the railroad, but via tracks where the wagon wheels poured sand, and one in which there was a peculiar awareness, always, of the intimate and supremely happy union of Man and his environment. And it was here my friend established his country home.

He was fortunate in securing an old house two hundred or three hundred yards from the Post Road, and set in a little hollow, so that his boundary walls cut against the sky. To enter his drive to-day is as much of a perilous adventure as crossing Fifth Avenue against the traffic, but, once in, you slip back through the years to an island of peace. Climb to a high point of the boundary walls, however, and you see only too plainly what the last decade has done. It is not alone that the Post Road, conspicuous at the foot of the moraine, is a river of roaring traffic, lined mile after mile with billboards, gas pumps, hot-dog stands, and the usual commercial slum; but the whole outwash plain, once such a beautiful thing between the sea and the land, is disfigured everywhere with cottages and shacks, 75 per cent of which are glaringly out of key with the landscape, out of harmony with the indigenous country architecture of the region, and in many instances huddled close together in ugly lines along some strip of beach or pond shore. They are summer-resort slums. The whole region has become only too typically a summer resort, and offers no longer any opportunity for country living in the sense we use the term.

It is quite possible, I am aware, to argue that the term cannot be so used any more; that the automobile is a fixture of modern life, in country as well as city, and we must accept it, get used to it till we no longer hear it or notice the squalor it brings in its wake, and make the most of what rural charm is left. But this seems to me a counsel of despair, one which England, at least, seems loath to accept, for Great Britain boasts a lively society called the Council for the Preservation of Rural England. The trouble has been in America that we have spent billions of money on the surface of our highways and almost nothing at all on their environment, and we have put them where the old roads went, as if they were still to carry wagon traffic, instead of engineering them as trackless railroads, which is exactly what the arterial highways have become.

By our failure to control the environment of the highways, a failure due both to our ignorance of the need and to our lack of enabling laws, the terrible ribbon growth has taken place, with low-grade residence and commercialism stretched out along the main roads for miles upon miles, destroying landscape beauty and rural charm every foot of the way and yet never resulting in the creation of a community. (Socially, the latter may well be the gravest charge against them.) By our failure to engineer the highways properly, taking the easy way of utilizing the old carriage roads from town to town, we have destroyed the individuality, shattered the quiet, and depreciated the country-life residential values (if not in many cases all values) of most of the towns and villages through which the highways pass.

The damage is, of course, tremendous. But it is not beyond the bounds of correction, and certainly it should be possible so to plan in future that it will not be so recklessly extended as to destroy all that is left of rural America.

Whether we do thus plan, I suppose, will depend upon whether enough of us think rural America worth saving, care enough about it. If a majority are indifferent, or indeed actively prefer to see filling stations take the place of white meetinghouses and fried-clam stands blot out the native landscape, and if they also continue docile as taxpayers, footing the enormous bills to enable our freight to move anywhere, everywhere, over the highways, then the prospect would seem to be dark.

A more concentrated expenditure of the billions poured into highways would, of course, be the first step toward redemption — concentrated upon a few carefully planned arterial highways which would avoid all towns and which, by legislative enactment, would limit the rights of abutter entrance to definite points. These highways would condemn a right of way wide enough to put a belt of shrubs and woods between them and the sides, and no doubt in certain places wide enough to create a parkway, thus developing valuable residential properties on the bounds. But that would not be their main purpose, save near large terminal cities. Their main purpose would be to concentrate through traffic, especially freight traffic, on a few arteries, where it could flow freely and rapidly, and where it would not destroy the charm of towns. The object of the protecting strips of controlled land, of course, would be to prevent the ribbon growth now characteristic of all our main roads, as well as the danger and confusion of frequent abutter entrance. Such arterial highways, rightly designed and placed, would carry so large a proportion of the most destructive of the present traffic now distributed over our roads that the relief would be astonishing; and a great deal of the worst ribbon growth now existing would shrivel up and die of economic starvation.

It is that ribbon growth, of course, which has done so much to destroy the landscape charm of our country, and to break down the unity of towns and villages. Save in the immediate vicinity of large centres, it cannot thrive on local patronage. It derives its excuse, as the billboards do, from the through traffic. It is parasitic on the highways, and of no more social value than any other parasite. But because in the past all our through highways have followed the old roads, and the old roads invariably led through the old towns, we have strung out our highway slums, east and west and north and south, from town to town, and thus destroyed in hundreds, in thousands of cases the economic security of the village and the rural setting to the village, the sense that it has grown up, through the generations, as the natural focal point of the region; and, above all, the opportunities in or near the village for a clean, attractive, civilized country life.

Wise town planning, and regional planning, in the future will not only seek to remove the through traffic from these towns and town roads, but will also seek to ring each town with reservations, at least upon the borders of the most used highways, so that between towns or villages there may be a belt of insulating Nature, forest or meadow or a common pasture land, or whatever the situation may dictate so long as it cannot be exploited and belongs to the native scene. Such isolating strips, treated as town forests and adjoining on the two town boundaries, could be economically managed and become in numerous ways a great asset. But the chief asset would always be, of course, the protection of the town's individuality and the assurance that behind it lies a little hinterland of unspoiled country, fit for living in as well as for looking at.

V

My memory often pictures a certain road in southern New Hampshire which leads from one town to another, a distance of six miles (about the average distance between towns in New England). This road rises and dips between stone walls and granite boulders and a few farmhouses under huge sugar maples, narrow and not too good if all you think of is riding ease, but fascinating if you love unspoiled New England. After five miles it comes into a long, narrow meadow, through which a brown brook wanders, and as you look up the foreground of this meadow you see the village on a slight hill at the end — the beautiful white spire rising clean against the blue sky, the hints of lower roofs and houses among the billowing domes of the village trees. You pass along the meadow, perhaps with the fragrance of hay in your nostrils, and glide up the slope to the church, which faces you serene, a simple but beautiful example of that meetinghouse style characteristic of the early Republic.

Here, too, you come into the village street, with its nave of elms, its various houses, some of late eighteenth-century design as fine in their way as the church, and its centre of trade. There are, of course, a garage and gas pumps, but they are properly placed with the other essential commercial establishments. You may stand on the church steps and look back down the meadow, over the loaded hay carts, over the wooded hills or the farms, to the blue pyramid of Monadnock. You may turn your head a bit, and look down the village street, flecked with elm shade, flanked with beautiful or comfortable houses, neat, self-respecting, charming.

Here is a bit of our American civilization which has come to lovely flower. Here is a landscape unspoiled and alluring, and set within it is a village which derives its being from the soil of that landscape, and which has added to it, without a jarring note, the flavor of humanity. There may be people — alas! I am sure there are — who would think it a service to that village to straighten and widen the road up which we have driven, to reduce the hills to cut-banks, to lay a thirty-foot ruled strip of cement beside the little curving meadow stream, to hew down the hemlocks and maples, the blueberries and asters, which line the present narrow road, and finally, of course, to install several red and bilious green and nauseating orange gas pumps along the way, not to mention a few signboards and refreshment booths. But to do that, of course, would be to destroy at one blow the perfection of the place, the accumulated charm of almost two hundred years of self-respecting and self-sufficient country living.

The salvation of all such villages to-day, if they are to remain the centres of true country life and to remain examples in America of harmonious relation between Man and the native landscape, is to keep the modern type of wide, straight motor highway out of them, to plan in such a fashion that they are off the roaring tracks of through traffic. They are our last frontier of country life. Once they have gone, there will be no choice but between a constantly more noisy suburbia and timber line in the Rocky Mountains.

DADDY ISAAC'S PRAYER

BY LUPTON A. WILKINSON

I

DADDY ISAAC stooped as he came out of his low cabin door, then straightened his fragile six-feet-two into the defiant erectness that was his habitual bearing. He aided his steps, which were slow, short, and painful, by a slender stick of poplar. In the late afternoon sun his face, spare and firm in line, shone with a blackness richer than ebony; its lustre was that of age-worn mahogany. A faint tegument of gray-white hair, soft as wool, covered his head. His eyes were so dead gray in color that anyone who met him for the first time would have thought him blind — but would have been mistaken. Age had left his faculties singularly unimpaired, even as it had failed to fossilize his spirit.

Along the wooded lane, wide enough for a wagon but little traveled except on foot, that led from Camellia Quarters to the Neighborhood Road, he made his way, effort patent in his brief, deliberate advances and the recuperative pauses between. Boughs, almost meeting overhead, softened the brilliant glow of the setting sun; in that red-gold light nothing seemed sharp, clearly defined.

Across the Neighborhood Road from the crude gate that led to Camellia Quarters sprawled the crazy structure of Nehemiah African Methodist Episcopal Church. Daddy Isaac shuffled through the thick sand of the road and lowered himself, tightening his lips but not groaning, to a sitting position on the second of the three steps. Every afternoon at about this time, unless he was too weak to walk, he contrived to come to this place for a period of contemplation. The purpose and the hope which led him to do this were as unusual as they were pertinacious. His lips moved in prayer, and the tenor of that prayer was not orthodox.

This evening as the old man sat on the church steps his keen ears interrupted his inner spell to inform him that someone was approaching on the Neighborhood Road. Two hundred yards away a robust figure strode toward him. One glance in that direction was enough to sever abruptly Daddy Isaac's communion with the unseen. All his being snapped taut in long-cherished hatred and rebelliousness against wrongs unrighted.

The newcomer was a Caucasian, although the South Carolina sun had burned him as brown as a mulatto. There was an air of beefiness about him, and, as he drew near, the fading evening light revealed a countenance coarse and brutish.

He walked up to Daddy Isaac, who raised himself tremblingly to his feet, leaning heavily on the poplar. The ancient Negro had been accustomed to stand in the presence of white folks since shortly after the day he was born, 'fo'teen yeahs befo' freedom

come,' in a tiny cabin on neighboring Redbird Hall. Inwardly, however, he reserved toward this white man a feeling of complete independence armored with contempt.

'Well, old man,' exclaimed the newcomer, 'you can still get about for anything but work. Where the hell was Mary yesterday? I had some peapicking and sent her word. Is she too lazy to steal you a skirtful of peas?'

'I mighty sick yestiddy, Mista Haynes,' Daddy Isaac replied, his voice obviously under difficult control. 'She d' go Plantersville get me some med'cine.' It was significant that he said 'Mista,' using neither the respectful 'Maussa' nor 'Maus,' which would have conveyed affection. 'Mista' was a word he had learned in the past twenty years, and he reserved it for white trash.

'Well, she lost forty cents pay and what she could steal,' Haynes rejoined. 'You're all alike. You bellyache about starvation, and you're too damned lazy to work when it's offered.'

'I mighty sick yestiddy,' Daddy Isaac repeated; and he continued to mutter the same words in an unintelligible refrain.

'And by the way,' the white man interrupted him, 'if I catch you hanging around Honey Tree while Mr. Burdon is down here, I'll see that you get thrown off Camellia for good. You're nothing but a loafing nuisance.' With that, he turned and walked on down the road.

Daddy Isaac did not sit again. While darkness settled about him, he stood fighting down the anger that stirred poison in his veins and dizzied his head. In his youth he had been notable for temper; notable, too, for vigor and the ability to get what he wanted, and for an unfailing way with the white people. Now, in a sudden access of weariness, he told himself that he was 'jus' a wo'n-out, no-'count nigger,' helpless in a situation that involved fundamental necessities for himself and his neighbors.

Haynes was superintendent of Camellia, Redbird Hall, and Honey Tree — three plantations bought five years before by Joshua Burdon, a Cincinnati millionaire. The Negroes on the places, living by some mysterious alchemy in what remained of the old 'streets' of slave-quarter days, suffered the extreme hardships of absentee landlordism. Daddy Isaac did not believe that Burdon wanted his tenants to starve. He permitted them to dwell house-free, and charged them only the customary land rent of one third of the scanty corn and cotton they were able to raise; the older Negroes he allowed an acre, exempt of all toll, for a garden. There was nothing for these wards to do but scratch what they could from the poor soil, maintaining a precarious existence by snatching at odd jobs around the 'Big Houses' or by serving as guides when the Northerners came South to hunt ducks in the creeks and marshes.

Daddy Isaac was sure in his own mind that Mr. Burdon sent money for the Negroes on his plantations, and that most of it went into Haynes's pocket. The superintendent was a typical example of what the darkies call 'po' buckra.' Superior to no creature, he must find someone to bully. His dogs hated him. No Southerner would have entrusted Negroes to his care.

With an effort, Daddy Isaac put all this out of his mind. He looked up at the sky, where the Tuscan gold of the clouds was giving way to the mysterious annunciation of night. Gray merged into violet, and as the violet deepened the stars appeared.

The old man shivered and shook his head. His purpose in coming to

Nehemiah was not to be fulfilled. Murmuring once more his private and perhaps presumptuous prayer, he slowly crossed the road and passed up the lane that led to the Quarters.

II

Mrs. Drew, in a summery dress suited to the warm October day, her brown hair and lively face more than half concealed by a flapping straw hat, came suddenly upon a picture that would have delighted the eye of a painter. She had leased the old overseer's cottage at neighboring Barondel for the winter, and this morning chance and curiosity had led her to turn into Camellia Lane.

The ancient before her was incredible. He sat on a rickety chair, underneath a solitary cherry tree that had already lost its leaves. A wooden shelf, one end tacked to the tree trunk and the other to a flimsy upright, extended before him, and, in evident annoyance, he tapped against the plank with a corncob pipe. Around the tree spread a yellow, untidy half-acre of what the dry summer had decreed to be a futile corn crop.

Daddy Isaac rose when he saw the visitor. He guessed at once who she was. News of new white folks, and of the doings of old and new, travels swiftly through the Negro community. What you have for breakfast, and what you let the cook have, become matters of almost instant knowledge, with consequent shrewd appraisal, and the verdict is in by noon.

Mrs. Drew watched the picture-book character before her as his expression changed in a twinkling from pipe-tapping annoyance to an aspect of welcome and friendliness. He won to his feet with noticeable effort, snatching off a ridiculous half-hat while he used his other hand to lean on his stick. He inclined his head once with a certain dignity, and tried ineffectually to pull in his toes, whose bareness, she rightly divined, he held to be a form of disrespect. She left the path and stepped under the tree.

'Good morning, uncle,' she greeted him. Daddy Isaac knew from this appellation that she was native to Georgia, Alabama, or the westward, not to South Carolina.

'Good mawnin', maum, good mawnin',' was his response. 'Mighty nice, mighty nice, indeed, for you come see an ol' nigger. I been tryin' git over Barondel pay my respec', but my health ain' de spryes'. You'll 'scuse me, maum.'

From the conversation that ensued, Mrs. Drew learned a number of things — among them, the cause of the irritated pipe-tapping that she had interrupted.

'Do your neighbors help you?' she had asked, after the hardness of the old man's way of life had been set forth in homely detail.

'Help?' Daddy Isaac's scorn curled his lip. 'Dey's no respec' fo' de aged any mo', maum, an' little help fo' de helpless.' A thin hand pointed contemptuously down the row of cabins. 'You see dat las' house? Man name' Gatson live dere. He wuk, his wife wuk. He mighty pious, take de collection in de Methodis' chu'ch. But dey ain' no compassion in him. In t'ree year, since I been struck, he ain' gi' me so much ez a mess o' greens.

'An' de chillun!' The speaker warmed to his complaint. 'De chillun takes after dey pa's and ma's. In de ol' days dey say "Yassuh" and "Yassum." Now dey makes mock.

'Jus' now I been settin' here cravin' smoke. I ain' had tobacco fo' t'ree day. Dat Gatson's boy come by. "Ax yo' pa," I say, "kin he sen' me pipeful tobacco." He laugh an' he run on home. Dey known I cain' catch 'em

since I been struck. If I catch 'em, I discipline 'em.' He gripped the poplar stick and brandished it in a significant gesture.

Mrs. Drew learned, too, that Daddy Isaac's cabin was empty of food. She could not make up her mind whether she was drawing the information out of the old man or whether, bit by bit, it was being skillfully paraded for her enlightenment.

And she came to know, finally, the consuming preoccupation of this patriarch in the evening of his life, the secret of his daily visits to the church.

'Close on seventy year,' the ancient told her, 'I wuk ev'y wukday o' my life. I d' had positions of 'sponsibility, since way back when Maus Huger own Redbird Hall. In all dem year' — he drew himself erect — 'I ain' ax nothin', nobody.

'But 'bout fo' year ago de misery come — in dis laig here.' Daddy Isaac touched the offending member. 'It come bad. I move Camellia to gyarden fo' myse'f, and raise little cotton an' corn on shares. I still gyarden, wid one han' an' one laig. Ma'y — dat's my wife — do whut she can wid outside wuk, w'en she can git it.

'I ain' got no complaint. I trus' in de Lawd all dese year, and he set my ways in de ways of plenty. But ev'y-body gits ol'. Thu ev'yt'ing 'at come, I got one prayer, an' I pray it all de time.'

He paused. He was talking almost to himself now. Mrs. Drew was afraid he would not continue.

'All my life,' the old man resumed, tilting his head and looking into the blue sky, 'I been follower ob de Lawd. He been wid me. Maus Huger gone. Redbird Hall gone. De place where I born gone. I ain' got no yearthly place, dat I love, to die in. T'ree year ago, September sebenteen, I go to de 'tracted meetin' at Ebenezer. I pray to de Lawd let me die in His house. Dat's de time I been struck. I lay 'tween de benches, dey tell me, twenty minutes 'fo' some o' de brethren foun' me an' ca'ied me outside. De Lawd doan' let me die outside. He hear my prayer dat much. Now, ev'y ebenin', I walks to Nehemiah Chu'ch, down de lane, and sets on de stoop. Ef I feel de Lawd call, I go inside. He ain' call yet.'

'Maybe you still have work to do here,' Mrs. Drew said. 'Would you like for me to bring you a basket of things after lunch?'

'Thanky, maum. Thanky.' Daddy Isaac's eye brightened, but his voice, scarcely more than a mumble, held weariness.

'What would you like most?'

'Anyt'ing, maum.' He managed a smile. 'Anyt'ing come in handy where dey ain' nothin'.'

Mrs. Drew stepped into the lane again and started toward the road. A few yards away she turned for a last glimpse. The ancient still stood, deep in reverie, by the cherry tree. He was aroused by her bright face, under the big hat.

'I mos'ly smokes Jawge Washin'ton,' he called.

III

Muttering at the children who pestered him, and gesturing with the poplar, Daddy Isaac made his way to his yard. Mary asked him eager questions, confident that 'de Ol' Man' had been 'politickin',' but his only response was to grumble under his breath about the inconsequence of women. He bowed his head to pass under the low lintel. Inside the cabin he lay down, clothed, on the varicolored quilt, faded to harmony, that covered the bed. In the cavernous fireplace, three or four small sticks smouldered among ashes. The fire was always kept burning.

Daddy Isaac never seemed to be warm enough, even in summer.

His body relaxed, inert, but his mind would not rest. The troubles of the Negroes on Camellia, Redbird Hall, Honey Tree, weighed heavily upon him. He was black-bitter in his heart toward Haynes, Joshua Burdon's superintendent.

As he lay suspended thus in reflection, it seemed only a few minutes until Mary whispered excitedly, 'Git up, Ol' Man. De lady d' come, wid er basket.'

Daddy Isaac was at the doorway, bobbing his head in welcome, when Mrs. Drew reached the gate. He contrived a queer noise in his throat, directed toward the chickens in the yard, and they scattered from the path.

'Take de basket, Ma'y, take de basket,' he commanded. 'What's de matter wid you?' He cast a vituperative eye at a few ragged pickaninnies who had gathered outside the fence. 'How come,' he inquired of his benefactress, 'you did n' set dat basket at de foot o' de lane and have some o' dese 'scallions fetch it for you? I 'clare, de chillun in dis street ain' wuth shootin'. Lettin' a lady ca'y a basket!'

'It's all right,' Mrs. Drew reassured him. 'I came most of the way in a car.'

Daddy Isaac hobbled down the one step to the ground and bowed the visitor in. Then he made the awkward ascent again, Mary pressing close behind with her burden. Mary's eyes gleamed; her face shone, a polished gargoyle. Every line of it showed that she had to fight hard to repress her voluble nature; nothing but fear of 'de Ol' Man' kept back a torrential flow of thanks.

''Scuse appearance, maum. 'Scuse appearance,' Daddy Isaac apologized, tugging at a chair whose parts were as heterogeneous as the fence outside.

Mrs. Drew took in with a quick glance this main chamber of the cabin. It needed repair worse than any habitation she had ever seen. She sensed the excitement in her hosts. Mary's consisted principally of greediness. She was unable to keep her eyes off the basket, and her hands washed themselves with eagerness. Daddy Isaac, in excellent control of himself, seemed to move in a trance. Watching him, Mrs. Drew had the illusion that the frail old fellow might suddenly disintegrate through internal combustion and disappear — pouf! — out of mortal ken, like a genie of Andrew Lang's.

'No, I can't stay,' Mrs. Drew declined the chair. 'The basket can wait till to-morrow. I'll come back to see if I forgot anything you need.'

'De Lawd bless you, maum,' Daddy Isaac said. 'I know He sent you.'

Mary escorted the guest through the gate and a few yards down the lane. 'Ohs' and 'Ahs' of gratitude, compliments and adjurations to the Lord for good fortune, bubbled from her lips. She nearly bobbed her head off. Daddy Isaac remained on the doorstep in patriarchal benediction. His lip curled at Mary's fawning, but he held his peace.

IV

Thanks over and benefactor sped, the contents of the basket were arrayed on the table in scattered profusion. Flour, sugar, salt, rice, coffee, bread, a pound of butter, — that was luxury! — canned soups, jellies, a dozen oranges. Four packs of George Washington. At the bottom was evidence that Mrs. Drew knew Negroes, or that she had been expertly advised: Daddy Isaac eyed with a sigh of satisfaction two generous slabs of salted and very fat bacon.

'Put a piece de side meat on to boil,' he commanded, 'an' some rice; an' make some sugar surrup.'

Mary freshened the fire and did as she was bid, while her husband lay again on the bed and watched the dust motes. He did not seem to care much whether he ate or not; yet he rose quickly enough when the meal was ready, and he did feel stronger with the food inside him.

As he had been eating, a fixed purpose had slowly formed in the old man's mind. If asked, he could not have given a reason for what he planned to do; it was simply that something drew him, irresistibly, where he was going. Mary, eyeing him with the wonder he habitually inspired in her, showed signs of distress when he set the battered fragment of felt hat on his head.

'Where you d' go?' she demanded. 'Dat sun buhn you up, Ol' Man. Better lay down an' res' yo'self some mo'.'

'I d' go out,' Daddy Isaac informed her with dignity, and hobbled his way to the gate. Mary watched him turn up the lane, away from the Neighborhood Road. Then she herself went worriedly to the gate and looked after him. Past the other cabins he made painful progress — erect, uncompromising in his bearing, head bowed no whit beneath the hot sun. Children and others called to him, but he did not answer. At the ruins of the former carriage house he turned again and disappeared from sight. Mary shook her head, went back into the cabin, and gave annihilating attention to a glass of grape jelly, muttering between mouthfuls.

The road that Daddy Isaac now traversed passed between a field of cotton and a field of corn. To the right, among a clump of trees, leaned the decaying remains of the cabin where he had been born; but he gave it neither glance nor thought. He was walking, now, on the land of Redbird Hall. A venerable scarecrow, animated by only as much motion as a child's toy running down, the old man dragged his feet through the dust till he came to a point where the road bent to the left to skirt an acre of plum trees, black and snaky-limbed with age, knotted, gnarled, untrimmed, once the pride of some horticulturist over whose grave South Carolina wild flowers now grew.

Daddy Isaac did not turn with the road. Instead, he directed his steps to the right, and entered another grove. Here, though the trees were not close together, grape and other woodland vines wove a leafy canopy overhead so that no ray of the sun came through. In this spot Daddy Isaac paused.

Before him the earth bore the outlines of haphazard mounds, irregularly placed. Some were new, others had worn away under Southern rains, and, instead of mounds, were now hollows, filled with last year's leaves. Time had obliterated many. A few wooden headboards lifted crude inscriptions, and scattered about were lares that would have interested an archæologist — favorite bits of colored glassware, razors, shaving mugs, plates, knives and forks, always the last medicine bottle and its accompanying spoon. This was God's Quarter Acre, a burying ground for the plantation Negroes.

In the verdant gloom, luminous yet dim, the old man did not look at the gound's pathetic relics. He knew the place well. For three years he had not attended funerals at any of the plantations, the excitement being adjudged too much for him, but he would often come here alone to meditate. The place was the last remaining link that bound him to the past. Every Negro born on Peedee is carried back, wherever he may die, and put to rest in his native soil. It is a privilege as old as the affiliation of white and black along the river.

Daddy Isaac raised his eyes to the

translucent green above. The foliage seemed to part before the penetration of his gaze, and once again he saw the river, bright with the barges of plantation owners coming to Prince Frederick's for Sunday service. There were as many as twelve paddlers to a craft, each master and his family at ease on a canopied dais, the men brilliantly uniformed. Those manning the largest boat were liveried in white and gold; as a boy, Daddy Isaac had always envied the six-foot Gullah who was coxswain to that crew.

Then the old man saw himself, in no mean uniform of blue, with a whip in his hand, seated high on a carriage at the creek landing before Redbird Hall. Here, with neighborly courtesy, Maus Huger made all from up and down the river his guests; had them driven grandly to Prince Frederick's, and welcomed them back to dinner.

Other pictures passed through the old man's mind. A day on Waccamaw Neck, when, only a boy, he had gone as footman with Maus Huger to Brook Green, to await news of 'Young Maus,' who was defending the beach at Pawley's Island against a Federal landing party. Ol' Maus and Colonel Widdecomb, master of Brook Green, standing at the big gate and staring down the dusty road. A rider who came waving his hat. Then, the slow and grimy march of the gray-clad men, weary from three days of fighting, but happy because they had repulsed the attack. Young Maus laughing, with his right sleeve empty. The great dinner served at Brook Green that night to one hundred and thirty guests, with gleaming gold plate and foreign wines. Ol' Maus unable to take his eyes off Young Maus's empty sleeve.

Many feasts and much gleaming tableware illumined a succession of visions, replacing the branches and lianas of the unpretentious burying ground: gardens bright with magnolia, japonica, azalea; gracious women who spoke to Daddy Isaac with the same grave kindliness they accorded their children; fine horses, bright harness; rice barns a-chatter with the excitement of harvest; the light laughter and dancing eyes of the young wife he had had long before he knew Mary.

Daddy Isaac stood among his people until the visions faded. Then he made his way slowly back to the road and plodded homeward, a scarecrow toy with faulty spring, under the hot sun.

V

Mary was informed of her husband's approach by one of Gatson's children. 'Ol' Man d' come!' the breathless urchin called through the cabin door, and then stood there ogling the oranges on the table. Mary shooed him away with impatient skirts, and hung over the gate until Daddy Isaac came up. His appearance did not reassure her. There was a grayishness about his face; the rims of his eyes were red; he breathed heavily.

The exaltation he had experienced at Redbird burying ground had passed off and given place to a nervous, irritating preoccupation with his own troubles and those of his neighbors — the perennial enigma of Joshua Burdon, remote, and Joshua Burdon's superintendent, at hand, in authority. And there were new physical pains that harried him.

Daddy Isaac made another meal of side meat. He noticed the empty jelly glass, demanded if there was another, and emptied it. He filled his pipe with fresh, pungent tobacco and lit it with a splinter from the fire. Then he reached again for his battered hat.

Mary watched him anxiously. 'Cain' you res' yo'self, nohow?' she asked uneasily.

'I d' go set awhile Nehemiah,' he explained quietly.

The journey to Redbird had worn away the afternoon. Long fingers of light now slanted from the west, but the feel of evening was in the air. The hush that divides the life of the day from the life of the night had settled upon the earth. Daddy Isaac made slower progress than usual through the glade to Neighborhood Road. Before he reached it, the sun had already dropped below the horizon. He eased himself laboriously to the church steps, and, as always in that place, a measure of peace stole over him.

He had not been sitting there long when a man came walking briskly up the road from the direction of Honey Tree and the Georgetown Highway. Daddy Isaac's keen ears told him that the tread was not that of Haynes, nor would Haynes be coming from that direction. As the walker emerged from the shadows into the open space before the church, the light from the sun's afterglow revealed to Daddy Isaac a small man past middle age, with a neatly trimmed moustache; he carried his hat in his hand, and his bald head gleamed rosily against the dark background of the trees. Daddy Isaac identified him immediately, and rose to his feet. At the same instant a project that was daring, almost fantastic, born of the energy that had kept him going all day, took possession of the old man's mind.

'Maus Burdon!' he called, in a voice at once persuasive and keyed high with excitement. 'Maus Burdon! Could you, please, Maus, step dis way jus' one secon'?'

Joshua Burdon turned and came toward the church.

'Is it good for you to be out with the dew about to fall?' he asked pleasantly, still trying to recall where he had seen this old darky.

Daddy Isaac paid no attention to the inquiry. He was in desperate haste. Any moment might be too late.

'You doan' know me, Maus Burdon,' the words tumbled forth, 'but I knows you. Talked wid you once, two year 'go. You done promise fix my roof. Ne' min' that. My name Laseigne — Isaac Laseigne. White folks' ways is white folks' ways, and cullud folks' is cullud folks'. I doan mix in white folks' business. But dis time I got t'ings inform you is business o' white an' black. My business, lots folks' business, yo' business, too. Please, Maus Burdon, I wants you, please, do somethin' fo' me.'

'Why,' said Burdon, a little doubtful at this torrent, 'if you'll take up whatever is worrying you with Mr. Haynes, the superintendent —'

'Please, Maus Burdon, please!' Daddy Isaac nearly fell off the step. 'I'm goan show you mo' bout yo' 'fairs on Peedee dan you learn in all de time you own de plantations.'

'What do you want me to do?' the Northerner asked. There was a compelling quality in this ancient that he could not withstand.

Daddy Isaac pointed a trembling finger toward the open door of the church. Even as he did so, his ears detected a familiar sound up the road to the left. Another minute and it would be too late.

'I want you d' go in dere,' he whispered hoarsely, and emphasized the urgency of his request by hobbling up to the doorway and extending his arm inside. 'Quick, Maus Burdon, quick! Jus' step in here, and doan say nothin', and listen. Please, Maus, please.'

Joshua Burdon had been making quick decisions all his life. He had never declined a proffer of information about any of his projects. He was known, in the East, as a good listener.

This old darky who accosted him so strangely spoke with conviction; it could do no harm to humor him. Without hesitation Burdon stepped past the old man into Nehemiah Church and blended with the shadows inside.

Daddy Isaac fought for breath, fought for balance, fought to clear his brain for the second act of the drama he had conceived. Third acts he left to God.

VI

It was Haynes who came down the road from the left. Daddy Isaac had recognized his footsteps. The Negro's voice was propitiatory as he called out: 'Evenin', Mista Haynes, evenin'. I likes ax you somethin'.'

'Well, what is it?' The heavy-set figure of the superintendent drew near and paused.

'You remember, 'bout two year ago, I d' go up Honey Tree an' ax Maussa Burdon fix my roof?'

'Yes.' Haynes's anger rose. 'And I remember what I told you afterward. Mr. Burdon does n't want niggers hanging round, and it's my job to keep them away. If you go up there again, I'll throw you off Camellia. I told you that then, and I tell you now for the last time.'

Daddy Isaac, standing on the top step, drew himself up even straighter than his normal carriage. His veins seemed bursting with the enormity of the offense he was about to commit.

'T'ief!' he shrilled. 'T'ief! You t'iefs f'om de cullud folks. You t'iefs f'om Maus Burdon. He tol' me he goan give you de money fo' my roof. I b'lieves he gi' it to you. I b'lieves he gi' you lots money fo' de Quarters. Not a cabin been fix in all dese year. Not a good meal been et on Redbird, Camellia, Honey Tree, since you been 'tendent. You t'iefs wages, you t'iefs —'

There was only one way to answer this, and Haynes leaped quickly up the steps, his heavy hand raised, his fist clenched.

Daddy Isaac did not flinch. His eyes looked steadily into those of the white man; yet a change came over the expression of those eyes, and Haynes, seeing the change in close proximity, stayed his hand.

The Negro started to fall forward and, trying to check himself, stabbed wildly in the air with his poplar staff. His feet went out from under him; the staff clattered down the steps; and he fell, thumping, across the threshold.

Haynes bent over and pulled roughly at Daddy Isaac's shirt. He made as if to kick the motionless figure; but the singular inertness of that body which had been so vigorous, so insolent, a moment before made him pause. Instead, he exhaled his breath sharply in contempt, then turned on his heel and strode away down the road.

A minute or so later, Joshua Burdon appeared out of the shadows of the church. He, too, bent over the old Negro, and felt above the heart. Then he stepped carefully over the prostrate figure and slowly retraced his way toward Honey Tree. He made no effort to catch up with Haynes. He was not yet ready to talk to him. He wanted to have his thoughts marshaled into clear, definite, and final form for that conversation.

All the stars came out, in a sky that swam with blue. The lively small sounds of night swished in the trees and grass. A full moon poured light, as from a yellow bowl, into Camellia Lane.

Daddy Isaac's legs sprawled over the steps of Nehemiah Church, where they would be seen when Mary, or Gatson's children, came presently to look. But the head and shoulders of the old man lay across the threshold where he had prayed to be, in the house of God.

PRESIDENT LOWELL AND HIS INFLUENCE

BY FREDERICK P. KEPPEL

I

SINCE Abbott Lawrence Lowell became president of Harvard University in 1909, there have been great changes in American college education, and this article is an attempt to estimate Mr. Lowell's share in those changes.

The influence of any single institution in a broad movement is never easy to trace, and even more confusing is the attempt to separate the activities of a president from those of his academic associates. In many universities this particular task of analysis would be easier than at Harvard, because the president has come from the outside, bringing with him experiences and ideas which stand out in contrast against the traditions and habits of thought of the institution itself. The Association of American Universities is made up of some thirty institutions. In ten, including Chicago, Cornell, Illinois, Yale, and Wisconsin, the president is not a graduate of the university, nor was he a professor there at the time of his election. In nine, including Minnesota and Iowa, he was a faculty member but not an alumnus; in two, an alumnus but not a teacher. With Columbia, Stanford, Northwestern, Harvard falls into a third group of nine, with a president who is both an alumnus and a former faculty member.

In addition to the A.B. of Harvard College, received in 1877, Mr. Lowell's only other degree in course was earned in the Harvard Law School. His faculty experience was gained entirely at Harvard. As a Bostonian of the Bostonians, moreover, he represents both racially and culturally that element in her make-up from which Harvard derives her peculiar flavor.

As the record of events is set forth in the Reports to the Overseers from the *Ave* in 1909 to the *Vale* of 1932, it is clear that in nearly every part of his educational empire President Lowell has been willing to play the part of the constitutional monarch. For Harvard College, however, he promptly assumed the portfolio of Prime Minister, and it is in the College that we must seek, and there that we shall find, the chief evidences of his personal influence.

The ideas about education which a man brings to the presidency are likely to be at least as influential upon his conduct as the impressions he receives afterward. An undergraduate who made himself the best distance runner in college and who won highest honors in mathematics may be assumed to have developed an unwillingness to limit education to the classroom and a belief in competition as an educational factor. In the years following Mr. Lowell's graduation, he evidently gave much more serious thought than the average alumnus to college problems. While a practising lawyer in Boston he wrote a curiously prophetic article for the *Harvard Monthly* on the Elective System, and a paper on Col-

lege Dormitories in the *Alumni Magazine* somewhat later is significant as revealing very definite ideas as to the influence of living conditions upon the all-round development of the student.

When he returned to the University in 1897, he achieved prompt success as a lecturer, and had abundant opportunity to get into touch with students. As a professor, he took an active part in the counsels of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences. Meanwhile, in his preparation for *The Government of England*, he had both reason and opportunity to familiarize himself with conditions in the two universities which have exerted so profound an influence upon English public life, and what he found at Oxford and Cambridge has clearly its place in the formation of his educational ideas.

I suspect that Mr. Lowell may have had something to do with the selection of Woodrow Wilson, then president of Princeton, as Phi Beta Kappa speaker at Harvard in 1909. Certainly this selection guaranteed one powerful plea for the intellectual life of the College. His own informal address to the alumni at the same Commencement dealt with the task of making men realize the value of a college education. He insisted that college tests should measure power, natural and acquired, and, far more difficult, that the students should be convinced that such tests are valid for the purpose.

He had himself delivered the Phi Beta Kappa address at Columbia a few weeks earlier, and had compared conditions in the United States and England. Here, largely by the free use of competition, athletics had, in the esteem both of undergraduates and of the community at large, 'beaten scholarship out of sight.' In England, on the other hand, students and community alike were firmly persuaded that success in life was closely connected with high honors at graduation. These three addresses were the opening guns of his campaign, to be followed a few months later by the formal inaugural address, in which the new president, making no bones about ignoring the rest of the University, proposed that in Harvard College 'we now deliberately set ourselves to make a home for the spirit of learning.'

Mr. Lowell, then, came to his post with a definite objective; moreover, he saw his way clear as to what to do. The way was in fact much clearer than would have been the case had he been taking office at either of the universities which Harvard recognizes as rivals. At Yale, faculty brakes are more powerful than at any other American university, and neither at Yale nor elsewhere was the faculty ready to press for the reforms needed. Princeton, for the moment, was once more a battlefield, where alumni interests, always more powerful when based on love rather than on knowledge, were predominant and profoundly suspicious of any further tinkering with the beloved Alma Mater. Harvard, on the other hand, was ready for action. The Committee on the Improvement of College Instruction, of which the new president had been a member, had presented its famous report, and the academic community had by this time digested the startling findings as to the minute quantity of work actually required for the Harvard A.B. and was eager to improve the situation.

Others might (and later did) approach the task of improving the intellectual climate by roundabout methods, through measurement of ability and accomplishment, or by inquiry into the psychology of the individual and the group, but the president of Harvard characteristically went straight to the point. While C remained the gentleman's mark, Harvard would remain

the home of the gentleman *or* the scholar, not of the gentleman *and* the scholar; and his first attack was upon the minds of the students themselves. Shrewdly recognizing that C had never been the gentleman's mark in the professional school, the new president applied the statistical method to demonstrate the fallacy of the widely accepted notion that a gifted man could safely loaf in college and then buckle down to distinguished work in the Law School or the Medical School.

The first of the basic steps in the reorganization of the College came within a year after his inauguration — the change from a system of practically free electives to the plan of concentration and distribution he had himself foreshadowed twenty years previously. To judge by my own experience in such matters, faculty changes in the curriculum inevitably spell compromise, and I am sure that compromise was not what the new president was after. At any rate, the steps which followed have been essentially administrative in character. So far as they were mandatory, as in the case of the reading periods, they bore upon all departments alike, but where they might touch departmental susceptibilities, as in the type of examination or the employment of tutors, they were optional. In my judgment, the success of Mr. Lowell's efforts has been due in considerable measure to the wisdom of this policy, which accepted professorial habits of thought not as perhaps they ought to be, but as they are.

II

Let us now go rapidly over the record itself, as the president in his twenty-three annual reports has presented it. There is little space for direct quotation, but I have tried to follow his own words as closely as possible. The first announces that this break from unrestricted election is only a preliminary step. More must be done to shatter that contentment with mediocrity which is the greatest danger facing the College. For a year or so, there are few references to the curriculum, but an attack is opened upon living conditions, the need of freshman dormitories, the concentration of seniors, and more careful attention to dining halls.

In 1912 we have the first statement regarding comprehensive examinations, which the president calls a more radical change in educational practice than anything the University has done for many years. In his own Division of History, Government, and Economics, he reports the provision of tutors as a logical accompaniment of the new system of examinations. Succeeding reports deal with the students' use of English, and with questions of student exercise and hygiene. The outstanding event in 1915 is the opening of the Widener Library, with greatly improved reading facilities.

In the following year, his own contention that too many courses were being offered in Harvard College is supported by student opinion, reading being regarded by the students as more important than either discussion or lectures. The Report of 1917 contains Mr. Lowell's courageous pronouncement regarding academic freedom, a statement which cleared the air at a time of hysterical tension; and without academic freedom there can be no satisfactory intellectual life in a college. In the War Report of 1918, the president points a moral for normal times as to the all-roundness of mental, moral, and physical responsibility. Later on he records the adoption throughout the College of the principle of the comprehensive final examination; and, the good effects of community life having been demonstrated in the freshman

halls, he sets forth plans which would continue these conditions under University control beyond the freshman year.

The Report of 1922 presents the results of the general examinations, based on experience with more than one thousand students, and discusses the art of the examination and its disciplinary, informational, and potential values. The real cost of examinations is shown to be the load they place upon faculty shoulders, and the functions of the tutor are discussed.

Discussing in 1923 the possible necessity of limiting enrollment, he finds the idea not agreeable, for he sees no form of competitive test which would provide the student body Harvard wants. There is a return to the distinction between raising the minimum requirements and 'lifting to excellence the capable who are indolent or uninterested.' He examines and rejects as not adapted to the American college the separate curriculum for candidates for honors, believing it better to emphasize the degree with distinction for work in the regular programme.

In the following year, he again deplores the inefficiency of college preparation: 'Anyone who has taught freshmen is aware that they cannot read books.' He returns also to the evils of 'eating around.' This report is significant as revealing a growing interest in the opportunities for advanced study, an interest which has culminated in the recently announced system of junior fellowships. This is a logical extension of his ideas for the undergraduates; indeed, since the Fellows are to live in the Houses, they will play their part in the College scheme. Only the limits of space hold me to this passing reference, for nothing is dearer to the president's heart just now.

The keynote of the 1926 Report is the problem of impressing upon the undergraduates a sense of the vital importance of studies which lead, so far as they can see, to no immediate tangible results: 'The imponderables are the most valuable but the least visible of things.'

In 1927 comes a new major step, the establishment of reading periods, to occupy seven weeks of the academic year. The importance of the community life is developed further, with comments upon the creation of a new spirit among the students of the Medical School as a result of group residence. In the year following, the president grows more specific as to his plans for Houses, and in 1929, provision having meanwhile been made by the princely gift of Mr. Harkness for bringing the dream into reality, the plans are developed still further. To him the Houses are to be a social device for a moral purpose — 'a great experiment, in some respects the greatest tried since the College was founded.' In the valedictory Report of 1931–1932, the president reviews the basic steps: concentration and distribution in the place of unrestricted election, freshman dormitories, general examinations, tutors, reading periods, the Houses — seven of them in operation less than three years from the time of the original suggestion!

This rapid survey has given the broad lines of development, but it fails to tell the whole story, for the reports are rich in obiter dicta which not only round out the picture of the changes in the College, but incidentally reveal the personality of the man chiefly responsible for them. The writer evidently takes a keen delight in the details of building construction; he has a New Englander's respect for money, all discussions as to fees being of a uniform solemnity; he has his pet educational *bêtes noires:* psychological tests, vocational intrusions of any sort, such as the telescoping of the professional

course into the college. The make-up of the entering class is closely watched from year to year, including the effects of changes in admission requirements, the details of school preparation and of geographic distribution. The president observes with satisfaction that increase in fees proves no discouragement to applicants, but the average age at entrance is far too high in his judgment. There are constant references to the effect of the successive steps in his programme upon the student body: a steady drop in the proportion of men taking the degree in less than four years; fewer men on probation; a growing percentage of those taking the degree with distinction; better health conditions; a drop in the week-end exodus. Some of these, such as the reference to the passing of the Gold Coast, are strong in local color. The fact that eleven out of twenty-four class officers took their degrees with distinction in 1924 is a source of particular presidential satisfaction. We find pleas to alumni and parents to give their support in inculcating business-like habits on those students whose object seems to be not so much to obtain as to evade an education: 'To learn — and, for that matter, to graduate — is an active and not a passive verb.' On the other hand, there are appreciative references to student co-operation, and full credit is given to the influence of the Student Council. College athletics are treated with sympathy and with understanding of their place in the scheme of undergraduate life. There is joy in the recounting of an educational contest with Yale, and in evidences of the spread of Harvard doctrine at Bowdoin and Dartmouth.

III

Other presidents have been keenly interested in stimulating the intellectual life of the undergraduate, but in the face of student traditionalism, faculty inertia, and the doubts and fears of alumni, they have failed to make their ideas prevail. Even Woodrow Wilson, despite incredible effort, won nothing better than a stalemate. In Mr. Lowell's case, there must be some factors to be reckoned with beyond his own earnestness and the merits of his proposals. Let me indicate what seems to me to be the reason, or rather the combination of reasons, why he has had such unique success in getting his own way.

A modern university is a pretty complicated place; decisions of all sorts must be made, and made promptly. With the best will in the world, few university presidents have found the detachment of mind and heart for a study of the undergraduate and his ways. Harvard College was fortunate both in the president's willingness to give a free hand to his associates in the professional schools and in his capacity to turn off necessary executive work rapidly, easily, and competently. He has the gift of quick decision, and he profits more fully by what he hears than many a more patient listener. One task which has broken the spirit of so many of his contemporaries Mr. Lowell has left almost wholly to others, — the task of raising money, — and, as all the world knows, he has had no reason to be dissatisfied with the results. While scrupulous in his attention to outside activities for which he has accepted a responsibility, he has consistently refused to be tempted into that morass of obligations, mostly trivial, which consume so much of the time and energy of other university presidents.

And, finally, a president is not merely a collection of educational ideas and administrative habits; he is a human being, and on the humanness of his being depends in large measure

that most potent of all factors, the indefinable quality of leadership. In spite of a late start, he had made a fine reputation as a teacher, *The Government of England* had won him a secure place as a productive scholar, and it would be an affectation to ignore the prestige which comes at Harvard — and elsewhere — from an assured position in the Brahmin caste. The very fact that his extra-presidential activities were limited in number has added to their influence — his conscientious direction of the affairs of the Lowell Institute in Boston, his contribution to the New York Constitutional Convention of 1915, his chairmanship of the Commission on Medical Education. Even the Sacco-Vanzetti Report, although disappointing to perhaps the majority of academic readers, never raised the slightest question of Mr. Lowell's devotion to duty as he saw it.

Without being in the least what people call picturesque, Mr. Lowell nevertheless makes a picture. His personality is vivid, he does things with gusto — when he writes, what he says has a characteristic pungency of phrase. A system of tutors without comprehensive examinations — as at Princeton — is to him 'a football field with no goal posts.' A rapid desk worker, he has been far less closely tied to that article of furniture than most executives. Every Harvard man of his time and every frequent visitor to the University as well must have seen him, his noncommittal suit set off by a crimson cravat, his soft felt hat just on the verge of being disreputable, bearing across the Yard, head down, at a pace which put the sauntering undergraduate to shame.

IV

However we may account for them, there can be no question as to the striking character of the changes in Harvard College, nor as to the general satisfaction of president, faculty, students, and alumni regarding their effect. The Overseers' Minute adopted upon Mr. Lowell's resignation recognizes his purpose to quicken the student's interest in things of the mind and to cultivate his understanding. It credits him with certain definite measures to the furtherance of that end. 'By pressing their adoption confidently, persistently, and with skill, he has now seen all of them applied . . . and it has been brought about during his administration that the college undergraduate of to-day works harder and graduates better-equipped than did his predecessor twenty-five or more years ago.' That the transformation had been nearly a quarter of a century in the making disturbed no one. Newer institutions — Chicago, for example — might transform their colleges overnight, but not Harvard.

But this article is intended to be an appraisal, not a panegyric, and I must face the ungracious task of inquiring whether there are some entries to be made in the debit column. Here, perforce, I leave the safe ground of the record for the treacherous terrain of personal impressions. For what it may be worth, it is my belief that, under any other president whom the Harvard Corporation might have selected and the Overseers approved, the University would have retained its unique prestige, would have added to its wealth, would have made important contributions to scholarship, would have continued to turn out Harvard men bearing the authentic stamp. Some of the more striking developments of the period seem to have depended in only slight degree upon presidential initiative and direction — as, for example, the rapid growth of the Graduate School of Business Administration, and the extraor-

dinary activities in the arts, centring around the Fogg Museum. Probably the progress of the great schools of Law and Medicine would not have been markedly different, though another president, with special interests and capacities, might have changed Harvard's relative standing in some other professional field — Engineering, Architecture, Education, or Dentistry.

Certainly there has been no lack of scrupulous attention to detail throughout the complex mechanism of the institution, but there may not have been sufficient play of constructive imagination over the University as a whole, not enough of that balancing of values which can be made only by the man at the centre. To be specific, another man with equal ability and energy might have concentrated his efforts and his powers of leadership upon raising the intellectual quality of the faculty, rather than of the student body. For the professor, Harvard is, from her very prestige, what is known locally as a 'final club.' Few of her teachers would consider a call to another institution. Furthermore, there is not the demand for new appointments which comes with rapidly rising enrollment. For these reasons, kindly promotion of the good but clearly not the great is doubly dangerous, and there is double need for the most scrupulous care in selecting the relatively few to be called to professorships from the outside. Not a few friends of the University feel that, despite many first-rate promotions and new appointments, Harvard's share of men of outstanding scholarly distinction has dropped rather than risen since the turn of the century. I have made some inquiry as to the preferences of the winners of fellowships, both foreign and domestic, and find the picture to be quite uneven. In certain fields Harvard is, with practical unanimity, the first choice; in others she is rarely included among the first three. On balance, it would seem fair to say that Harvard is still *princeps*, but no longer *facile princeps*.

It is quite possible that Mr. Lowell himself, having decided that he could not do everything, has counted this cost and pursued his course with his eyes open. He is quite frankly more interested in the urbane scholar of the British type, who will charm and stimulate the undergraduate, than in the authority of the multiple-footnote variety, who might prove more useful to the candidate for the doctorate. And, after all, Harvard is not for a day or for a generation, and something must be left to one's successor.

V

My other debit entry is of a wholly different character. It concerns Harvard College, the very part of the University to which the president has given such devoted attention. To get a sense of proportion as to what has been happening there, we must turn for a moment to the other colleges in the United States.

During the years from 1909 to our entry into the war, any serious attention to the quality of undergraduate work was a rare phenomenon. The separate colleges were more concerned with new buildings and winning teams, and the universities both with these objectives and with the problems of the professional schools. Nearly everywhere, numbers were rising, gifts were flowing in, alumni were being trained to shout in unison. The product of the college factories found ready purchasers, and few saw any reason to worry. There were exceptions here and there. Princeton has already been mentioned; Columbia was engaged upon a fundamental reorganization of

its undergraduate work; the stronger women's colleges were pressing steadily forward; Reed College in Oregon was a forerunner of the experimental college of to-day. One or two individual voices were raised in criticism of current conditions, and an intercollegiate movement of some significance arose from the discovery by interested fraternity alumni that high academic mortality in any chapter soon results in financial insolvency. Generally speaking, however, the attitude was one of amazing complacency, considering the conditions under which thousands of young men and women were investing four of the most precious years of their lives. Meanwhile, at Harvard, Mr. Lowell pressed steadily forward toward his objective in all the 'modesty of his confidence,' to borrow a phrase from a review of *The Government of England*.

Then came the eighteen months of the war, with its immediate after-effects, confused and painful in the colleges as elsewhere, and not for a year or more did the colleges resume their normal activities. From then on, there have been countless reorganizations of curricula; the introduction of new techniques, statistical and other; experiments of every kind, all for the purpose of bracing up the college. For the first time there has been constant outside scrutiny. Most foundation gifts and not a few from individuals have been based on more or less searching examination. Religious denominations have surveyed the institutions under their wings; the National Research Council has been active, and so have the Association of American Colleges and the various regional bodies, notably the North Central Association. The resulting changes in educational procedure have centred around three matters: flexibility in the organization of material, including orientation and survey courses, integrated programmes for honors; the influence of entrance tests designed to reveal general intelligence as contrasted with specific preparation, and objective examinations designed to measure progress more accurately; the attempt to understand not only the mind but the whole personality of the individual student, as a basis for guiding his steps intelligently rather than forcing him by statute and regulation to follow certain paths.

Such interests and activities have developed a number of specific plans for the improvement of college instruction, some of which are now in very general use. The outsider cannot say to what degree these have been considered at Harvard; the record shows the degree to which they have not been adopted. Harvard apparently had selected her own line of country and was pursuing her course, deaf to cries of view-halloo to right or to left. It would be tedious to go into detail, but some characteristic instances must be set down.

Harvard sincerely regards the individual student and not the curriculum as the centre of things, but other colleges have gone much further in finding ways to adjust the curriculum to the individual. It is easy to laugh at the crudities still to be found in the modern testing programme, but it is also easy to overlook the possibility, through accurate comparative measurement, of providing a more reliable basis for intellectual competition than anything Harvard has as yet developed. Nor is it only a question of the new techniques; Jesuit colleges, for example, might contribute much from their long experience in the framing of examinations, as might the French system of public instruction, with its insistence upon the organization of material and the art of presentation.

Let us admit that functional administration has been overdone in many

institutions. Nevertheless it has a place in the picture to the degree that it provides competent service for the student at the time of his admission, in his adjustment to a new environment, in the use of the library, in the care of his physical and mental health, in the choosing of a career and entering upon it. Harvard, relying so largely upon the part-time service of teachers, is paying less, I am sure, for its administrative services than many another institution, and may be giving less to its students.

Harvard has, in effect, superimposed the English system of examinations upon the American pattern of classroom instruction, a highly difficult proceeding. She has exchanged tutors with the English universities, but the record fails to show the degree to which she has sought guidance nearer home. While she has more Rhodes scholars in the faculty than any other American university, twenty in all, there is no evidence that she has systematically drawn on the group for their unique experience. There are also the numerous professors, including many of our most distinguished teachers, whose undergraduate days were spent in Canadian colleges, under an interesting and, to judge by the results, a very effective modification of the British system.

Most significant of all, perhaps, have been the steps toward an organic unification of the work of the individual in school and college, which, if successful, would provide a cure for many of the difficulties to which Mr. Lowell calls attention in his reports. For several years fundamental studies have been in progress in this field, and proposals have been formulated for experimental revisions in present practice, based upon research, and to be conducted under careful supervision. To-day there are just two colleges which refuse to modify their own machinery of admission in the interest of the nation-wide experiments now being carried forward to improve the relations between secondary schools and colleges, and Harvard is one of them.

VI

I am not trying to prove too much. Certain schemes would cancel one another as alternative courses of action; others which have been found effective elsewhere would be wholly unsuited to conditions at Harvard; but the list is so long and the contrast between the Harvard way of doing things and the plans in successful operation elsewhere is so sharp that one is forced to the conclusion that Harvard has a very definite preference for developing her own ideas and an unwillingness to test out the ideas of others. The question arises whether Harvard is not minding her own business too well for her own good, whether she is really as different from other colleges as she appears to think. I might be more charitable in my judgment were it only a question of colleges where economic and other conditions are as different from those at Cambridge as, let us say, Antioch or Rollins, but this does not tell the whole story.

In concentration upon the problem of the scholar and the gentleman, Harvard has been overlooking the steps taken at the great women's colleges to solve the closely related problem of the scholar and the lady. Recent happenings at coeducational colleges like Oberlin and Swarthmore might also be studied — and, I hasten to add, not because they have to do with coeducation, for Harvard, like Oxford, is a little touchy on this point, in view of the increasing number of young ladies to be seen about the place. The university colleges at Columbia and

Chicago, which present problems even closer in character to those at Cambridge, are encouraging students to prove by examination their right to enter courses which will really test their powers, and have done much in other ways to break down the academic lockstep. Closer still come Dartmouth, which has gone much further than Harvard in relieving the serious senior from classroom attendance, and Princeton, which, in her new (and this time unheralded) intellectual renaissance, has revived the senior thesis with satisfactory results.

It is not easy to see why Harvard should institutionally be so isolated. Her faculty men are active in the network of our national learned and professional societies. It is n't a matter of faculty inbreeding. The present dean of the College, for example, was never a Harvard undergraduate. The deans in Law and Medicine were neither undergraduates nor professional students of the University, and the same is true of many of the most distinguished figures in the faculty. More, I think, than at any other university in the country, it is Harvard which transforms the newcomer, rather than the other way round.

This insulation from what is being thought and what is being done elsewhere has had two results. One is that the Harvard undergraduate must have missed something, perhaps a good deal, which has proved of value to his contemporaries in other colleges. The other has to do with Harvard's own influence upon other institutions. Let me quote again from the Minute of the Overseers: 'We all believe that this institution serves the country not only by giving excellent opportunities for training and study to the youths who enroll in its various departments, but by showing how educational methods can be improved and cultural standards can be raised. . . . The influence of the innovations which have just been enumerated has already extended itself widely. . . . It tends to reënforce a faith . . . in the importance of cultural as distinguished from vocational education.' It is open to serious question, however, whether this influence is as great as it should be or as it might have been. One friend of mine, a man of broad experience, goes so far as to say that Harvard College has had practically no influence upon American education during the past twenty-five years. 'They have,' he adds, 'consistently built up their splendid way of doing things and their very fine technique and morale entirely from the inside, and with disregard, to put it mildly, for any opinions or studies that emanate from more than ten miles west of Boston.' This need not be taken literally, but it represents a point of view held much more widely than is realized at Cambridge.

To be sure, there are counterbalancing advantages which come from a tendency to disregard what others may think. No other institution would have had the sang-froid to publish, as Harvard did in 1904, that its degree could be had at an average price of three and one-half hours' study per week outside the classroom — but the announcement of that unpalatable truth rang the knell for the old era. Harvard's imperviousness, furthermore, has made for steadiness of progress. Certain institutions are so susceptible to impressions from the outside, so easily diverted by passing winds of doctrine, that in them no single plan ever gets a chance to demonstrate its value. Harvard may like to do things her own way, but even the friend I have cited admits that the results are good.

Another friend, also of wide experience, points to the spread of comprehensive examinations as evidence of

the direct force of Harvard's example; but this spread has been chiefly in connection with the separate honors programmes which Harvard herself has declined to establish. Harvard, furthermore, is blessed with financial resources which provide teachers on relatively generous salaries and a generous ratio of teachers to students. She has received great gifts for special purposes, such as the Houses. No wonder her steps are hard for other institutions to follow. When we turn from details to the Harvard programme as a whole, it is clear that this stands out not as embodying techniques which have been developed elsewhere, not as representing the consensus of thoughtful opinion throughout the country — far from it, but rather as the contribution of a highly selected and relatively homogeneous group, armed with native intelligence as contrasted with special training, and to an unusual degree rich in social experience, a factor which is tied into the whole educative process in ways we do not yet see clearly. Here again is a combination of factors which would be difficult if not impossible to duplicate elsewhere.

Despite the chilling effects of Harvard's institutional introversion, despite the financial difficulties in following her example, Harvard has already exerted, and will continue to exert, an influence which, though indirect, is both powerful and salutary. For the senior American college, with its distinguished place in the history of our country, with its power to attract our élite, to have succeeded in making learning not merely respectable but honorable cannot fail to have its effect upon thousands of our young people, the thoughtful and the thoughtless alike. Here, and not in the merits of the specific devices adopted, do we find the true significance of Harvard's contribution.

VII

In conclusion, let me turn once more to the president. In tracing the details of reorganization, I made no attempt to separate the man from the institution, but when it comes to judging broad results it is not hard to assign the chief credit to the man. Here we have a well-rounded and understandable scheme. Whether the individual steps are the best conceivable may be doubted, but they certainly fit into a coherent whole, and coherence is never achieved by faculty action; for it we must look to individual leadership.

Mr. Lowell's contribution stands out for all to see. During a period when the interest of other universities was concentrated upon professional and graduate work, when the separate colleges were largely committed to physical expansion, here was one man for whom the intellectual life of the undergraduate was of absorbing interest, and who pressed for the improvement of that life with unremitting tenacity of purpose. He had from the first a clear-cut picture of his objective; a moral fire as to its importance, which, instead of growing dim with the passing years, has burned ever brighter; administrative capacity rare in a man of his type; willingness to forgo opportunities to be seen and heard in extra-presidential activities; and finally a gallant obstinacy in refusing to be diverted. If ever a university president kept his eye on the ball, it has been the retiring president of Harvard.

It is of course too soon to pass judgment upon his permanent place among university presidents. Time alone can furnish the necessary perspective. But that the record of his administration will furnish one of the most interesting and stimulating chapters in the history of college education, there can be no question.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

Rain, Steam, and Speed

Perhaps we look for our poets in the wrong places. Or perhaps our poets have not the right sort of education.

There was a short news item the other day that told of a genuine poet — at least a man with the right sort of soul to be one. Probably he never left a line of verse. And no doubt much of the lovely language, the epicurean taste for the exact flavor of a word, was beyond his experience. The only document he left that I know of was a will. I have not read even that. No doubt it had many pompous legal terms — a lawyer or a trust officer would see to that.

But amid the mass of commonplace bequests there was a request that the ashes of the deceased be scattered along the right of way of the Pennsylvania Railroad near Harrisburg. For the man had been a locomotive engineer on that division.

There is a school of thought that would put this man down as a robot, so chained to the machine that he had no life apart from it. He would be counted among the tragedies produced by an industrial civilization. No doubt his intellectual interests were narrow, and his artistic tastes deplorable. His favorite piece of literature may well have been 'Casey Jones, the Brave Engineer.'

The very fact that a man is a locomotive engineer proves that he has spent most of his life on the railroad. Unlike a President of the United States, he must undergo long training to prove his fitness. He is also a kind of artist. Automatic signals and safety devices may cause the art to decline like so many others, but the writer of this testament belonged to the great tradition. When he served his apprenticeship at the fire door, there were no automatic stokers. An air hole in his fire meant loss of steam pressure, and curses from the engineer. He had to learn to recognize that trouble by ear as well as eye.

When he finally graduated to the cab, there was no row of colored lights inside, like those on a department store elevator. Through smoke or fog he had to pick out of the night just which of the flickering oil lanterns were his signals.

Narrow he may have been, but he was no robot. A bit ago I called him a poet, or, rather, a man with the soul of a poet. I believe he was. For his last wish is more than the mark of a man merely skillful in handling an air brake, or spotting a red lantern. I cannot, for instance, imagine an employee in the Ford plant writing such a will.

I believe that the old man was thinking not only in terms of machinery, although he must have had some understanding of its poetry. The rhythm of a well-tuned machine, the split-second timing of valves set just right, must have been in his blood. It is that sense of rhythm that enables the engineer to gauge the speed of a train, even when he is riding in the coach as a passenger. And rhythm is no small part of poetry, some of our modern poets to the contrary notwithstanding.

But this engineer wanted his ashes scattered along the right of way where it runs through the Pennsylvania 'Dutch' farming country. On his division he had for years watched the rolling hills turn green, the neat fields ripen into harvests; had seen the regular shocks of corn silhouetted against the autumn woods. We can judge his taste by the place he picked. The Viking went flaming back to the sea. This man chose the green earth that he knew. The human desire is in both cases the same — a pantheistic wish to be one with nature, 'rolled round in earth's diurnal course, with rocks, and stones, and trees.'

But he was also a child of his age. It was not 'the blessed mutter of the mass' for which his spirit yearned, but the rhythm of the drivers, of iron wheels on iron rails. And the whistle of old No. 10 echoing

through the hills at night. No doubt he knew many of the locomotives by their voices alone.

In the old man's mind, along with pictures of landscape, there must have been those of 'the road.' He must have felt once more the wind and rain in his face as he leaned from the cab. He must have remembered the shaft of fire piercing the backflung curtain of smoke and steam as the fire door was opened at night. Once more he felt the bitter wind that almost swept him from the swaying cars when as a young brakeman he had walked them with a sure step; the sweltering heat of midsummer and of the blazing coal when he had advanced to the joy of firing. These were not the floggings of fate; they were the battles in which a young man won his spurs.

He was no Miniver Cheevy who

> . . . loved the days of old
> When swords were bright and steeds were prancing.

He accepted the machines, the smoke and dirt, as the eighteenth-century poets and novelists accepted the filth of the London they loved. It is not the environment that counts here, but the poet. Such men are big enough to seize joy from a stubborn world.

One day one of his kind will pause long enough to write the true poetry of this age.

ERNEST EARNEST

A PLEA FOR MYSTERY RELIEF

No crisis accompanying the depression is more acute than that which exists in the realm of detective stories. Yet those who are at the head of our government have shown no concern. In fact, they have given no indication that they are even aware of the impending catastrophe. They have initiated plans for relieving the farmer, the banker, the railroad, and 'the forgotten man,' but they have made no gesture at all toward the manufacturer of mysteries.

In order to understand just how the collapse of the stock market has embarrassed this once-thriving industry, we must look, for a moment, at the raw materials which are used in the composition of a detective story. The essential ingredient in this product is a wealthy old gentleman who makes his contribution to the welfare of society by being found dead in the library. It is not hard to understand why such a gentleman is an ideal victim.

In the first place, he is old. He has lived out his allotted span. His gray head, battered in by a blunt instrument, may be a shocking sight, but it cannot cause the reader to shed tears, or to rebel against the author for allowing such an outrage to be perpetrated. Little Nell, strangled by an old pair of suspenders, never could be the starting point for a puzzle in crime detection. A mere glimpse of her white, angelic face, peaceful as if in resignation at being overtaken by so lamentable a fate, would not have the desired effect of arousing the reader's curiosity as to the identity of the villain. Rather, it would stimulate intense and bitter reasoning on the heartlessness of Divine Omnipotence, or (if one is a humanitarian) the manifest imperfections of our unjust social order.

Then, furthermore, the old gentleman is wealthy. This fact also helps us to be reconciled to his untimely death. We cannot stand to see a poor laboring man done in in his kitchen, for our sympathies are aroused at once by the predicament of his family. Before we can go about our normal business of capturing the criminal, we have to take a collection for the destitute wife and eleven children, and by the time that task has been performed adequately the culprit will be in a far country where he can successfully resist extradition.

Finally, the old gentleman furnishes precisely the right number of motives for a murder. The richness of his personal effects justifies one in surmising that the butler coveted too strongly the casket of family jewels that was hidden behind the secret panel. Then, in his earlier years, the victim undoubtedly was a gay young blade, and there is the possibility that a cast-off woman has sought revenge. Sharp business practices and even surreptitious transactions with the underworld are not unthinkable. And of course there are always former journeys to India and China to suggest sinister complications. If a plausible

motive is not to be found in any of these fertile fields, there is always the will that was about to be changed, or the unsuccessful attempt, on the part of the scapegrace nephew, to borrow money.

But the depression, we are told, reduced almost to zero the number of rich men. This was a severe blow to manufacturers of detective stories, but, be it said to their credit, they did not give up without a struggle. Deprived, through failure of the source of their raw material, of the one indispensable ingredient of a quality product, they began to cast about immediately for substitutes. College professors, famous athletes, gangsters, aviators, bishops, retired army officers, and Senators were slaughtered by way of experiment.

Although some of these made passable victims, all fell short of the ideal in some vital particular. Who would want to kill a college professor? And, after he is killed, how can we tell that he is dead? Athletes are too young and handsome to die, and to kill them in the first two pages is to squander talents that could be used to good advantage in pursuit of the quarry. Moreover, the athlete is too active to allow anyone to do him in with a blunt instrument. Thus a clue is removed, for the blunt instrument is always wielded by a left-handed man, and thus simplifies the search for the criminal. Only experts, however, can distinguish death resulting from the left-handed administration of a poison from death ensuing upon the right-handed administration of the same drug. And when an ambidextrous character enters the plot even Sherlock Holmes is baffled. Of all the substitutes, the Senators, beyond a doubt, are the most satisfactory. Yet they cannot be used extensively, for everyone in the United States has a motive for killing them. Moreover, no reader is going to travel over four continents and engage in weeks of painful cerebration merely to pay a sportsman his bounty.

Now it may be objected that the reverse which this industry has suffered is richly deserved; that mismanagement in the past has helped to make the situation acute. It is true that the builders of mysteries slaughtered so many wealthy old gentlemen that, even at the height of prosperity, students of the field were apprehensive lest all of the available raw material be consumed. It is to the discredit of the mystery writers that they were so unmindful of the principles of conservation as to slay wantonly, killing, for a single story, seven or eight victims when one would have done as well. Thus in history they will share the opprobrium of those men who killed thousands of buffaloes for the sole purpose of obtaining tongues and hides.

But calling attention to sins of the past will not help these workers in their present plight. Beyond doubt they are already sufficiently repentant. What they need, therefore, is not criticism, but help. If they do not soon secure some material aid, they are doomed.

Since, as I have shown, there is no satisfactory substitute, the government must take steps immediately to restore the wealthy old gentleman to his pre-war status. Otherwise the detective-story industry will collapse, and thousands of sleuths, English butlers, rising young reporters, Irish maids, attractive social secretaries, and termagant aunts will be thrown out of employment.

PAUL W. SPRAGUE

THE SEVEN POINTS OF DEPARTURE

EVERY time you pay a call, there is a departure to be made. Many other occasions also require departures. In addition to calls, there are many times when people are together and must eventually separate. Who shall make the first move? This is sometimes a hard question, and we shall not attempt to answer it here. Let us beg it by assuming that you are to make the move. Our immediate problem, then, is to determine how to do it.

All of us can call to mind guests who would not (possibly could not) take their leave. We may have lost patience with them. Would it not be fairer, however, to admit that the situation is a difficult one calling for special treatment? Approaching the matter in this frame of mind, I have given it much thought, and I now submit what I believe to be a complete solution. It is a solution, I may add, that has stood

the test of actual practice. I shall present it analytically as 'the seven points of departure.'

One — stand up. Two — hold out your hand. Three — say good-bye. Four — go to the door. Five — open the door. Six — walk out. Seven — walk away. That is all there is to it. It sounds too simple to be true, and that, I admit, is the one weakness of my solution. The neophyte, therefore, must be warned to keep his wits about him, for experience has shown that every stage of this ritual is attended by unsuspected dangers. These will have to be mentioned briefly.

One — stand up. It is not always easy to stand up. As in the case of a plunge into cold water, there is a mental hazard to be overcome. It is easier, of course, to squirm in your seat, to say 'Er . . . eh,' to look toward the door, to wish that the rug under your feet were the Wishing Rug — to do anything, in short, but rise. To effect the necessary first move, an act of will is called for. Remember that you wish to leave, and that it is difficult to do so without rising. Not impossible, of course. You *could* fall in a faint and be carried out. This manœuvre, however, is a delicate one, not to be recommended except in great emergencies. Upon ordinary occasions a departure cannot be successfully engineered without rising. So face the inevitable and stand up. The beginner may hearten himself with the knowledge that rising in company becomes increasingly easy with practice.

Two — hold out your hand. Here again there is a mental hazard. Will it help to put your hands in your pocket? Need you wait for the end of the current anecdote? Should you accompany the offer of your hand with some banality such as 'I must be running along'? No, all this is quite superfluous. Just hold out your hand. Most well-bred persons will understand the signal. But what if your hand is ignored? After all, one should be prepared for everything. Suppose your hostess is blind, distrait, occupied, rude. Does the rule fit such a situation? Of course it does. You will observe that nothing was said about shaking hands. It is true that this usually occurs; so much the better. If not, your hand will soon get heavy — drop it. This completes the gesture, and you are ready to advance to the next point.

Three — say good-bye. Why say good-bye? People have often asked me this question, and I shall be frank about it. It is not strictly necessary from the utilitarian point of view. But it will save you from being considered queer. Since I devised my system, many of my acquaintances have tried to detain me. None has succeeded. This has occasioned much wonder among them, and yet I dare say that not one has suspected me of having a system. For this desirable state of affairs I give entire credit to the use of the word 'Good-bye.' I therefore recommend it.

Four — go to the door. If you think it is easy to go to the door, you have never seen a genuine victim of inertia in action. Such a one can spend hours between rising and leaving; he may even sit down again. So do not underestimate the difficulties at this point. Do not forget that in order to get to the door you will have to move your feet. Very well — move them.

Five — open the door. At this point you will get a real thrill of achievement. Like the first streak of daylight which brings hope to the victims trapped in a coal mine, the sight of the door will cheer you with its promise of ultimate escape. Often, of course, someone will take his stand between you and the exit. Go around him. Or, again, someone may reach the door ahead of you, only to possess the knob without turning it. This is not unusual, and you must be prepared to take whatever measures may be required to deal with this situation. Do not hesitate to strike down the offender in cold blood if need be. If the obstructionist is a woman, and you have scruples against hitting a woman, a playful push may do the trick. In a word, choose a method to fit the circumstances, and — open the door.

Six — walk out. The principle that applies here is precisely the same as that which I laid down under rule four. Think of the many groups you have seen leaning against open doors in different stages of exhaustion and boredom. For shame, do not lend yourself to such a scene. If you lose your courage at this point, your hostess will be sure to say sweetly, 'Do come in

and sit down again.' This is a sure sign, which, like a football signal, means one thing, and one only. It means, 'Walk out!'

Seven — walk away. And to carry off smoothly this final part of the programme, you must not leave anything behind — nor must your wife. But if you do leave something, let it go forever. What is a mere cigarette case, or diamond necklace? Leave it — *leave it!* I cannot say too emphatically — and I do so without fear of contradiction — that the most important part of my whole system is to walk away.

WILLIAM F. H. GODSON, JR.

ANOTHER STORY MAMMY TOLD ME

LAWS amussy, honey, you wanter hear 'bout Mr. Rabbit foolin' Mr. Alligator? Mammy b'lieve she mos' done fergot dat tale, but lemme see.

You know, Mr. Rabbit he jes' de mischeevousist critter in de woods. He wuz all de time tryin' to play a trick on somebody an' gittin' hisse'f inter some kin' er trouble. Well, one day he went down to de bayer [bayou] to see ef he could hab some fun wid dat slow-goin' ol' somebody, Mr. Alligator, but he could n't see him nowhar; an' w'en he tu'n eroun' to go home he seed all de marsh wuz on fire, 'cause de folks had comed out to hunt Mr. Deer an' done sot de grass on fire to run Mr. Deer out.

Well, sah, w'en Mr. Rabbit seed all dat fire he wuz mos' skeert to def, so he holler, 'Trouble, Brudder Alligator, trouble!' — an' he kep' on hollerin' de same thing twell at las' Mr. Alligator comed out er his hole to see wot all de racket wuz erbout. Den Mr. Rabbit he say, 'Brudder Alligator, ef you jes' will take me on yo' back an' ca'y me down to de p'int so's I kin git on home widout gittin' bu'nt up in de fire, I'll thank you long as I lib, an' ma ol' lady an' de chillun'll thank you too. An' sumpin else, I promise I ain't nebber gwine scratch no mo' eggs out er Miz Alligator's nes'.'

Mr. Alligator he jes' look at Mr. Rabbit, an' den he make answer, 'I don't do nuttin' like dat — swimmin' folks 'cross de bayer on ma back widout pay.'

Mr. Rabbit he say dat's all right; ef Mr. Alligator will ca'y him 'cross to de p'int, he gwine bring him he ol' gran'ma fer breakfas' nex' mawnin'.

Mr. Alligator studied to hisse'f, 'Dat's mighty slim pickin's fer a po'tly gemman like me,' but he knowed w'en he git Mr. Rabbit out in de middle er de bayer he sho' could make him 'gree to better pay dan dat. So he make Mr. Rabbit git on he back, an' w'en he gits out in de middle er de bayer he starts gwine under.

Den Mr. Rabbit he holler, 'Trouble, Brudder Alligator, trouble! Ma hin' foots is gittin' wet!'

Mr. Alligator he say, 'Climb up onter ma neck.'

So Mr. Rabbit climb onter he neck, but Mr. Alligator jes' keeps on a-gwine down.

Den Mr. Rabbit holler out ag'in, 'Trouble, Brudder Alligator, trouble! Ma front foots is gittin' wet!'

An' Mr. Alligator make answer, 'Climb up onter ma haid.'

So he climb onter Mr. Alligator's haid, but by dat time Mr. Alligator wuz sinkin' under so fas' dat Mr. Rabbit holler out loud as he kin, 'Brudder Alligator, ef you jes' will ca'y me to de p'int, I'll bring you ma gran'pa *an'* ma gran'ma.'

But Mr. Alligator say dat ain't enough.

Den Mr. Rabbit promise to bring him mos' all his wife's kinfolks fer him to eat, an' Mr. Alligator he say dat'll satisfy him; an' wid dat he swimmed Mr. Rabbit safe to de p'int.

But bless yo' heart, soon as Mr. Rabbit wuz on de lan' he jes' frisk hisse'f eroun' an' make a bow to Mr. Alligator, an' he say, 'Thank you, sah, Brudder Alligator. Much erbleeged to you fer gittin' me 'cross de bayer. But you jes' have to 'scuse me fum bringin' all ma fambly down yere fer you to eat, 'cause dat's sumpin I ain't nebber gwine to do.' An' wid dat he lit out fer home back in de big brier patch.

An' dat's how come Mr. Alligator don't like Mr. Rabbit no mo', an' ain't make fren's wid him to dis day.

SARA AVERY MCILHENNY

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